This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

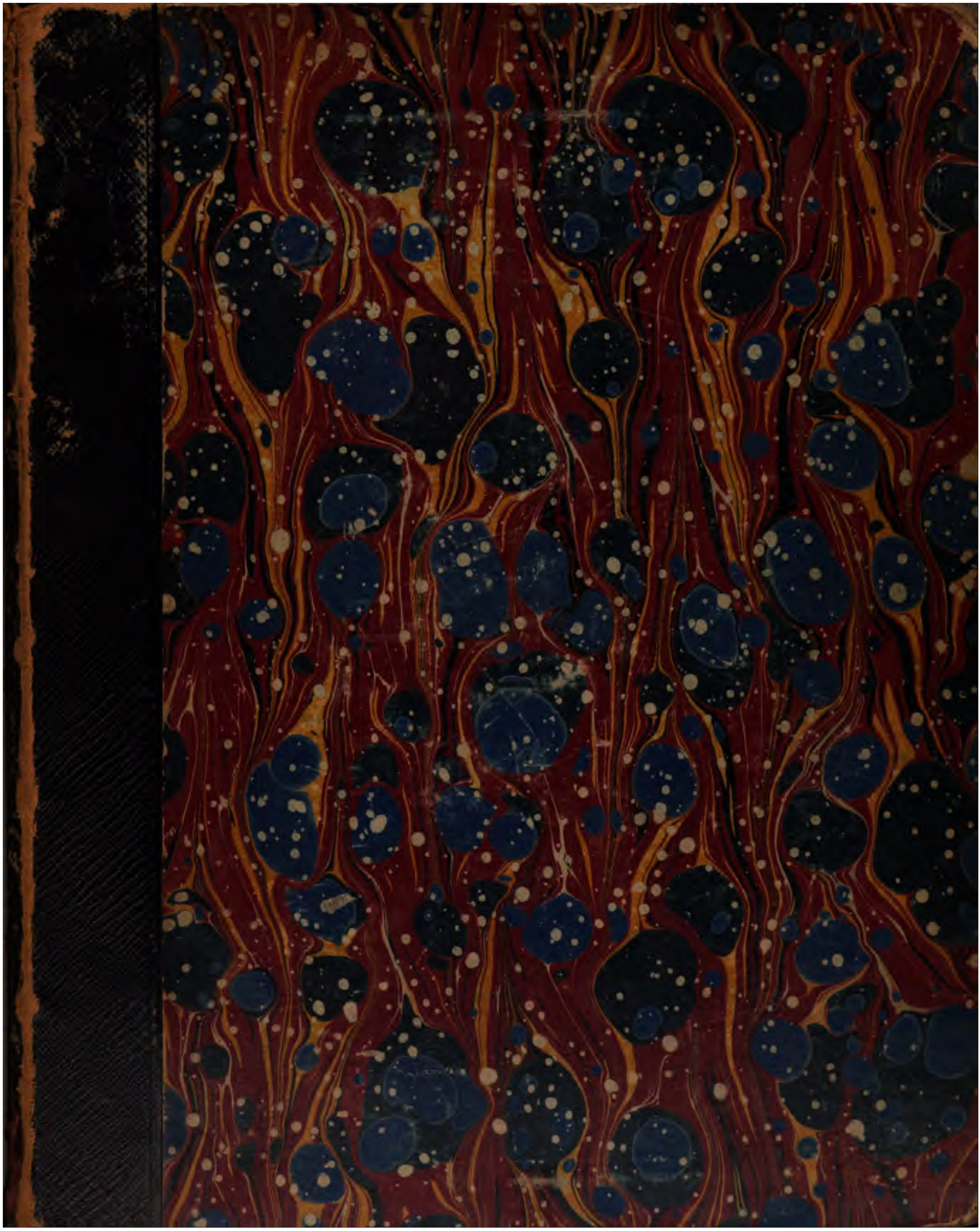
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

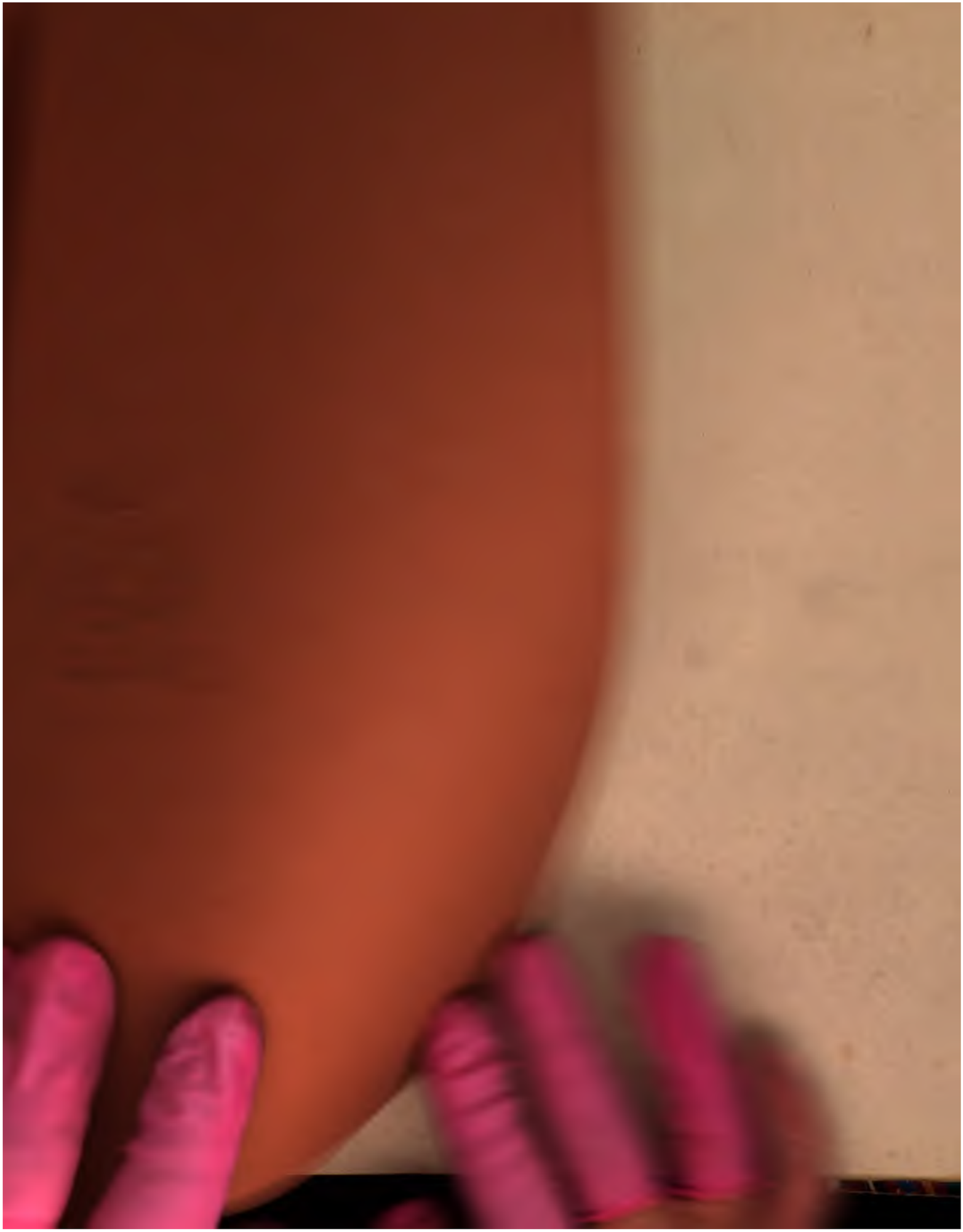
**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



6000222601

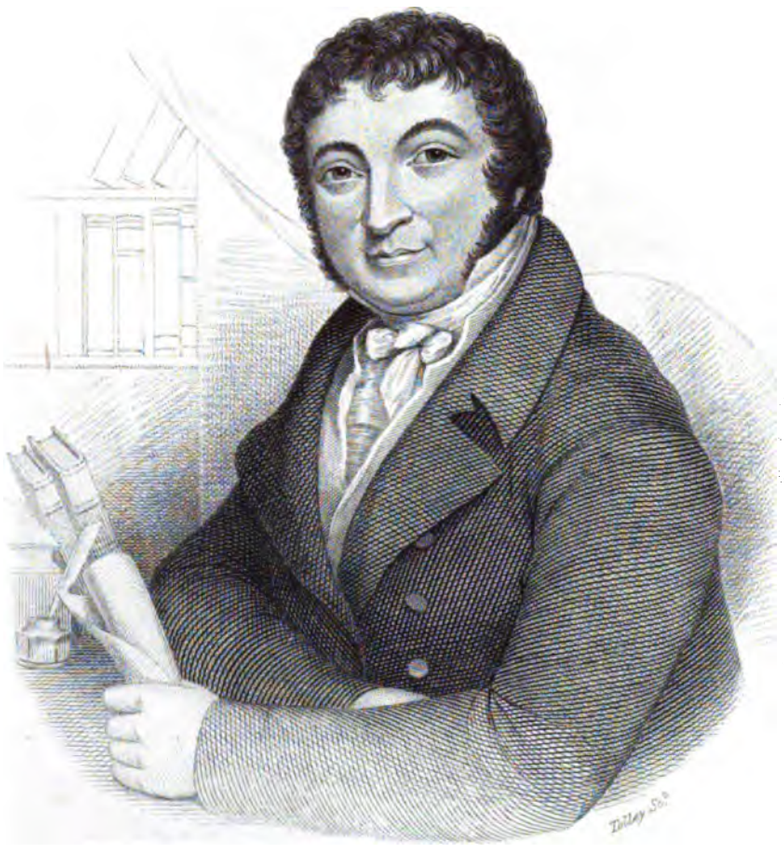
James Comerford.
1842.



6. Perfect

Privately Printed at the author's own Press -

At the End is the Scarce Tract - "The Manner of Shropshire
Biography Chronology &c &c



*As your choice, my dearest Charles, I adopt the portrait of 1829 by Hall, being the only one of eight various not destroyed by the Fire at Providence Grove Jan.y 7. 1839.*

*Your affectionate Father*

*Charles Hulbert*

# MEMOIRS

OF

# SEVENTY YEARS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE,

INCLUDING ALSO,

ORIGINAL NOTICES OF HUNDREDS OF PERSONS, PLACES, AND OBJECTS, OF INTEREST, SINGULARITY, AND AMUSEMENT,

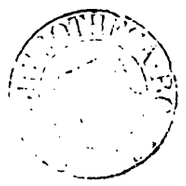

BY CHARLES HULBERT,

*Author of the History of the Town and County of Salop; Sunday Reader and Preacher; Cheshire Antiquities; Memorials of Departed Ages; Parlour Book of British and Foreign Scenery, Antiquities, &c. Museum of the World; Religions of Britain; Volcanic Wonders; Royal Biography; African Traveller; Literary Beauties & Varieties; Salopian Biography, Chronology, & Antiquities; Moral and Evangelical Monitor; Christian Memoirs; Christian's Book, &c. &c. &c.*


"Of the utility of Biography there can be but one opinion, the advantages arising from it are too obvious to need pointing out. And that the life of a man is best written during his existence, as well as that a man is more competent to write his own life, provided he is a literary man, than another is to do it for him.——There has rarely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful Narrative would not be useful."

DR. JOHNSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS.




PROVIDENCE GROVE, NEAR SHREWSBURY:

PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR, AT HIS PRIVATE PRESS.

M,DCCC,LII.



210. h. 322.

6000222601

James Comerford
1842.

Nor was I less gratified, some days afterwards, in company with my friend Mr. Watts, on visiting my beloved Halton and Runcorn, to witness a treat given to the Scholars of Runcorn National Schools, on the Lawn of Norton Priory, by the benevolent and beloved Baronet, Sir Richard Brooke. All returned to Runcorn in a large Flat or Barge, including the Scholars and Teachers; the Rev. John Barclay and his Lady, several Clergymen and Friends. It was a gratifying addition to our pleasure to hear the National Anthem delightfully sung by all in the Vessel as it moved along the still water, and energetically responded to by numbers crowding the banks of the Canal. The New Church of Halton, I observed was nearly completed, doing much honour to its munificent Patron, the before-mentioned honourable Baronet, to the Architect, and all connected with the undertaking. Still my memory lingered on the Happy Sabbaths of my Boyhood, spent in the former edifice. The Rev. James Cox is the present able and devoted Incumbent. To my beloved friend and relative, Mr. John Cheshire, I am indebted for much happiness during this excursion; and also to other beloved relatives, and to every Subscriber to this Work in Runcorn, Halton, at Norton Priory and Saltney.

Visiting the Town of Bolton, in company with my excellent and beloved friend Mr. Scarlett, I had a brief inspection of a noble Boys' Sunday School pertaining to the Parish Church. I wish all the young people of this populous Town could be induced to attend either a School or a Place of Worship! But, alas! I fear Free Trade, or rather a good Trade, considered in a religious point of view, is a curse, and not a blessing.

I visited also the quiet Town of Leigh, and the graves of my dear Father and Relatives; and also my kind and hospitable friends, James Brideoake, Esq. his Lady and Family; good Mrs. Kirkman, &c. My hasty visit to Manchester, was one of toil and discomfort; my taste for Old Books induced me to ramble from one Stall to another, adding on each occasion to my burden and fatigue. From Manchester I proceeded by Railway to Altringham, to pass the night on my way to visit the grave of my Mother in Bowdon Churchyard. I had been disappointed of a bed at Manchester; and here, on application, I found the principal Inns were full of visitors and guests, and no bed for the night could be engaged; so, with my Bag containing Books and a few articles of Dress, and my Umbrella in one hand, my staff in the other, at the same time suffering from an Effusion of Water on the Chest, I slowly wended my way* to the head Inn of the late humble scattered Village of Bowdon—now a place resembling a City of Palaces. Here again my application for a bed was unsuccessful; and might have remained so, had not the feelings of exhaustion and disappointment under which I then laboured, suggested the desire and design to pass the night on my own *hereditary Freehold*—the grave of my darling Mother. Feelingly expressing my real design to the amiable young female who was waiting on the guests, with a heart of sensibility, she insisted on sending the Ostler into the Village to procure a bed, which being obtained at a neighbouring farm house, I retired to my room, but not to sleep, nor to rest, for both were prevented by successive violent attacks of Cramp or Spasm in my lower limbs. I had not, as at home, a tender Wife to comfort me, yet there were happy moments in this sorrowful night—my God was with me; and often did I fancy myself beheld and pitied by the Spirit of my Holy Sainted Mother, silently repeating the elegant expressive lines of the Poet Rogers,

"O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
Whose heavenly nature now unites above
An Angel's pity with a Mother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the troubles Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content."

The same feelings have been often expressed in the following pages; and I would not lose the joy they now afford, for all the enjoyments earth can offer. Do my dear Reader, pardon, if you cannot approve.

Most faithfully yours,

*Providence Grove, August 31st*, 1852. CHARLES HULBERT.

* On all former Journies I had my own little Carriage, and regret preferring Railway Conveyance on this occasion.

LETTER XII.

Incidents while resident at the Westwoods..Visit to my beloved Grandparents at Northen Etchells, with my Brother and Cousin..My happy reception and enjoyment··Visit to Ringway Chapel, and to the Rev. T. Whittaker..Foolish attempt to construct a pair of Wings..Bishop Wilkins's opinion that Wings will eventually be in use··Michael Bentley's attempt to fly from the top of a pump..Attacked by Small Pox and Ague..Mr. Lingard and my stock of Books..Tom Paine..My attempt at Drawing, and the Duke of Bridgewater's approbation..Memoir and Anecdotes of His Grace..Brindley and Viaducts..The Duke of Sutherland..Mr. Gilbert..Funerals and Marriages of Colliers.. The Curate of Eccles and his troubles..Anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Crookhall..Notice of Mr. Justice Bayley..Attendance at Eccles Church, and heard for the first time a Sunday School Charity Sermon..Wretched state and wickedness of old Joseph Owen, and his horrid death..Deaths of wicked blasphemers..Shropshire Militia man, Woman of Devizes, Anne Swift of Wellington, Martha Edwards of Shrewsbury..The crimes and fate of John and Thomas Barrow..Murder of Patrick O'Connor by the Mannings.. Happiness of the Eccles Weavers, &c. .. *page* 78——87

LETTER XIII.

Description of the Parish of Eccles..Opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railways..Death of Mr. Huskisson, and Events and Persons in company..Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Rev. Mr. Blackburn, Earl of Wilton, and Rev. W. Marsden..Paintings and Events..The Parish Church, and Monuments··Note on Bowdon Churchyard.. The graves of my Mother and my Ancestors on the Hulberts' side..Notice of Lord Stanley..Rev. T. Whittaker..Benevolent character of the Inhabitants of Eccles..Attacked by Cholera in 1849, when alone at Eccles..Kindness of Mr. and Miss Wheelhouse, of the Bull's Head..Kindness, skill, and attention of Richard Roe, Esq. Surgeon..Rev. William Marsden, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, and Mr. Samuel Hulbert ..Conducted to Slaithwaite by my dear Son..Return to Providence Grove..Hymn, &c. .. *page* 88——95

LETTER XIV.

Parish of Eccles, its Townships and Hamlets..Mr. Royle.. Employments and Amusements while resident in the Parish of Eccles..Laughable adventure in attempting to catch an Eel..Comparison of the Cheshire and Lancashire Dialects ..Dialogue..Anecdote of an event which happened at Monton Green Unitarian Chapel..Amusements at the Westwoods..My first Song, 'The Rose of the Hill'..William Burgess and my Brother enlist for Soldiers..My Brother pays the fine and is acquitted..Chatmoss and old Jonathan Hulme, the Viper Killer..Ancient Shoe found in Chatmoss ..My Verses on Poor Jemmy Frith and Sukey Lee..Strange occurrence at Mrs. Orred's..Ellenbrooke Chapel of Ease.. Countess of Ellesmere..Worsley Hall..Church and School ..My Visit to Worsley..Pleasing Anecdote of the Duke of Sutherland..Kindness of His Grace and the Noble Duchess ··The Queen's acceptance of my humble Publications, the Museum of the World, Shropshire History, &c. *page* 95··104

LETTER XV.

Reflections on Memory and its advantages..Removal from the Westwoods to Swinton..History and Description of the Village..Manchester Union Schools of Industry..Notice of John Nowell, Esq. and Spade Husbandry..Correspondence ..Dale's Brow Sunday School..Mr. Williamson..Wardley Hall and Traditions..Peel Hall and Smithills Hall..The Martyr, George Marsh, and Traditions..Customs of Lancashire..May day morning and eve..Peace Egging··Notices of Dr. John White and Robert Ainsworth..Mr. Gorse, Mrs. Birch and Mrs. Bradburn [illegible]. *page* 104 ——108

LETTER XVI.

Death of my Grandfather..Visit to Halton .Miss Eaton and Disappointments..Prophetic Dream of the Death of my Grandfather Mottershead, and its fulfilment..Escape from the snares and giddy follies of youth..Arrested in my dangerous course by the power of Divine grace..Deep conviction for sin, and the knowledge of its pardon through Faith in a Blessed Redeemer..Hymn expressive of Christian feelings..Rev. W. Nuttall..Original Thoughts in Verse on God and infinity..Attachment to the Science of Astronomy..Became a Member of a Reading Society, and increased my Collection of Books..Balloted for the Militia, decline a Commission, and at a great expense obtain a substitute..Affection and sagacity of a Blackbird and a Robin.. Awful death of Johnson the weaver, and of William Brown Awful Judgment on a Blasphemer in France *page* 109··117

LETTER XVII.

Affectionate Notices of my Cousin George Smith, and my companion Richard Collier..His Conversion and Happy Death..Messrs. Roberts and Howarth——Extraordinary interview with the latter..Evil effects of Paine's Age of Reason..Kindness of the Rev. W. Nuttall..Providential engagement with Mr. George Piccope, Cotton Manufacturer, and other Events .. .. *page* 117··120

LETTER XVIII.

Introductory Notice of Manchester, my Native Place..Antiquity of the Town..History and Description..Churches, Public Buildings, &c. as at the time of the Rebellion, 1745 ..Scotch Rebellion..Manchester Regiment..Officers and their fate..Anecdote of my "Lofty Grandmother," and her Descent from the Family of Stuart..Apparition of the Earl of Strafford to Charles the First, and the King's Defeat at Naseby..Dream of Lee the shoemaker of Southwell..Instances of fidelity to the Stuart Family..The Pendrills of Boscobel..Charles the Second, Flora Macdonald, Roderick Mackenzie, &c..Dream of Miss Hepburn and affecting fulfilment..Old James Stuart an American, Patrick Grant, Andrew Wallace, &c. .. .. *page* 120··128

LETTER XIX.

History of Manchester continued..Alarming Riots..Shude Hill Fight..Chronology of Events in Manchester..Riots in the Town, and the Destruction of Machinery..Sunday Schools introduced..Rev. Dr. Bayley..Dr. Adam Clarke.. John Shawe's Reminiscences..First Steam Engine erected ..State of Manchester in 1790..Stranger's Friend Society, instituted by Dr. Adam Clarke..Account of the War with France..List of Inhabitants desirous of Peace..Ditto of those friendly to a continuance of the War..Fire at Hodson's Square, Anecdotes, &c..Dreadful Accident on Sale Moor..My Life Providentially saved··Murder by the Ashcrofts..Old Grindricke..St. Peter's field..Mr. Hunt.. Cavalry and Constables..Coronation of George the Fourth ..Places of Public Worship, Colleges, and Libraries..Literary and Scientific Institutions··Notices of Mr. Piccope, Dr. Bayley, Rev. Mr. Jones, Thomas Bound, Esq. and Mrs. Bound, and my friend Mr. Peter Bound..Messrs. Roberts and Howarth, with Anecdotes and Events *page* 129··139

LETTER XX.

Debates with Messrs. Roberts and Howarth on the Truth of Religion..Their Infidelity defeated..Interesting Notice of an Atheist..Authentic Anecdotes of Supernatural Appearances..Appearance to Lord Lyttleton..Ditto to Mr. Savage, which caused his Conversion..Conversion of two female Unbelievers..Robbery committed and caused by unbelief..One Unbeliever hoaxed by another··Conversion of Mr. Hunter by a Providential Deliverance *page* 139—147

LETTER XXI.

Manchester continued..I commenced Book Collector..Messrs. Clarke and Mr. Hopps, Booksellers..Mr. Peter Bound, Dr. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Piccope, Mr and Mrs. Bound..My Refusal to accept the office of a Clergyman without Orders ..St. James's Church..Notices of Dr. Bayley and Bishop Heber··St. Stephen's Church..Rev. D. Simpson and Mr. Nightingale..St. Clement's Church..Rev. Edward Smythe ..St. George's Church..Anecdotes of the Revds. Messrs. Johnson and Jones..All Saints Church..Dr. C. Burton.. Christ Church, Salford..Rev. Hugh Stowell..Anecdote of his Father H. S. of the Isle of Mann..Wesleyan Chapel, Oldham street··Anecdote of Mr. Burton and Mr. Sylvy.. Dr. Adam Clarke, Mr. Mather, Mr. Bradburn, Mr. Benson, and Dr. Coke..Grosvenor street Wesleyan Chapel..Joshua Rea, Esq..Oxford road Wesleyan Chapel..Liturgy of the

Rev. W. G. Rowland..Memoir of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.. His piety and general kindness..Had the happiness to save the life of one of my Coleham tenants..Case of Edward Lewis and John Price..Riots in London, &c. *page* 224—228

LETTER XXIX.

Grand Review on Wimbledon Common, and Events..Minsterley Inundation..Great Destruction of Property and Loss of Life..Long and Painful Sickness..Dr. Evans and Mr. Surgeon Tudor..J. R. Atkinson, Esq..Mr. and Miss Pitt, and Rev. W. France..Anecdotes..Messrs. Paddock and Davies..Steam Looms introduced into my Manufactory.. The Luddites, and their intended Destruction of it, and the Murder of the Proprietor....Sustain many very heavy Losses..Founding of the Royal Lancasterian School ..Sick Man's Friend, and Good Samaritan Societies..Mr. Charles Henshaw and Mr. George Chidlow..Return of Lord Hill to his Country..Rejoicing on the occasion.. Benevolence of the Hon. H. G. Bennet..History of Antonio the Portugese..First Wesleyan Missionary Society founded in Shrewsbury .. .. .. *page* 229—236

LETTER XXX.

Rowland Hunt, Esq. of Boreatton—Macklin's Bible—Purchase Printing Types, Presses, &c—Commenced Printing the Salopian Magazine—Ven. Archdeacon Corbett, Mr. David Parkes, Rev. T. Wood, and the Ven. Archdeacon Bather—Emperor of Russia—Commence African Traveller and Life of Lord Hill—Suicide prevented by the Salopian Magazine—Christiana Brown saved from the depths of guilt and sin—Dr. Du Gard, and many interesting Anecdotes—Death of Christiana Brown—Mr. Brazier—The Ven. Archdeacon Bather, and interesting Anecdotes—Extreme ignorance of Religion manifested—Joseph Lancaster and his System of Education—Hon. H. G. Bennet, Col. Lyster, M. P. and Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P.—Mr. Lyster's Escape from a Murderous Banditti—The River Severn overflows my little Castle and Dwellings, seven times in one year—Affecting case of Bill Accommodation —Apparition of Mr. John Blower—Affecting Death of my Son Thomas—Distress from having indorsed Bills for Mr. B. of Manchester, and from having given a Bond with a near relative for the payment of money—My Distress indescribable—Providential Deliverances—A series of most Distressing Events, too painful almost to record—Death of Richard Lyster, Esq. M. P.—Extraordinary withdrawment of Mr. Crowther of Harley, near Wenlock, and interesting Events—Death of Mr. Herryman Wellings of Wenlock—Romantic History of Mrs. Gellings—Marriage of John T. Lloyd, Esq—Drs. Parr, Du Gard, Butler and Kennedy, with Memoirs and Anecdotes—Pleasing Anecdotes of Thos. Lloyd, Esq—Effects of Sir Robert Peel's Currency Bill—Purchase Houses in Shrewsbury, which from the unfaithfulness of individuals, I was grieviously disappointed of—Noble Conduct of Thos. Lloyd, Esq. on the occasion *page* 236—252

LETTER XXXI

Glance at my Public Engagements—Affecting case of Mrs. Neville, and Anecdotes—Interesting Meeting in London, with Mr. Bierly —Mr. John Bromley, Thomas Paine, and Lord Bathurst—Remains of Lord Byron—Save a young man from being torn to pieces by a Panther—Removal from Pride Hill to High Street—Account of my different early Publications—Museum of the World, Religions of Britain, &c—Mr. Ferguson Hulbert—King George IV—Mr. C. Butler Hulbert—Singular Anecdote of John Humphreys, Esq. of Bodhilin, and of his brother Sir Salusbury Price Humphreys, of Bramhall Hall, with a Memoir—Kindness and approbation of General Lord Blayney, to my Museum of the World, with Anecdote—Incident on Board the Royal George, at Sheerness—Present of China from Mr. Elisha Jones—Friendship of Sir William Ouseley, and Anecdotes—Celestial Musings—The Venerable Archdeacon Corbett, and Anecdotes—The Rev. Dr. Samuel Lee, Hon. Thomas Kenyon, and Lord Berwick, with Anecdotes—Rev. Richard Hill, late Robert Burton, Esq. of Longner Hall—Present ditto, High Sheriff of Shropshire, with Anecdotes—Colonel Gaitacre—His hospitality—John Smallman, Esq. of Quatford Castle, with Anecdotes—Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Posenhall—His hospitality—Ditto, the Rev. John Piccope, M. A. and the Rev. Maxfield Phayre, M. A.—Literary Exhibition—Exchange of Books with Messrs. Lackington, Mr. Washbourne, and Mr. Allman *page* 253—261.

LETTER XXXII.

Enter on on my Purchase of Land at Hadnal—Sale of my Coleham Property—Joseph Palmer, Esq.—Providential Purchase and Sale of Canal Shares, with Anecdotes—Mr. Sylvester and Mr. Hawley—Preaching and Events at Bayston Hill—Notices of William Smith, Esq; Sir. Richard Jenkins, M.P. Mrs. Jenkins of Charlton Hill, and incidents—Panton Corbett, Esq. M. P. and R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P.—Address to Electors, and Letter to Sir Richard Jenkins—Effects of Working the Gold Mines of Australia—Allotments of Land recommended—Moral Reflections—The Events at Burslem—William Milward and Publications—Hanley—Farmer Tench and Bualam's Ass——A Monkey Barber shaved—Mr. Nield, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, reproved—Anecdote of the late Earl of L——, and Effects—Two Dwellings at Battlefield, Providentially saved from Destruction by Fire—Rev. E. Williams——Incidents and Anecdotes .. .. .. *page* 261—277

LETTER XXXIII.

Source and Course of the River Severn—Welchpool—Newtown..Rev. D. James—Llangwnog—Enoch Hughes, and Plinlimmon Hotel—Ramble on Plinlimmon Hill—Aberystwith, Aberdovey, and Vale Crucis Abbey—Rev. David Lloyd, Vicar of Llanbister——Interesting Interview and Anecdotes—Rev. Reginald Rabett—Visit to Bosworth Field—Ditto to Worcester—To nb of King John—Mr. Ferguson Hulbert—Visits to a series of interesting Places—Visit to the grave of Robin Hood—Anecdote of Two Lovers in Newtown Churchyard—Mrs. Stone—Mr. English—Thos. Haigh, Esq. of Colne Bridge, and family—Rev. Thomas Gleadow Fearne, M. A.—Holmfirth, and Bursting of the Reservoir—In danger of being Poisoned at Ruyton—Skill and energy of Robert Broughton, Esq—Reflections on Divine Providence .. .. *page* 277—284

LETTER XXXIV.

Removal from Shrewsbury to Providence Grove—Description of Hadnal—Improvement of its Chapel of Ease, and Events—Inscriptions on gravestones—Monument to Lord Hill in the Church—Longevity of Messrs. John and Thos. Wright, Mr. Jonathan Leech, Peter Dodd, and Mrs. Pescall—Mrs. Mary Ward of Church Pulverbatch, with a Memoir and Anecdotes—Rev. William Gilpin, and Mr. Francis Wilding—Counsel from the Tomb—Account of Dawley and Incidents—Incident at the Wheat Sheaf Hotel, Bewdley—Happy situation and circumstances previous to the Fire at Providence Grove—Its Calamitous extent and effects—Kindness and Liberality of noble-minded Friends—An Accrostic, by Mr. Caswell—Memoirs and Anecdotes in connection with the Fire—Death of my beloved Son, Samuel Jasper Mottershead Hulbert—Providential supply of a collection of valuable Paintings—Sir John Bickerton Williams—His Presents—Mr. Robert Webster—Rev. David James—His Kindness—Lord Hill, Thomas Bayley, Esq. Berkley Bayley, Esq. W.W. How, Esq. C. Hicks, Esq. Mrs. Calcott and Mrs. Lacy—Rev. William Marvin, M.A.—Anecdote of Thomas Bayley, Esq. and his Lady—General Benevolence of the Misses Hill—Duke of Sutherland, and the Earl of Powis—Sunday Reader and its effects—Mr. George Emery orders 30 copies of the Work—Benevolence of J. T. Hope, Esq. of Netley—Notices of the Death of John Smallman, Esq. Mr. Ford, George Burton, Esq. Mr. Woding, William Sturgeon, Esq. with a Memoir, and Professor Davies, with a Letter—Dr. Gardner, with Anecdotes—Robert Gardner, Esq.—John Eddowes, Esq. and John Watton, Esq.—Sir A. V. Corbet—Birth day Lines—Monuments in Battlefield Church—John Corbet, Esq. and Mrs. Corbet—Public Dinner and Present to A. W. Corbet, Esq—Earl of Powis, and Hon. Thomas Kenyon—Thomas Brookes, Esq—Providence Grove and the Pillar—Ellesmere Workhouse, and Hymn—Concluding Farewell to Subscribers .. *page* 285—304

*** *From the limited number of pages, only a glance at the Incidents in this Volume, could be given. A copious Index of Names, prepared by a beloved* GRANDSON, *for the same reason has been omitted.*

# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
Right Hon. the Earl of Powis
Right Hon. the Viscount Hill
Miss Emma Hill, Hardwicke Hall
Right Hon. Lord Stanley, Alderley Park, Cheshire 2 copies
Sir Andrew Vincent Corbet, Bart. Acton Reynald Hall
Sir George Harnage, Bart. Belswardine Hall
Sir John Bickerton Williams, Knt. L.L.D. &c. the Hall, Wem
J. R. Atkinson, Esq. Elmwood House, Leeds
Robert Bueton, Esq., High Sheriff of Shropshire, Longner Hall
Panton Corbett, Esq. late M.P. Longnor Hall
A. W. Corbet, Esq. Sundorne Castle
Richard Corbet, Esq. Adderley Hall
Robert Gardner, Esq. Leighton Hall
Colonel Gatacre, Gatacre Hall, deceased
William Ormsby Gore, Esq. M P. Porkington Hall
Thomas Haigh, Esq. Colne Bridge House, near Huddersfield
John Thomas Hope, Esq., Netley Hall
T. H. Hope, Esq. Berwick House
Captain Martin, Sansaw Hall
R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P. Walford Manor House
John Smallman, Esq., Quatford Castle, deceased
Edward Turner, Esq. Coston Hall

## SHREWSBURY AND VICINITY.

A Lady of Rank near Shrewsbury
Mr. James Arnold, Hadnal
Mrs. Atcherley, Moor Town
—— Bates, Black Birches Hall
—— Bayley, Black Birches Hall
Mrs. Lloyd Bayley, Fitz
Mr. William Bayley, Hadnal
Joseph Birch. Esq late Mayor of Shrewsbury
Benjamin Birch, Esq. Greenfields Villa, ditto
Thomas Birch, Esq. Belmont, ditto
Mr. Bertenshaw, ditto
Richard Blakeway, Esq. Hanwood mill
George Blantern, Esq. Haston
William Blockley, Esq. Timber merchant, Shrewsbury
Mr. Charles Blount, Actuary, ditto, deceased
——Broughall, Moreton Corbet
——Charles Calcott, Abbotts Betton
——Caswell, Cheese Factor, Grocer &c. Cross Houses
Mr. Cawthron, Glass Dealer, Shrewsbury
G. Sandford Corser, Esq. Solicitor, ditto
Mr. Joseph Crumpton, Bookseller, ditto
——John Davies, Bookseller, High st. ditto
——James Davies, Ironmonger, ditto
——G. Drayton, Bookseller, ditto
Thomas Drury. Esq. Surgeon, Shawbury
John Durnell, Esq., Surgeon, Pitchford
Mr. Price, Dudley
Rev. G. H. Egerton, M.A. Rector of Middle
Mr. Edwards, Forten Heath
David Evans, Esq. Shrewsbury
Edward Elsmere, Esq. Manager of the Shropshire and North Wales Insurance Office, Shrewsbury
Mr. James Evans, Tailor and Draper, ditto
——John Evans, Preston Brockhurst
Miss Flavel, Pulley Villa
Mr. George, China Warehouse, Shrewsbury
S. Glover, Esq., Surgeon, Harmer hill
Mr. John Gwynn, Chester street, Shrewsbury
——James Hanny, Wyle Cop, ditto
John Hazledine, Esq. Morton Villa, ditto
Mr. Charles Henshaw, ditto, deceased
——Thomas Heath, sen., Hadnal
C. Hicks, Esq. Solicitor, Shrewsbury
Mr. Henry Hiles, Platt mill
Mrs. Holder, Bayston Hill
James Holme, Esq. Bomer Villa
W. W. How, Esq. Solicitor, Shrewsbury
Thomas Howells, Esq. Highfield House,
Mr. Hussey, Tailor and Draper, Condover
——Hughes, Walford Manor House
Mrs. Humphreys, Upton Magna
Miss Jane Hughes, Hadnal
Rev. D. James, Hadnal
Mrs. Jones, Mardol, Shrewsbury
Mr. Jones, National school, Condover
——Jones, Farmer, Dowaton
——Lacey, Ink manufacturer Shrewsbury
Miss Leech, Hadnal
Master Richard Leech, ditto
John Legh, Esq. Shrewsbury
Charles Lloyd, Esq. ditto, deceased
Edward Locke, Esq. ditto
Rev. W. S. Marvin, M.A. Vicar of Shawbury
Mr. Massey, Stanton-upon-Hinebeath
——Maybery, Sundorne Wharf
——Minton, Woodstile. Grieshill
Miss Agnes Minor, Astley House
Mr. Robert Minn, Linen manufacturer, Shrewsbury
William Nevett, Esq., ditto
Mr. Thomas Onions, Cross hill, ditto
——Oswell, Shawbury
Joseph Palmer, Esq., Shrewsbury
Mr. Phillips, Chemist, ditto
Miss Pigott, Upton Magna Villa
Mr. Caleb Powell, Stanton
Mrs. Powell, Millford mill
——Pritchard, Condover
Rev. W. G. Rowland, Shrewsbury, deceased
Rev. H. Sandford, M.A. the Isle House
Joseph Stant, Esq. Shrewsbury, deceased
Mr. Stanley, Brickmaker, ditto
——John Taylor, Stanton
Mrs. Teckoe, Queen's Head, Shrewsbury
Charles B. Teece, Esq Solicitor, ditto
J. W. Towers, Esq., Postmaster, ditto
Miss Wade, Hadnal
Wm. Watkins, Esq. Shotton Hall, deceased
John Walton, Esq. Claremont hill, Shrewsbury
Mr. James Webster, Belmont, ditto
——Wellings, Elephant Inn, Shawbury
William Whitwell, Esq. New Park, deceased
Mr. Wilde, Bookseller, Shrewsbury
Mr. Wilson, Timber merchant, ditto
William Embrey Wood, Esq. Grinshill

## WHITCHURCH AND VICINITY.

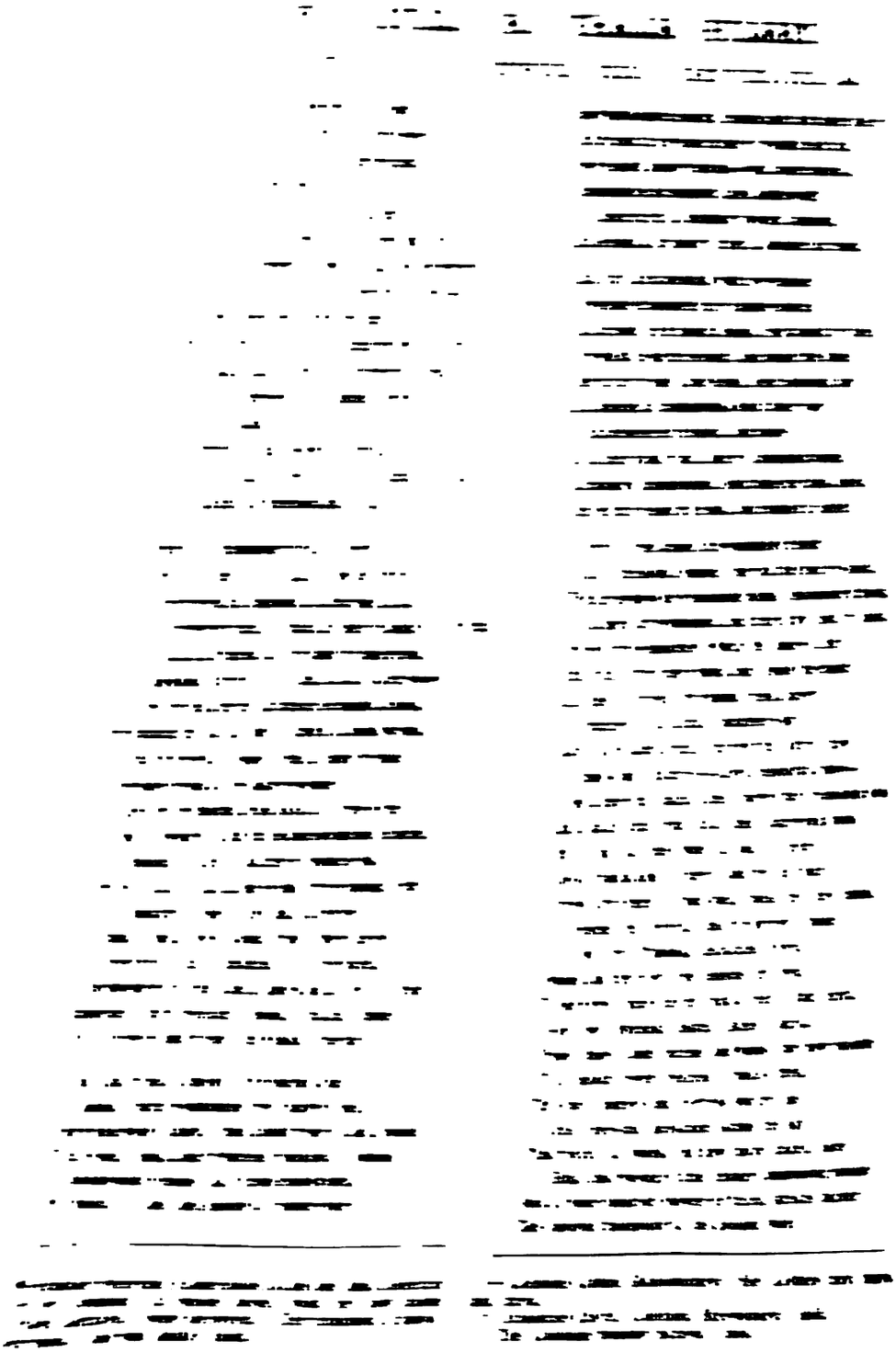
The Venerable the Archdeacon Allen, Vicar of Prees
Mr. Bickerton, Chemist & Druggist, Wem
Miss Blantern, Prees
—— Martha Blantern, ditto
—— Harriot Blantern, ditto
Mr. Bradshaw, Swan Inn, Whitchurch
——Richard Clowes, Weston, deceased
——Cotton, Marchomley near Hawkstone
John Dicken, Esq. Prees, deceased
Rev. W. Dixon, Incumbent of Newtown near Wem
Rev. W. Egerton, M. A. Rector of Whitchurch
Mr. Fernandes, Hawkstone Inn
——Josiah Franklin, Printer. &c: Wem
Messrs. T. & R. Hares, Grocers, Prees
Mr. Holding, Grocer, Prees
——Thomas Joyce, Whitchurch
Henry Lee, Esq. Wem
Rev. S. Minshall, Prees
Mr. Samuel Morris, Hodnet
——James Skidmore, Painter, Whitchurch
R. H. Wood, Esq. Surgeon, late of Prees

## WELLINGTON AND VICINITY.

Miss Esther Belliss, Wappenshall, near Wellington
Mr. John Corbett, Wellington
——J. Evans, Tea Dealer, Wellington
——James Gough, Bootmaker, Wellington
——Miles Green, Draper &c. Wellington
Thomas Hayward, Esq. Professor of Music, Wellington
Mr. Robert Icke, jun. Waters Upton
S. H. Jones, Esq., Surgeon, Wellington
John Jones, Esq. Wellington
W. Nock, Esq. Solicitor, Wellington
James Oliver, Esq. Spring hill, Wellington
J. Rider, Esq., Surgeon, Wellington
C. M. Robinson, Esq. late of Wellington
Mr. Levi Tranter, Pain's Lane, Salop
——Thomas Tudor, Long Waste
John Wase, Esq. Solicitor, Wellington
Mr. George West, Buck's Head Inn, Long Lane, near Wellington
——W. York, George Inn, Wellington
W. Wyley, Esq. Dothill Park

## DAWLEY AND VICINITY.

Mr. George Bailey, Grocer, &c. Dawley
——John Baugh, Saddler, Dawley
——William Baugh, Stirchley, near Dawley
——John Bayley, Collector, Dawley
——Robert Benbow, Draper, Dawley
——T. G. Bradbury, late of Dawley
—— George Brickley, Dawley



YORKSHIRE, generally.

Miss Armitage, St. Mary's Hill, Honley
Mr. William Atkinson, Huddersfield
——John Bamforth, Barrett, Slaithwaite
Miss Jane Bamforth, Dartmouth Arms, ditto
Mr. Barlow, Hall Ings, Bradford
——Thomas Bottomley, late of the National school, Upper Slaithwaite
William Leigh Brook, Esq. Meltham Hall
Thomas Brooke, Esq. Northgate House,
Mr. W. Brayshaw, Oakwell, Golcar
——Joseph Bryan, Scripture Reader, late of Thornton, near Bradford
Henry Buckley, Esq. Delph
Mr. David Carter, Grocer, Slaithwaite
James Charlesworth, Esq. Banker, Holmfirth
Mrs. Clay, Thorpe, Slaithwaite
Mr. Joseph Crosland, Bookseller, Holmfirth
John Dowse, Esq. Hay Green, Marsden
Samuel Dowse, Esq. ditto
William Dean, Esq. Surgeon, Slaithwaite
Mr. John Dransfield, Churchwarden, ditto
John Farrar, Esq. Slaithwaite
Rev. Thomas Gleadow Fearne, M.A. Incumbent of Upper Thong, Holmfirth
J. T. Fisher, Esq. Ottiwell House, Marsden
Mr. Joseph Garside, Draper, Slaithwaite
——W. Gregory, Huddersfield
David Haigh, Esq, Quarmby
Mr. Daniel Haigh, Slaithwaite
——Waters Hardy, Bookseller, Huddersfield
——George Harper, Printer, ditto
——James Hirst, Marsden
John Horsfall, Esq. Slaithwaite
Mr. James Hoyle, ditto
Rev. Charles Augustus Hulbert, M. A. Incumbent of Slaithwaite
Master C. A. Hulbert, Slaithwaite
Master James Lacy Hulbert, ditto
Master Reginald Mottershead Hulbert, ditto
Master Percival Wood Hulbert, ditto
Miss Mary Lacy Hulbert, ditto
C. Butler Hulbert, Esq. Free Schools, Slaithwaite
Miss Jane Hulbert, Free schools, ditto
Martin Kidd, Esq. Holmfirth
Rev. S. P. Lampen, Curate of Slaithwaite
Rev. Samuel Longhurst, deceased
Rev. W. Carrick M'Grath, M. A. Incumbent of All Saints, Paddock, near Huddersfield
Mrs. Mallinson, Lindley
Rev. James Morris Maxfield, M. A. Incumbent of Marsden
Mr. John Mellor, National school, Slaithwaite
John Nowell, Esq., Farnley Wood, Yorkshire
Mr. Parkin, Wine merchant, Slaithwaite
Mrs. Roberts, Scar Hall, near ditto
Isaac Robson, Esq. Huddersfield
Miss Schofield, Mallingsfield, ditto
John Shaw, Esq. Dale, Saddleworth
Thomas Styring, Esq. Huddersfield
Mr. John Sykes, Huddersfield
——Thomas Sykes, Grocer, Slaithwaite
——John Sykes, Holt Head, ditto
——John Sykes, Baths, ditto
Miss Grace Sykes, Holt Head, ditto
Mr. John Taylor, Window End, near ditto
John Taylor, Esq. M. D. Huddersfield, deceased
Messrs. Wm. Taylor & Brook, Booksellers, Delph, Saddleworth
Mr. John Thurgoland, Railway station, Huddersfield
Samuel Topp, Esq. Huddersfield
Joseph Varley, Esq. Slaithwaite
Mrs. Varley, ditto
Mr. Thomas Varley, Crimble Clough, ditto
——John Varley, Carpenter, ditto
——Richard Varley, Huddersfield
——George Walker, Innkeeper, Slaithwaite
Rev. Cutfield Wardroper, M. A. Incumbent of Farnley Tyas, Huddersfield
Mr. John Wilson, Leeds
Joseph Wood, Esq. Well House, Golcar
Mr. Richard Wood, Mason, Slaithwaite
——James Wood, Lower Westwood, Golcar

VARIOUS PARTS OF THE KINGDOM.

Mr. Arthur, Scotland
——Bevan, London
——Bradburn, Surveyor, Eccles
Thomas Brookes, Esq. Bewdley
Octavian Blewett, Esq. London
Rev. Charles Brumell, M.A. Barkway, Herts
Mrs Curtis, Vineyard Cottage, Bath
Rev. William Henry Dearsley, B. A. Incumbent of St. Helen's, Isle of Wight
Mrs. Edwards, Arched-buildings, Cheltenham
Rev. W. Edwards, Vicar of Langollen
The Directors of the European Life Insurance and Annuity Company, London
Mr. John Home, Finsbury square, London
Mrs. Edward Hoff, Holbeach, Lincolnshire
Miss E. B. Hulbert, Cambridge
Mrs. Ferguson Hulbert, London
Rev. Stephen Jenner, M.A. Clapham
Miss Louisa Lacy, Islington, London
Rev. Samuel Lee, D. D. Rector of Barley Royston, Herts
Mr. J. E. Mayall, Artist, London
Rev. William Morgan, B. D. Rector of Hulcott, Bucks
Mr. Henry Morris, New Road, Stourbridge
Miss Morris, King's mill, Wrexham
Mrs. Potts, Regent street, Cambridge
Rev. Reginald Rabett, M.A. Vicar of Thornton, Leicestershire, Bramfield Hall, Suffolk
Mr. W. Sackett, Bookseller, Birmingham
Miss Anne Sterwitt, London
James Tolley, Esq. Birmingham
Frederick Thynne, Esq. Westminster
Mrs. Windsor, Cross Keys Inn, Derby

ABROAD.

Mr. Edgerley, Old Calabar, Africa

---

## CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Pages 184, 191, 197, and 227, for *Rowlands* read *Rowland.*

Page 191, The Rev. W. W. How, for *Curate of St. Giles, a dependency of Holy Cross*, read *Curate of the Parish of Holy Cross*, which appointment he filled, greatly to the advantage and delight of the Parishioners. It gives me great pleasure to learn, that the Rev. Gentleman has subsequently been preferred to the Vicarage of Whittington, near Oswestry, where he is no less devoted and successful in the discharge of all his Ministerial and Parochial duties.

Page 240, Note on the first column, in a few copies only, 1840 is printed instead of 1846; and 19 lines lower down the column, 1840 instead of 1847.

Page 244, last line of the Note, for *Overbury* read *Overstone.*

Page 274, in a few copies only, line 11, for *J. Corbet, Esq.* read *A. W. Corbet, Esq.*

### LIST OF COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Portrait of the Author, .. .. | To face Title |
| Arms of the Hulbert Family, and St. Julian's Church, | 24 |
| Shrewsbury Castle, .. .. .. .. | 180 |
| St. Chad's Church, Shrewsbury, .. .. | 184 |
| Pulpit in the Abbey Garden, .. .. .. | 184 |
| Coleham Cotton Manufactory, Sunday School, and Miniature Castle, .. .. .. .. | 194 |
| Portrait of Bishop Watson, .. .. .. | 210 |
| Hadnal Church, .. .. .. .. | 286 |
| Ruins of Providence Grove, .. .. .. | 290 |
| Providence Grove restored, .. .. .. | 303 |

# TO MY FATHER, MR. CHARLES HULBERT,

WRITTEN AT PROVIDENCE GROVE, SHROPSHIRE, DURING A SHORT VISIT, JUNE, 1836.

My Father! let me whisper in thine ear
A Son's most duteous lay and most sincere,
If perhaps, as once an infant Sister sought
To chase thine indignation at my fault,
By whispering in thine ear, with tearful eye,
That she the candied sweets for thee would buy,
Which fond, she deemed would soothe *thy* angry air,
As she had found them chase *her* childish care.—
If thus thy care-worn heart my artless lay,
With words as true, as kind, though weak as they,
I may but soothe, and teach thy furrow'd brow,
To lighten and outspread in pleasure now;
If I may thus assuage with hope thy fear,
And bid Affection smile away thy tear;
That tear, that smile, which gilds it though to fade,
Hath my abundant compensation paid.

My Father! I remember thee, ere yet
One wrinkle dared thy ample brow to fret;
Ere one grey lock disturbed that raven hair,
That still grows strong, though gently blanch'd by care;
When tall and straight thy manly figure rose,
Now somewhat bow'd by Time, and lost repose:
Thy voice was once in stronger accents heard,
Proclaiming to the poor Christ's holiest word.
Oft have my feet, beside thee, gladly traced
The weedy road or solitary waste:
Whither thy Sabbath zeal had led thee forth
To shed heaven's light on some secluded hearth,
And proudly, gladly hath my bosom beat,*
When old and blind have blest thy coming feet!
Yea! beautiful upon the hills, the way
Of those, who Jesu's wond'rous love convey!
Oh lovely are their footsteps up for spring,
The flowers of Faith and Hope and Love to bring
Immortal and unfading bloom, though borne
By the rude blast upon the heath forlorn!

I will not 'mind thee of the painful tale
Of losses, which estranged my native vale;
How the loved Castle, thou hadst rear'd and graced
With relic, bust, and "storied window," placed
In shades and niches (all to me most dear,
Yet vanish'd, like the leaves of yesteryear)
How that once cherish'd home, and that huge pile,†
That drank thy ebbing store of wealth and toil,
Have pass'd away from us—yea, even from all,
Dismantled and decay'd, the Castle wall‡
No longer our's, a century's wreck appears,
And seems, in widow'd grief, to share our tears.

But I will bid thee still with joy retrace
Thy earlier labours in my native place,§
That School for Infant Minds, first taught by thee,
To yield to God the heart, and bend the knee.
Near thirty years have seen, each Sabbath day
Its hundreds of immortals bend their way
To that beneficent retreat, and have
The thirsty soul with Mercy's constant wave,
And many a prayer hath blest thee for that deed;
Then let thy heart be glad, and cease to bleed!

Nor will I rend again the wounds of heart
Which Time hath closed; nor bid the tear to start.
Which grieves o'er friendship false, dishonour'd trust,
That sapp'd thy strength, and turn'd thy gold to dust.
Nor yet the lengthen'd War, Oh bane of Art!
That still'd the busy loom, and closed the mart.
All these but gave thy genius fresh supply
To struggle on in faith, whatever sky
Lour'd or shone forth: nor yet the alter'd brow
Of those who flatter'd—scarce respectful now—
These have but taught thee, where true friendship lies,
And kindly torn from them their dangerous guise.
But I will bid thee dwell on *one*, no more
Toss'd with a sea of care; and yet not pour
Afresh thy tears; 'twas well, when first they came,
To quench the burning heat of sorrow's flame:
But now thy Thomas, canonized above,
Needs not thy pity, yet desires thy love.
Those eyes, once shaded with a year's long night,
Have now Seraphic lustre, Angel's sight,
Those limbs, once pained and weak, are now replete
With vigour never wearied; yea so fleet,
The wild gazelle can ne'er so swiftly hie
As their celestial substance skims the sky:
That voice, all sweet, yet now more dulcet, pays
To Him, that wrought this change, unceasing praise:
And at each contrite prayer of thine, strikes higher
The hopeful transport of his golden lyre!

---

* Particular reference is here made to the late Mrs. Leighton of Pulley Common; at whose house, what are now called "Cottage Lectures," were delivered. Her grandson is now a Clergyman. She was totally blind.

† Coleham Cotton Manufactory. See Letters xxv. xxvi. and xxvii.

‡ Miniature Castle, Coleham, Shrewsbury. ibid.

§ The Coleham Sunday School. ibid.

Nor shall my native, thine adopted Town,
In after times, refuse thee just renown,
For all thou did'st to call her Muses forth,
Or give the latent fire of Genius birth.
Three years beheld thy constant, monthly hive,
Salopian literary bees revive,‖
'Till thou, too late alas! found drones were they,
Who yielded none, but bore thy sweets away!

There is a gloom around that year more deep,**
Than common sorrow weaves—for ever sleep,
Sleep, sleep! Why should I wake my own regret?
My heart's first pangs were those;—they vibrate yet!
But now, methinks, it brighter shews the good
That sprang from sorrow borne with fortitude.

There are set times of rising and decay
To families, and ours have had full play:
We have not 'scap'd the shafts of envy's bow,
Nor miss'd neglect when Fortune's tide was low;
But we have never bent to dark despair,
Nor need we, while our heritage is prayer.
Prayer was thy first kind lesson, honour'd Sire,
Whilst on thy knee I climb'd and caught the fire,
Of pure religion from thy lip, then knelt
With thee alone to God, whom I but felt
To be a Father good——I knew no more
That I could reverence, fear and yet adore!

I've dwelt, how long! on those my boyish days,
For Fancy round them ever bends or plays;
Yet life in later years, when all thy care
Was mine imparted, should remembrance share,
Though unpoetic were the tales of years
In honest labour spent, which proudly rears
A fabric, ease and leisure may adorn,
With fragments of the joy of life's fair morn;
Yet many a conflict and rude tempest we
Have borne together, on life's troubled sea:
Ere we divided—thou to this retreat.
And I to learning's Academic seat.††
And then, methought, less care would now be thine,
Than Time has dared around thy brow to twine:
But may the love of Christ, thy spirit cheer,
And rule thy heart, which soothed thee many a year;
As those stern labours and deep thoughts of thine
Taught me to work untired the Classic mine.
And those first sunbeams of Religion caught,
From thee, have kindled my celestial thought.

What, though 'tis thine the thorny crown to wear,
What, though 'tis mine the heavy cross to bear;
Plant they one wound, one languid feeling more,
Than bent for us our gracious Lord before!

What though wise Heaven, inscrutable in right
Glorious in truth, mysterious in light,
Forbad thy ardent zeal to bear the word,
Of peace within his Church, but yet hath heard
Thy prayer for me; doubt not 'twas well, 'twas best,
The humbler, weaker creature to invest;
That all the honour might be His, who chose
With David's arm to fell his giant foes.

Thee hath he given in trust, a mighty power
To wield for Him—the letter'd page, whose hour
Unbounded by the stay of mortal breath,
May bid thy thoughts survive the shock of death.
And bear bold truth, unwelcome, though sublime,
To waiting souls, far down the stream of time.

Thy labours are not past—thou still must press
(Alas! that I could make thy need the less)
The close pursuit—though somewhat eased and turn'd
To those enchanting studies, which have burn'd
Long in thy soul:—and yet thy useful care,
So much the world improves, I scarce could dare
Pray thy repose; though gladly I would see,
Each softening comfort cheer thy destiny.

But thou hast still one faithful treasure left,
Though death and distance have thy heart bereft,
Thy faithful tender partner; she who bore
Thy cares and joys of old, our Mother—more
Endear'd for every sorrow; for her breast
When all the world forsook, hath yielded rest:—
May now your lives their happiest portion claim,
Your children blest, pour blessings on your name!

Let nothing now distress you—life is brief—
Eternity approaching:— Shall a leaf
Of sorrow's tree, flung on Time's ebbing tide,
Disturb the peace that tempests could abide?
No! Sire belov'd, whatever woes may lour,
They cannot hasten or protract that hour,
Which shall awhile call you or me from dust,
To earlier birth in heaven—not long I trust,
But just to weave a wreath of welcome, then
Rush to each others' arms in bliss again!

But thou art yet our stay, be thou our joy,
Let no rude shocks, thy inward trust destroy:
Whatever ills befall our vessel, yet
Our treasure is above—beyond regret;

---

‖ The Salopian Magazine, 1815, 16, & 17. See Letter XXX.
** The year 1817. ibid.
†† 1830, when the writer of these lines became a resident at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and the subject of them at Providence Grove.

Our Saviour all in all; with those four* blest,
And all our sainted fathers, gone to rest,
Wait our ingathering to the eternal fold,
Where joys depend no more on fame or gold;
Where Peace, no transient guest, for ever weaves
With holiest rapture, Glory's mantling leaves:
Where knowledge comes not by a fading frame,
Nor life wears out with toil the mental flame;
Where never love is lost, nor sorrow found,
Where homes that pass not, friends sincere abound;
Where those sweet roses, which adorn thy cot,
So lovely, though so late thy care worn lot:
Would blush still deeper at the heavenlier hue
Of those that never wither from the view:
And these loved fields, thy culturing care that own,
And the fair GROVE, from PROVIDENCE thine own;
Would not detain thy once transported gaze,
Admitted to that world, beyond all praise:
Which Christ shall give to thee, to all, who brave,
Through faith in him, the world's afflictive wave.
Then, dearest Sire, let still thy heart revive;
Faith, Hope, and Love, within thy breast should strive,
With gentle warmth, which most may bid thee scorn
The wiles and dangers to which man is born:
While ONE invites thee first to bear his cross,
And count it joy for him to suffer loss:
Then to His breast on hope's bright wing to soar,
Where love is all, and sorrow's night is o'er.

June 4th, 1836. C. A. H.

---

## SUPPLEMENTARY VERSES,

### WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF ANOTHER VISIT TO PROVIDENCE GROVE, OCT. 1850.

ONCE more, my Father, twice seven years have pass'd,
Since here I wove some pensive lines to thee;
And I would mark the changes that have cast,
Their lights and shades on hope and memory.

And first, I joy to see thee still survive,
Though blanch'd thy locks, all vigorous and erect;
Though sickness waste, and sorrow's ploughshare drive
Its furrows o'er thy heart and intellect.

My Mother lives to cherish and to soothe;
But one is gone, on whom thy arm could rest;
He, who of old call'd, "SAMUEL" in his youth,†
Hail'd to His heavenly dome, my Brother blest!

Yes! 'twas not fragments of thy burnt abode,
Nor vanish'd treasures made thy deepest wound;
But for the blighted, lingering, wasting, flow'd
The hearts deep waters, bitter and profound.

That fiery tempest true hath left its wreck,
It shook thy spirit, but evoked such love,
Such generous sympathy and heart respect,
As mark'd once more with "Providence" thy "Grove."

Nor hath thy pen its fluence ceased; nor hence
The letter'd page yet fail'd to issue forth,
Thy *Sabbath thoughts* and studies to dispense,‡
Fraught with the Phœnix fire which gives them birth.

But Time, that spares not palaces and kings,
Hath lent thee more than three score years and ten;
And, in the evening of thy day, still brings
Aid to retrace thy chequer'd course again.

Brings round thy knees another race to climb,
And bless thy age, and listen to thy tale:
Speak then, and consecrate to future Time,
Thy grateful records in the shadowy vale.

We part again—I to the Northern skies,
Faith's banner weaving; as to sunny Wight,
To share her partner's sacred labour, hies
Thy eldest dark-eyed daughter of delight.

But we and ours, ten olive branches fair,
And those two near the willow margin'd Cam,
Shall daily meet ye, at the Altar, where
Reign the Great Father and the bleeding Lamb!

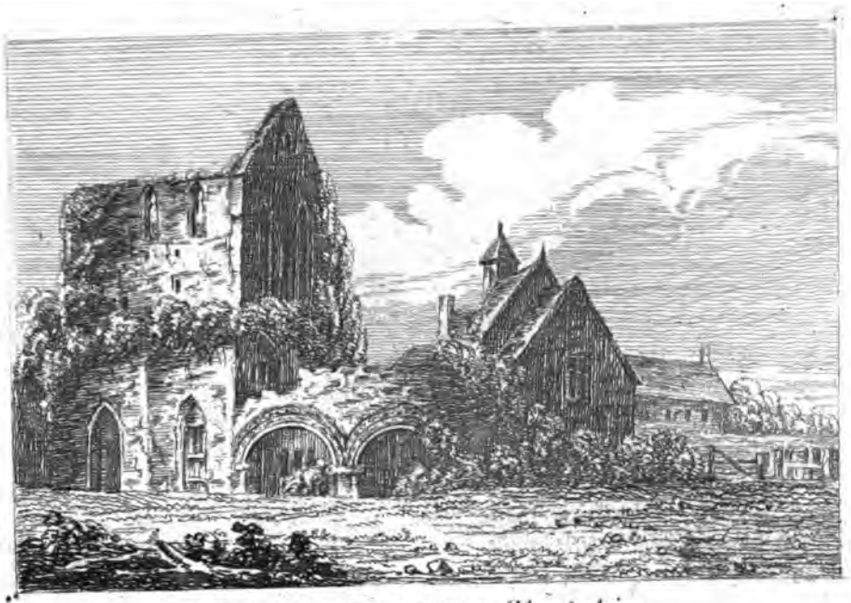
October 15th, 1850. C. A. H.

---

* Thomas and Helen, resting with their Grandparents, Thomas and Mary Wood, and other relatives, in St. Alkmond's Churchyard, Shrewsbury; Rosamond, Grace, and Samuel, sleeping in Hadnal Churchyard,—where, if it be God's will, their Parents will also rest; but this is unknown: We may know where we were born, but know not where we may die.

† Samuel J. M. Hulbert, died June 26th, 1842, aged 22 years: never having recovered from the illness occasioned by exposure during the Fire of January 7th, 1839.

‡ The Sunday Reader and Preacher, completed in 1842.



*WENLOCK ABBEY, Shropshire.*

*Published by C. Hulbert. 1825.*

# MEMOIRS

## OF SEVENTY YEARS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

### IN LETTERS ADDRESSED BY A FATHER TO A SON.

---

## LETTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

"The Life of a man is best written while he is in existence, because his person and actions are then fresh in the memory of the Biographer. Histories may be formed from permanent Monuments and Records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever.———Of the utility of Biography there can but be one opinion, the advantages arising from it are too obvious to need pointing out. And that the life of a man is best written during his existence, as well as that a man is more competent to write his own life, provided he is a literary man, than another is to do it for him.———There has perhaps rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful Narrative would not be useful."

Dr. Johnson.

My Dear Charles,

Having now completed those years which the Psalmist assigns to the lot of man, and beginning to experience that "the rest is but labour and sorrow,"—An old man's love of repose would probably prevent my engaging in any new undertaking, did not the habit of activity, and the desire to gratify and perhaps instruct, triumph over every motive to inaction.

I must confess moreover that it is no small mental gratification to indulge the feeling described by the poet Ossian. "The tale of other days is in my soul my memory beams on the years that are past." A few long remembered friends also survive who will share with me that pleasure: and you my dear Son, will I am sure, not regret that your parent, has put into a more permanent form those incidents and traditions, to which you have listened with so much interest and amusement in your childhood; or those subsequent events in the anxieties of which you have borne some part in later years. If I can speak or write freely to any one it must be to you; who knowing the few advantages of my early education;—that I am neither a Cambridge nor an Oxford man—will not expect great purity of style or accuracy of expression: and will remember that more than thirty years ago,* I ventured to apply to myself the words of Dodsley's Honest Miller—"Wisdom is not confined to palaces, nor always to be bought with gold. I read often and think sometimes; and he who does that may gain some knowledge, even in a cottage. As for any thing superior I pretend not to it. What I have said, I hope is plain good sense; at least 'tis honest and well meant."

You will therefore be ready to say—"I know that you have been engaged from early life in business, and that business requires arrangement, and admits but little prolixity

*Salopian Magazine, vol. 2, 1816.

or delay: assured that you are not destitute of materials, let me know how you mean to arrange the departments of your intended History of your own Eventful Life."

To you therefore I should need no further preface: but as the publication will probably fall into various hands, I cannot but enter upon it with diffidence; and that peculiar feeling which possesses a sensible man when induced by circumstances to speak of himself. The difficulty will be in some measure lessened by the fact of a considerable portion of the history having relation to my departed contemporaries. To describe the scenes, or remember the companions of our youth is agreeable to all the tenderest feelings of the heart; to speak of the honoured dead, is at once a duty and delight. But when an Author attempts to record the acts, or delineate the characters of living individuals, he cannot but be aware with what varied sensations his History will be read: And when relating events in which the writer must necessarily appear a principal actor, he fears to speak with the same openness: a thousand inward feelings and outward circumstances conspire to render it difficult becomingly to introduce our own achievements, or in any way to direct particular attention to ourselves.

And yet how large a portion of all history is derived from the letters, diaries, and memoirs composed by the subjects of record themselves! And it must necessarily be so if we would arrive at the secret springs of action—and know the real history of the human heart. "For what man (says the Scripture) knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?"—"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy," Such being the case, I feel some assurance that a faithful narrative of even an humble individual may present some food for meditation: although it may not relate with Cæsar the conquest of Britain, or even with Benjamin Franklin the early struggles in life, which fitted him to become the Legislator of America, and the Philosopher of the World—nor the deep and spiritual emotions which lent untiring energy to the devoted Wesley, or meekness, patience and laborious dignity to the accomplished Heber. Every man has indeed a little world within—and which, truly shewn forth, will display a miniature of the great world without, in all its essential elements.

Hence the memoirs of individuals however humble, if faithfully written, and attentively perused, will not fail to convey, even to the highest and most gifted, some lessons of prudence, caution, or patient endurance: while those of a less exalted sphere derive the same or greater benefits, and discover not unfrequently a portraiture of their own character and lives.

The record of a Life of Seventy years, so variously strewn with scenes of joy, sorrow and suffering, of good fortune and melancholy disaster, as it is well known, my dear Son, that your Father's has been, may therefore offer to the observer some occurrences capable of affording warning or direction to help him in his progress through life. Or some encouragement may arise from the Evidences of a DIVINE PROVIDENCE that he may discover, to enable him with patience to bear the accidents and calamities of life. For were a man only to derive a knowledge of life from the progress of his own existence, he would need the blind instinct of the animal to supply his want of experience.

For in the words of Dr. Young,

> "Years unexperienced rush on numerous ills,
> And soon as man expert from time has found
> The key of life, it ope's the door of death."

Agreeably with the Doctor's sentiment, how often in general conversation do we hear the remark, "No sooner has a man learned how to live than he is called to die." History and Biography therefore come to our help, and add to our years the days of other generations. Is it therefore beneath the notice of any man, to learn from the mind of another, in a few hours, how to avoid those errors and mistakes, which have cost many prudent men years of care, and how to promote those objects and pursuits which are best calculated to secure his own temporal prosperity or eternal welfare!

Your Father, my dear Charles, does not presume to say that the reading of the very unimportant publication in which he is engaged will produce any very extraordinary effects: he is certain it will neither revolutionize, nor renovate the nation: yet by the

favour of the Almighty, it may not be without its blessing on his neighbours and friends. To the young I may even venture to say with the Sage in Beattie's Minstrel,

> "Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain,
> Come often then; for haply, in my bower,
> Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain;
> If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

In the actual record of the past occurrences of my life, I have now, alas! very little but memory to guide me. Nearly all my letters and other manuscripts with the original preparations for this work having perished in the calamitous fire of January 7th, 1839; to which I shall have frequent occasion to refer, however painful may be the recollection of that event which swept in one hour the literary labours of many years, and almost all the relics of my ancestors, and my early days. Nevertheless the earliest and most important incidents in my life being imprinted indelibly on my heart, and almost daily in my recollection, I humbly hope a tolerable degree of accuracy may be attained.

To speak generally of the plan of this work, your Father will only endeavour to retrace the plan of his former preparations; and will record in the character of Memoirs, the Events of most particular interest in *His own Personal History:* connecting with it the History and Description of every place in which he has resided; the Character, Manners, Customs, and Traditions of the Inhabitants, Remarkable Events which have happened during his residence in each place; Biographical Sketches of Singular and Eminent Individuals; Humorous, Grave, and Entertaining Anecdotes; extraordinary instances of the interposition of Divine Providence; and relations of occurrences confirmatory of another state of being.

Those facts and circumstances especially, however singular, which, with the aid of divine grace, have been the means of establishing your Father's faith in the Holy Scriptures, he will fearlessly relate: and with the sincere belief, that many of his readers will thereby receive no less favourable impressions.

The work will therefore be a combination of historical, biographical, chronological, and miscellaneous information, commencing with a residence in the Parish of Northen, afterwards at Halton, in the Parish of Runcorn, both in the County of Chester; progressing to the Parishes of Eccles, Manchester, and Middleton, in the County of Lancaster; and lastly, to Shrewsbury, and Hadnal in the County of Salop, the home scenes of his humble literary labours, his greatest delights, most afflictive and providential dispensations.

The inhabitants of each of the places named, and of their counties, familiar to the author from frequent visits, and endeared to him, like the places in which he has resided, from the remembrance of departed and living friends, or acts of disinterested kindness experienced, will be noticed.

Such, my dear Son, is the general plan and scope of my intended publication; and I address this to you, because I can assure myself thereby of at least one kind and considerate reader, and who, like that heavenly master, to whose service you have devoted yourself, is "touched with a feeling of my infirmities;" to Him, my Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, are due my supreme gratitude; and to many of my fellow men, it will be my duty and desire to express the grateful feelings of my heart and my earnest endeavour, that however imperfectly I may execute the task, I may transfuse some of those thankful emotions into these "Memorials of bye gone days."

Your's most affectionately,

C. H.

# LETTER II.

"Thought takes the retrospect of years long fled,
And raising up the spirits of the dead,
Whispers each dear and venerated name."

"Friends lost arise, and passions past return."

BLOOMFIELD.

C. A. H.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

IT is now more than two years since you saw your Father, at that time recovering from severe illness, and his figure and form will doubtless be presented in every subsequent remembrance of him, as he then appeared. We are looking forward with mutual pleasure to an early meeting: and thankful indeed do I feel that I can anticipate it with feelings of gratitude for renewed strength and vigor of mind and body. You will however find me much altered from my appearance in the Portrait by Mr. Wale, taken twenty years ago, which hangs in your study, and which had the good fortune to be in your possession, at the time of the Fire which consumed all the others.

You will remember the miniature on ivory taken in the bloom of youth; and that by Mr. Macgavin in later years; also the family group very dear to both your parents; and those likenesses of your Father and Mother taken in oil, by Mr. Charles Vandyke Browne, shortly after their marriage; and the last of your Father's portraits also in oil, by Mr. Crellin, nephew of the eminent Pickersgill. These all perished with nearly one hundred other Paintings and Drawings in the calamitous event of January 7th, 1839,* to which I shall have frequent occasion to allude.

To yourself, my dearest Son, a portrait of your parent may be deemed superfluous; but I believe, if correctly delineated, it will not be unpleasing, and may add something to the amusement of other kind and feeling readers: who will, I humbly trust, pardon the vanity of an old man, in attempting to draw a picture of himself.

It will be within your recollection my dear Charles, that the Painting by Browne, in 1805, represented your Father as a slender young man, thick black hair and dark eyes: countenance cheerful and ruddy: height five feet ten inches and a half: attire blue coat and buff waistcoat. That of Mr. Crellin, represented him at the age of forty-seven, very stout, black hair mixed with white, and other indications of being past the meridian of life.

Were you my dear Son, at this moment to enter your father's study, the candle sinking into the socket would afford you just light enough to observe the room nearly filled with books, paintings, and caged birds. The much valued walking stick of the late General Lord Hill, and a favorite fowling piece suspended over his head. Then think of him seated in his arm chair; spectacles before his eyes, pen in his hand, on rising to meet you in the eager haste of paternal love overturning the table, covered with papers and books, and creating a world of confusion, to the no small annoyance of your dear mother, were she not equally absorbed in your arrival.

---

* It being the intention of the Author to publish his humble volume in several parts or portions, for the present information of Readers unacquainted with the calamitous event, the following brief notice is extracted from the Salopian Journal of January 9th, 1839.—

"And so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that of all the valuable property, Library of more than 3000 Books, Coins, Paintings, Manuscripts, Curiosities, Furniture, Plate, Jewelry, Wearing Apparel, Deeds, Securities, &c. every thing was consumed, with the whole of the House, a great portion of the Houses adjoining, and some portion of the Printing Office thereto attached, also the Valuable Stock of New Books, Engravings, &c. ready for sale. The premises were only insured at one-half their value, and no part of the other property was insured, although arrangements had been made for completing the insurance thereof. Providentially Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert had time to escape from their room. The losses sustained are truly irreparable."

A more particular account of that scene of sorrow and suffering is reserved for the last portion of the work.—AUTHOR.

All being composed, and a better light obtained, you would instantly discover your father reduced in size, and even lower in stature than when we last parted. His hair though entirely covering his head, fast attaining the snowy hue of lengthened years: cheeks still retaining nature's early colouring, but much of that sorrow, which he has had to pass through, resting on his brow. Then, almost instantly brightening into peaceful joy; anon shaded by grief at the recollection of scenes and events, which successively presented themselves. The first evening would, as usual, be spent in such relations; and, as we naturally dwell with most interest on "the greenest spot of memory's waste,"* I should not unlikely revert to some portion of the nine years which I spent in the Parish of NORTHEN—the scene of my earliest boyhood.

I therefore commence with mingled feelings its ancient history, relating remarkable occurrences which have happened in that humble parish or surrounding neighbourhood, with some notice of your father's ancestry and his own early history. In doing this he purposely passes over MANCHESTER, the place of his nativity on the 18th of February, 1778, and his parents, brief residence there; reserving the particulars which he has collected and arranged, descriptive of that world of manufactures, enterprise, industry, wealth and benevolence, until, in the course of his narrative, he arrives at the period of a second residence.

NORTHEN, OR NORTHENDEN.

in the County of Chester, is distant about four miles from Stockport, and is at this time, a quiet, rural and pleasant village, very much improved within the period of my recollection. At the conquest it was held by Ranulphus and Bigot, afterwards by the Barons of Dunham Massey; after the dissolution of the Monasteries, it was surrendered to the crown, and before the 22nd of Elizabeth, the Manor was vested in the Tattons of Withenshaw, and still continues the property of their descendants.

Withenshaw Hall, in my time, was a perfect specimen of the Cheshire timber and plaster Mansions. I understand that it is now partly modernised by additions and alterations. Often have I heard the ancient men of Northen Etchells, with great exultation refer to the loyalty of the Tatton family, in the wars of Charles I. and his Parliament. Their present descendants partake of the same loyal feeling, occasionally shewing a window from which the heroic Lady of the house, when it was besieged by a party of Parliamentarians, shot one of the rebels dead. After a long siege it was taken on the 25th of February, 1644, by Colonel Dukinfield; there being then in the house only Mr. Tatton and some few gentlemen, and but a few soldiers, who had quarter for life. Captain Adams, who was slain at Withenshaw, was buried at Stockport, February 27th, 1646.—Six Skeletons were found some time ago, lying by the side of each other. William Tatton, Esq. who died in 1776, married the sister and sole heiress of William Egerton, Esq. of Tatton Park; a man of uncommon probity and ability. He represented the County of Chester in Parliament for a number of years. Mr. Tatton left a daughter who became the wife of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Baronet, of Sledmere, County of York: he died February 16th, 1823, aged 52. Lady Sykes lately died having survived her husband 23 years. Sir Mark was a gentleman of wealth and genuine taste. He had a very extensive collection of highly valuable Engravings, particularly British Portraits, which were brought to public competition in March, 1824. I have the happiness to possess a Catalogue, with the prices marked in red ink, for which each lot was sold, realizing many thousand pounds. In the last year (1847) the Government have purchased for the National Gallery, at a thousand guineas, a Painting by Raffaelle, representing the Vision of a Knight, from the Rev. Thomas Egerton, (heir of Lady Sykes,) the late beloved Rector of Middle, Shropshire.

Mr. Tatton left also a son William, who first married the daughter of Dr. Fountains, Dean of York, for whom Mason (the friend of Gray) wrote the following monumental inscription, now in Northen Church.

"If e'er on earth true happiness was found,
'Twas thine blest shade, that happiness to prove;
A Father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fixed a husband's love;

---

* "O that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced:
It lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste."

MOORE.

That when he led thee to the Nuptial fane,
How smiled the morning with auspicious rays,
How triumph'd youth and beauty in the train:
And flattering health, that promised length of days:
Heaven joined your hearts. Three pledges of your joy,
Were given in thrice the year's revolving round:
Here reader pause, and own with pitying eye,
That not on earth true happiness is found."

NORTHEN CHURCH is dedicated to St. Wilfred: it is a plain structure, consisting of nave, chancel, side aisles and tower. There are two Chapels at the end of the aisles belonging to the Withenshaw family.

Kenworthy or Kennedy an ancient hamlet, in which, when I resided in the Parish, the Shelmerdines had a good estate. Thomas Shelmerdine, Esq. a jovial, humorous gentleman I well remember. He was executor of my Grandfather Mottershead's will, in which there was a kind bequest to Charles his Grandson.

Northen Etchells, though the most extensive township in the Parish, is only a division of a more extensive manor; in ancient times the property of the Ardernes and Stanleys, but ever since, and before the 22nd Elizabeth, has regularly descended with the Withenshaw estates, to the united families of Tatton and Egerton.

Stockport Etchells, also belonging to the Egertons, is distinct as a township from Northen Etchells, each having its own Overseer.

Many times have I passed over Northen Moor now inclosed, and a fine turnpike road from Altringham to Stockport crosses over it. Population of the whole Parish of Northen, in 1841, was nearly 1400.

NORTHENDEN, or NORTHEN ETCHELLS, including the hamlets of HEALD GREEN, MOSS NOOK, and HAYHEAD; contained in my early days but few inhabitants, yet they were happy. SHADOW MOSS was then chiefly unenclosed; the cottagers in general kept one cow at least. The Hayhead had a pretty little Green unenclosed; this to my infant mind was the most delightful spot in the universe. Here and on the moss, I could shoot my arrows, and fly my kite without restraint: and on fine summer evenings, the lads and lasses would meet to enjoy the enlivening dance, while some blithe rustic swain, scorning the squeaking of the violin, would gaily and harmoniously tune with his voice the air, which guided the movements of the happy assembly.

Adjoining the township of Northen Etchells, is RINGWAY; a Chapelry of Bowden Parish, and a portion of the inhabitants of Northen, usually attended divine worship at its Chapel. The Reverend Mr. Porter, who wore a venerable white wig and clerical hat, was then the officiating clergyman at Northen Church, and the Rev. John Sudlow was for a time minister of Ringway: afterwards the Rev. Thomas Whittaker; the two latter gentlemen will be particularly noticed hereafter. A small Sunday School, near the Moss Nook, and a Chapel of Ease at Styall, a mile distant, have been erected in the last twelve years, and I do hope each of them is duly supported and attended.

Long have I detained you, my dear Charles, with an account of the Parish of Northen, I will therefore hasten to introduce what will no doubt be more interesting. While every man in the world is of Royal descent, as claiming origin from the great King Adam; yet, in the weakness of human nature, we imagine there is some distinction to be derived from being descendants, not only in a direct line from that Monarch, but from some individual link in the genealogical chain, in which we gratify ourselves by supposing, we have in some way or other a more particular interest: You will easily conceive my meaning?—On your account, my dear Son, I do regret the loss of all my records, and memoranda obtained from my Grandfathers Hulbert and Mottershead, and my Father, and can only now offer to you the particulars which I had condensed, previous to that lamented catastrophe, which will be always fresh in my recollection, and which are given in page 282 in my History of the County of Salop.

Referring to the dreadful slaughter of the Gentlemen of Cheshire, on the heaths of Heatley and Hadnal, near Shrewsbury, in the battle between Henry the Fourth and Lord Percy of Northumberland, July 21st, 1403; it is there related that "according to family tradition, in that most dreadful conflict, among the hundreds of Cheshire Knights and Esquires, fell Reginald Mottershead, the head of a family seated at Alderley and Mottram St. Andrew, three or four miles from Macclesfield.—Mr. Lyson, in his valuable work on the County Palatine of Chester, pages 731 and 839, having supposed the family of Mottershead of Mottram St. An-

drew in the Parish of Prestbury to be now extinct, I have ventured to trespass on the patience of my readers, by the insertion of the following brief particulars."—

"The earliest notice of the family, to this time preserved is, that Jasper de Mottershead accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Land. As it respects their possessions and location, from abstracts of ancient deeds, &c. it appears that in the 3rd year of Edward II, Robert de Mottershead remitted the extensive manors of Marple and Wybersley, excepting 12 boviates of land, 20 acres of wood, and 40s. rent, to Richard de Vernon, whose descendant Sir Richard Vernon, perished in the same cause with his neighbour Reginald Mottershead. In the year 1337, one third portion of the manor of Alderley, was conveyed by Richard de Mottershead to Robert le Grosvenor, of the Grosvenors of Allostock, in the family of which Robert, these manorial rights descended, and having passed from the Grosvenors to the Leycesters, are at present enjoyed by Sir J. T. Stanley, Bart.* The Mottersheads continued in their estates at Mottram St. Andrew, without much change, marrying and intermarrying with the surrounding families during the 15th and 16th Centuries. In the 17th one of these events restored to a branch of the family a portion of the alienated possessions. William Hibbert, then Lord of the Manor of Marple, married a daughter of Jeffrey Mottershead. of Mottram St. Andrew, by whom he had Henry Hibbert, Rector of All Hallows, and author of Syntagmia Theologicum. During several descents this manor has undergone various mutations: notwithstanding which, whatever of manorial rights still pertain to the once extensive Lordship of Marple, are I believe, vested in the descendants of William Hibbert and Alice Mottershead.

Through nearly the whole of this (the 17th) Century, the family of Mottershead remained in vigour: the upper and lower houses in the township of Mottram St. Andrew,—the one an ancient black and white timber mansion, now in ruins,—and the other a substantial gabled brick and stone edifice, now a farm house, were in the possession of Richard Mottershead and John Mottershead,† two branches of the family. Willet Hall, in the same parish, was also their property, and passed with other estates, by (Frances Mottershead Hollinshead) an heiress of the elder branch into the family of Brooke of Mere, and from the Brookes by sale or exchange, to the Wrights of Mottram, in whose possession they still remain.

A very humble portion of the patrimonial estate in Mottram St. Andrew, was the inheritance of Elizabeth Mottershead, spinster, on which she resided at the period of her death, 1787,—when that, with some personal property, came into the possession of her only brother Joseph Mottershead, who died in 1794, aged 79 years. They were both buried at Prestbury, the burying place of the family, as the parish register testifies, from its earliest date. Joseph Mottershead married Mary Bayley, (niece of the Reverend Joseph Ward, M. A. Vicar of Prestbury,) and his eldest daughter Anne Mottershead, married Thomas Hulbert of Hulbert Green, near Cheadle, and they were the parents of Samuel, born at Hulbert Green, and of Charles the compiler of this memorial."

Messrs. Owen and Blakeway suppose that the space on which the slain were strewed after the battle of Shrewsbury exceeded three miles in extent; and, as various places for the deposit of the dead would necessarily be selected, who knows but the little spot of earth in Hadnal Churchyard, intended to receive the dust of his less distinguished descendant, may be the same in which repose the ashes of Reginald de Mottershead. The workmen who sank the vault under the tower of Hadnal Church to receive the remains of the illustrious General Lord Hill in 1842, discovered two trunkless heads; which may have been there since the battle of Shrewsbury 440 years before, but to whom they belonged history records not, and conjecture would be vain, the resurection day alone can make the discovery.

The love of ancestry is common to almost every individual: but may sometimes be greatly increased by early prepossessions.—My own strong love for such researches which must apologise for my present tediousness, may perhaps be traced to the days when I sat in my little arm chair, by the side of my

---

* Now Lord Stanley of Alderley.

† Sir Peter Leycester's Vale Royal of Cheshire.

venerable Grandfather Mottershead, resting my arm on his knee, while he has been relating the tales of his youth, and the traditions of his progenitors: lamenting that the estates which his Grandfather possessed had not descended to his branch of the family, instead of passing by an heiress (as before related) into a strange line—and I feel convinced, my dear Charles, that you will not regret that I have preserved some memorial of that family descent which you have sought to preserve in naming your third son, after his ancestor Reginald Mottershead. Often would my venerated Grandfather say, "Now Charles, if I had my rightful portion of the Mottram estate, you would have had fine diversion in shooting,"—for observe, even at this period I had my little fowling piece.—This story did not however at all elate his Grandson; who would always say in reply, "Yes! but then Grandfather, my Mother would have been so *fine*, (as my simple expression was) that she would not have married my Father; and then there would have been none of me!"

I have not a portrait, my dear Charles, of that venerable man, or I would present it to you. I will however endeavour to describe him just as memory presents him at this moment. He was in stature nearly six feet high; firmly built, of a healthy rosy countenance; hair which had been coal-black, but at that period was sprinkled with grey; good eyes and teeth; and the general expression of his countenance was contentment and good nature: not a little resembling that of his near relative, the Reverend Joseph Mottershead, of Manchester, as portrayed in the well-known engraving, of which I believe you have a copy; as well as a volume of his Sermons, formerly belonging to your uncle Samuel Hulbert: The kindness of a clerical friend and companion of my youth, (Rev. John Piccope, M. A. Incumbent of Farndon) has supplied to me the loss of that which I had possessed for many years before the Fire.

How much could I relate, and how delightful would be the task of telling you all that my Grandfather told me, and all that I knew of that venerable man! A few observations and anecdotes must suffice.—

My beloved Grandmother, Mary Mottershead, was in the eyes of her Grandson, the fairest and the best of women. She had within my recollection, cheeks that would vie with the damask rose, yet evidently yielding to the ruthless hand of time. She was, as before named of a clerical family, and what is best she was a child of God. They were a very happy couple, though on the subject of religion they would sometimes differ in opinion. The views of my Grandmother were more in accordance with the sentiments of those good men who were the means of the revival of evangelical religion at the middle and close of the last century—than those of her husband. Hence when the followers of the Reverend John Wesley began to hold meetings in the district, she thought it a duty and privilege to attend them. She had at that time a near relative, who had married a gentleman of the name of Goulbourn, who having had an education superior to the generality of his neighbours, possessing some talent for public speaking, and being seriously and deeply impressed with the sermons of Mr. Wesley, became a decided follower of that divine.

Residing at Wilmslow, he was within a mile or two of my Grandfather's residence; and as he had a great desire according to his principles, to speak the good tidings of salvation among his kinsmen, friends and neighbours, he proposed to my beloved Grandmother to hold a meeting at her house; to which, I must say, she, not very prudently, consented without the sanction of Joseph her husband. No doubt she had the desire, which every newly enlightened christian feels, that her dearest and nearest relations should partake of the same spiritual blessing, which she believed that she enjoyed:—Consequently a meeting was announced to the neighbours.—When the hour of attendance arrived, the people came and proceeded to take their seats in the spacious kitchen of my Grandfather's residence.—When Mr. Goulbourn, placing himself behind a chair in one corner of the room, very modestly addressing my Grandfather said, "Brother, if you please, we will sing a hymn, have a few words of prayer, and I will address the people." The good man had not consulted the temper and character of the master of the house: "What!" says my Grandfather indignantly, feeling his religion, his honour and his house invaded, "Are you come to preach here? Begone this minute, and every one of you. I can pray and instruct my own

family without the assistance of these new lights." No sooner commanded than obeyed.—I don't say that my Grandfather was right—it may be thought that he was hasty: and should have given Mr. Goulbourn a fair hearing, and then have judged for himself: but be considered that he had done his duty; for I have often heard him relate the circumstance. Still, he always preferred my Grandmother's religion to dissent, not even the circumstance that his Uncle Joseph was one of the most eminent Presbyterian Ministers of the day, could reconcile him to the least deviation from the worship and principles of his own beloved Church.*

Such scenes were however characterestic of the period: and are worth recording, as they throw some light on a state of things, of which the traditions are fast passing away.—Mr. Goulbourn was a pious, earnest and zealous man; and very often endured suffering for his zeal: sometimes his life was endangered by ruthless mobs, whom he sought to impress: as some proof of which, as well as illustrative of the temper and feeling of the times, the following uncouth verse, from an old song, is subjoined.

"We'll bore a hole through Goulbourn's nose.
And put a string therein;
And lead him down to Finney's bridge,
And there we'll tumble him in."

Finney's Bridge was erected over the river Bollin, near the residence of Mr. Finney, of Ouseley Ford, at that time an influential Magistrate, who occasionally interfered for the protection of the poor Methodists.

Returning to Joseph Mottershead, my ancestor; he was a conscientious, upright man; and though the examples were few at that time of family prayer, and family instruction, among the members of the Church of England, especially in remote or retired country places, Joseph, not only read a portion of the Liturgy on the week day evenings, but on Sunday evenings he sought most particularly to follow up the Services of the day, by first reading a chapter of the Holy Scriptures to his family, and then a portion of some good book; and concluded with suitable prayers from the Evening Service of the Church. To the recollection of this laudable practice of my honoured Grandfather, I confess myself indebted for the first idea of publishing my Sunday Reader and Preacher.

One of the books out of which he would read in later times, was Romaine's Walk of Faith: which little volume with his Bible, were in my possession at the time of the lamented fire. The Walk of Faith has been discovered nearly perfect, except the binding, and is a much valued relic. My beloved Grandsire, at that time I fear placed too much reliance on his own righteousness; hence he would often in counselling his children, remind them, that Joseph their father, a very humble descendant of the Mottersheads, of Mottram St. Andrew, had never disgraced the name by any immorality: "Never" would say the venerable man, "have I sworn a profane oath, never was intoxicated, or in the company of a lewd woman; never was arrested for debt; never arrested or sued any man at law, and never lost a shilling by gaming."—How much, my dear Charles, is your father indebted to the counsel and example of one he so much revered! And happy am I to observe, that the lessons of the Grandsire, repeated by the Grandson in his family, have not been fruitless in their effects. May you and yours perpetuate them to many generations! One of your own early verses on occasion of the Shropshire Election in 1822, will express the wish with a little variation.

"The rights we received from our fathers' we'll keep,
While the powers of existence remain;
And when in the tomb of our fathers we sleep,
Our sons shall protect them again."

Your's most affectionately,

C. H.

* I have previously mentioned the Rev. Joseph Mottershead, M. A. but perhaps a few additional particulars may not be altogether uninteresting.—After having faithfully discharged his ministerial duties in Manchester and vicinity for fifty years, he died November 4th, 1771, aged eighty three years. He was so much respected, for his exertions in preserving peace and loyalty to the House of Brunswick during the Rebellion in 1745, and his general character, that on his Portrait being published in 1772, nearly every house in Manchester had one; and they are still prevalent there. It is a full length Portrait of him in his robes, painted by Pickering, and engraved in Mezzotinto, by Pether. Mr. Mottershead was Minister at Nantwich, in 1718, when the Rev. Matthew Henry died at his house, and he is several times mentioned in the Diary of Mrs. Savage, as related in the Lives of those excellent persons, by my honoured friend Sir John Bickerton Williams, Kat., L. L. D. who also assures me that he believes there was no truth in the alleged change in Mr. Mottershead's religious principles referred to in the speech of Sir Robert Peel, on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill.

Mr. Mottershead was one of the Divines who ordained the Rev. Job Orton, at Shrewsbury, September 18th, 1745, on which occasion he preached a Sermon, entitled "Jesus Christ, a Divine Teacher," which was printed by request of the Ministers and Congregation present. He also published "Religious Discourses on various useful and important Subjects,"—beautifully printed at Glasgow, by Foulis, 1759.

## LETTER III. THE SCOTCH REBELLION.

My Dear Charles,

How pleasing would it be, my beloved Son, to live over again those days, when sitting in my little arm chair, leaning on my Grandsire's knee,

> "His lips would tell of other days,
> Of sires of old, their deeds and ways."

JosephMottershead,(in which he is followed by his Grandson) was delighted with pictures. He had some old family portraits: but his collection consisted chiefly of large coloured Engravings, among which, I most particularly recollect, was King George the Third, and Queen Charlotte, General Paoli, the Corsican, the Marquis of Granby, Admiral Rodney, Miss Jenny Cameron; and above all the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culoden, mounted on a prancing horse. In the back ground was his valiant army defeating the Scotch Rebels: against which rebels my infant prejudice was unbounded; although I inherited a deep veneration for the unfortunate Charles the First, and a strong sympathy with his cause.

Though my dear Charles has so often heard his father relate the story of the Scotch Army passing through Stockport, Macclesfield, &c. as related by his Grandfather, Grandmother, and ancient neighbours, I will not hesitate to repeat it on the present occasion. I will first apprise you, that previous to the family residing in the parish of Northen, they occupied a farm, whether as tenants or proprietors I cannot tell, at Butley, in the parish of Prestbury, in which parish and vicinity my Grandfather Mottershead's family had been located for hundreds of years, as previously noticed. Well then, the Rebels, in their route passed near the residence of my Grandfather, between Alderley and Prestbury.—It was on the 1st of December, 1745, that Prince Charles and his followers marched through that portion of Cheshire; having had to wade through the River Mersey at Cheadle or Stockport. Many of them were weary, cold and comfortless. In order to relieve and refresh themselves, the boldest of them dared to make free with whatever suited their wants or convenience. A couple of these adventurers entered my Grandfather's residence, designing to take up their abode in his house until the next day. One of them was armed with a sword, and the other with a brace of pistols.—On my Grandfather assuring them that they could not remain under his roof, they replied, "We certainly shall, and you to be thankful." In relating this answer, my beloved Grandfather would humourously imitate their Scottish accent.—Without further discussion, he left the house for a few minutes in the possession of the intruders, while he summoned his servants and workmen, who with bill-hooks, axes and thrashing flails, rushed into the house, where the Rebels were enjoying themselves over a can of ale, and a large loaf of bread, cutting slices from a flitch of bacon suspended over their heads, and broiling them on the coals: and demanded their instant evacuation of the premises, and the surrender of their weapons of warfare; or death would be their immediate doom. This demand was instantly, though reluctantly obeyed, and the rebels departed. The sword which had a basket hilt, and the pistols, (or rather what remains of them since the fire) are still in my possession, originally presented to me after my Grandfather's death, by my late Uncle Samuel Mottershead, and which it is my desire that you, my dear Charles, may possess after me, and preserve them for your eldest son.

It will appear less criminal in the poor deluded, but really loyal people, if we reflect that they had been hurried from their homes, mostly without shoes or stockings, that travelling on hard roads, they soon found the want of such articles, and not unfrequently entered defenceless houses and cottages to demand them. On this occasion a neighbour of my Grandfather, wearing a pair of clogs, was standing on the road side to see the company pass, when quickly he was observed to have something on his feet

like a strong pair of shoes: a resolute Scotchman advancing to him and looking at his feet, said in the true Scotch dialect, "Oot Mun, I must have your brogues!" which demand, not without some remonstrance was complied with. On looking at the soles, the Rebel exclaimed, "Take them again, Mun, they are made of the piece of a tree!" My dear Mother, at that time about two years of age, was taken by my Grandmother to see the rebels pass, when some of the women demanded her little shoes, which were surrendered without any resistance. Various were the contributions levied on the farmers of the district, of horses, carts and provisions. One poor man had his horse and cart seized for the purpose of conveying the baggage; when they promised, that if he would accompany them to Macclesfield he should be paid for the accommodation, which being accomplished, the owner requested performance of their promise; instead of doing which they treated him with rudeness and blows. A party of the rebels to avoid the river at Stockport, took the road through Cheadle and Wilmslow, passing over Balshaw Outwood, then, as in my days, a large unenclosed common. The high road being by the side of the grounds inclosed: John Barlow, a farmer well known to my Grandfather, and alive within my recollection, loaded his gun and crept behind a hedge, determined as he said, to kill one rebel. He fired, but without waiting to see whether his victim had fallen; he hurried away to secure himself from the vengeance of the rest, and so *heroically* crept into a culvert or drain, carried under the highway into the ditch of the field, from whence he had fired; and tremblingly did he hear the curses and threatenings of the rebels, and their exclamations of surprise at his sudden disappearance. Again and again did he hear the pacing of the horses' feet over his head. He would often afterwards say, that he hoped he did not kill the man, for he now saw that the act was one of deliberate murder. This party passed through Wilmslow, Alderley, and over Alderley Edge; and so joined the main army on their way to Derby.

In corroboration of the above account, I would refer you to Mr. Ormerod's History of Cheshire, who transcribes the following letter from a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"December, 1745. All the little Army advanced into Cheshire, in the night or on the following morning. The Artillery and the Horse were taken over the Mersey at Cheadle, and Charles Edward himself marched on foot at the head of his division, called his Regiment, and waded across the river at Stockport, which rose up to his middle. A consternation totally disproportionate to their effective force preceded them: but some persons ventured to gaze on the line from behind hedges, and one spectator describes their appearance as they marched by Butley near Macclesfield, at three o'clock in the afternoon of December 1st. The Prince's Regiment seemed to be picked, and made a tolerable appearance, but the bulk of his followers were very ordinary. and their horses were illmade and illconditioned.

The Prince himself marched in a light plaid, belted with a blue sash, and had a blue bonnet on his head, displaying the white rose, but his countenance was extremely dejected."

The Scotch Rebellion was the earliest historical event with which I was made acquainted, and the existence of the sword and pistols tended to rivet the fact more deeply in my mind. Other particulars relative to that event will be noticed in my account of Manchester, my native place.—The alarm extended as far as Shrewsbury; a regiment of foot was raised by Lord Powis, and several gentlemen of the neighbourhood entered as volunteers; the town was kept in great confusion by false alarms, that the rebels were on their way to Shrewsbury and North Wales; many of the inhabitants left the town, and the regiment, though undisciplined, was determined to meet them, and marched out of the town for the purpose, when the news was received by express, that the rebels had marched for Derby, and the regiment consequently returned to Shrewsbury.

You remember no doubt, my visit in the year 1834, to Old Stephen Davies of Leighton, near Buildwas, who died in 1837, at the very great age of 103, retaining the use of his limbs and all his faculties to the last. From the venerable, sensible Salopian, I then derived considerable information, and he spoke with much apparent animation of the alarm which reports of the approach of the rebels inspired in his neighbours and countrymen generally, and of the great zeal of the gentry and respectable inhabitants in resolving to defend their king, their country,

and themselves: the equipment of the regiment in so short time is indeed a sufficient proof. Further particulars you have, my dear Son, in original letters of the day, printed in my Salopian Magazine of 1815; pages 14 and 434, which it were tedious now to transcribe, but which will prove how wretched were the means of conveying intelligence from one town to another a century ago: how impossible, on the contrary, it would be now for an army to pass through or even to enter our country at this time, the most perfect knowledge of every yard of their march would be conveyed from one end of the kingdom to another, through the medium of railways and mail coaches. England will never be invaded again, unless in the case of a revolution, the revolters destroy the medium of communication, overturn the government, and then call in a foreign power: but which in my humble opinion is an event, not only improbable, but impossible, unless our iniquity should call down Divine vengeance on our heads, and we should lose the protection of the God of Old England!

Your's most affectionately,

C. H.

---

## LETTER IV. FAMILY HISTORY CONTINUED.

"Your Fathers, Where are they?"

ZECHARIAH. i. 5.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I have extended the historical particulars of my last letter much further than I had intended, but I find it more easy and even delightful to speak of general events, than such as are merely connected with family and personal affairs. I must however proceed to give you some account of my Parents, and my Grandparents on my Father's side—beyond whom I have little to record: and being the oldest member of my family now living cannot now add to my own recollection.*

An ancient house at HULBERT GREEN, in the parish of Cheadle, in Cheshire, was the oldest residence of my Grandfather, with which I am acquainted, afterwards the residence of my Father and Mother; and there were born in 1768, my eldest brother Joseph, who was drowned there, when five years old: and Samuel my second brother in 1770, who died in 1840, at Monton, in the parish of Eccles.

At what time the property at Hulbert Green passed out of the possession of the family, I have no record; the house is now swept away, and the Green covered with

---

* The family of Hulbert, Hurlbert or Hurlbut, as the name has been variously spelt at different times, are probably of Saxon origin: for I was informed by the Reverend J. Pettingall, that he had met with the name frequently in Germany. The principal families now existing, are traceable to Corsham, in Wiltshire My excellent friend Mr. John Ferguson Hulbert, M.R.C.S. Author of "Wisdom and other Poems," is of the Corsham family. James Hulbert, a citizen of London, was a great benefactor to the Fishmonger's Company, London, and his statue adorns the centre of the Alms houses in Southwark. In 1639, Sir John Borough, Garter King at Arms, granted Arms to Justice George Hulbert: viz. Quarterly *Argent* and *Sable*, in the sinister chief and dexter base, each a Lion rampant, OR: over all a bend *gules*, charged with three annulets of the third, OR: Crest an Arm bent grasping a halbert proper.—This information was obligingly afforded to me by my late honoured correspondent, Sir William Ouseley, Knt. L. L. D. with a Drawing taken from a Manuscript in the British Museum: observing that he had found the same Arms in a more ancient document, but without a Crest. He had also met with those of Mottershead, which are, "*Sable*, on a chevron argent, between three cross crosslets, OR. as many quarterfoils *gules*. Crest upon a wreath of the colours, a stump of a tree ppr. a branch issuing from the dexter side: and which agree with those in Moule's Dictionary of Heraldry, and other works: in which the above variation of the name Hulbert, is also noticed, as denoting the same family. The following is a copy of the inscription on a Monument in the Parish Church of Corsham.

"JOHN and THOMAS HULBERT of this Towne of Corsham, Clothiers;—the Sons of James Hulbert of Easton, within this Parish, Clothier, deceased.—*John* the eldest aged 49, happily exchanged this life, the 3rd of September, 1626. *Thomas* the younger, aged 53, finished his course the 16th of October, 1632. Of whose powerful prayers with God, and most christian departure, our witness with many others that were then like-

THE CHURCH OF S$^{t}$ JULIAN

Hulbert

modern buildings. A toll bar which has existed for many years, and still called "Hulbert Turnpike," marks the place; and the name of "Hulbert Green" appears on the most ancient maps, including one by Burdett now before me above fifty years old, and Pigott's of a more recent date. My paternal ancestors appear to have been Yeomen in the parishes of Bowden and Cheadle for several centuries: a few years ago seven grave stones lay side by side near the south entrance of Bowden Church; the dates commencing in the 16th century, and continued in successive order to the interment of my Mother, and my Grandparents Samuel and Damaris Hulbert; with the collateral branches at Bagley and Bowden.

My honoured Grandfather Hulbert was a man of high character, talents and integrity; in speaking of his person I will use the words of the venerable Mr. Matthew Shaw of Styall, near Wilmslow, in conversing with me in his own house about the year 1840.—"Your Grandfather was at the age of 85, a very handsome man: his countenance clear and fresh: and retaining streaks of their former rosy colour: his teeth nearly perfect, and his hair full on the crown, and falling on his shoulders in ringlets as white as snow."

My Grandfather Hulbert was a Village Doctor of much repute, but whether ever regularly educated for the Medical profession I cannot take upon myself to certify, in my early days I knew not the difference. I can well remember that he had a Surgery, and that a great number of patients, biped and quadruped, were in daily attendance, and that he performed a number of notable cures, so that his fame extended into Yorkshire. On one occasion, about the year 1785 or 86, he was sent for by a patient in that County, somewhere not far distant from Halifax, who was a relative of the same name.* Riding along the road, and approaching towards that town, he overtook a light cart or waggon, the owner of which accompanied it on horseback; riding by the side of my Grandfather conversing on the state of the weather or the roads, they came opposite the team,

---

wise present.—Sir Edward Hungerford, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bathe, and Sheriff of this County of Wilts, who hath counsel this to be erected in memory of these Brothers, as well for their pious and profitable conversation with all, as for their constant faithful respect to him in particular; and especially to the praiseworthy service that Thomas Hulbert did him in that year 1632:—

Two Brothers neare interred here do lye
Whose love to each, whose trade was charitye,
Whose zeal to God, whose trothe to all was such,
As they seemed one, of all admired much.—
*John* was the eldest, a man discreet and stout,
Faithful and just in all he went about,
By seniority he first obtained
The blessed Port, which *Thomas* since has gained.
*Thomas* was endowed with such rare parts
He no wayes needed to be taught the arts,
And though he kept him to his trade in cloth,
Yet was he devine and a courtyer both.
A Father strict, yet tender to his childe.
A loving neighboug, and a master milde,
Who never did the needy poor contemne,
And God enriched him by the hands of them.
Each like to other in their choicest parts,
Each Brothers praise, speaks the other his deserts,
Over whose dust, doth this monument remain,
Scarce two such Brothers, hath the world again."

The above inscription was kindly forwarded to me by Mr. Ferguson Hulbert only ten days ago, which communication he accompanied with a copy of congratulatory lines he had written on the commencement of the present volume; expressing at the same time the delight he anticipated in the perusal of its contents: anticipating also an early meeting of two friends, whose hearts have been so long united, cemented by continued acts of brotherly affection, and in whose sentiments, literary pursuits, history and misfortunes, there was so near a resemblance: but alas! How uncertain are anticipations! How uncertain is life! No sooner was the preceding page committed to the Press, than a letter received from John Burton, Esq. M.D. Walsall, announced in the most kind and affecting terms, the death of my dear friend, after an illness of only ten days; so that probably the last thing he did before his seizure was to write to me. It is consolatory to know that in his final sickness he had the best medical attendance and care. Dr. Burton writing to Mrs. Hulbert, his bereaved widow, says, "His latest moments, even when incapable of distinct articulation, were spent in acts of devotion, as indicated by his closed and raised hands, and expressions of hope based upon the Atonement: and if it is to be read in a smiling countenance, we may be assured his end was peace."—On reading the Doctor's elegant and gentlemanly letter, and arriving at the above description of the closing scene of my dear "Friend and Brother," I could not help but apply to his departure, a passage in one of his own Poems, entitled "Condolence," changing a few words only.

"O think with what rapture he joins in the theme,
Of Glory and Praise to his Maker above;—
And beholds the full radiance of happiness beam,
On all who surround the blest fountain of love."

Mr. Hulbert was Author of a Treatise on "Vaccine Innoculation," and another on "Farming the Sick Poor," also a very interesting volume under the title of "Wisdom, and Miscellaneous Poems," recently published. In a future notice, some particulars of his Eventful Life may be recorded.

E.

* A very respectable family of Hulbert, have resided in the old Vicarage House, at Bingley, near Bradford, Yorkshire, for about a Century. The Grandfather of the present Mr. John and Mr. James Hulbert, came from Wiltshire; having married a Yorkshire Lady, and settled at Bingley.

when my Grandfather pointing to a tall black horse, exclaimed, "That is mine, that is mine! he was stolen from me six months ago." On hearing these words, the faithful sagacious animal responded in the best manner he was able, "I am yours, I am yours!" by neighing with the most affectionate delight, to the great astonishment of the Owner of the vehicle, who promptly and honestly replied, "He must be yours, I never saw such a thing in my life! I bought him about six months ago at Huddersfield fair, and the man who sold him to me is now in York Castle for horse stealing. I will therefore restore your horse, perfectly satisfied he is your own." "Thank you, thank you," said my delighted Grandfather, "but where is his handsome tail?" "Aye, aye," said Mr. Atkinson, "that is another proof of the horse being yours: for when I bought him, it appeared very evidently that some mischief of the kind had been done to him." My Grandfather having seen his patient, returned home delighted with the success of his journey; nor less so were all the members of his household: and the joy extended a little farther, even into the adjoining parish of Northen, where little Charles resided with his maternal Grandparents, and had often plucked the long hairs from Darby's tail, and no less frequently mounted on his back had taken him to water, to the field, or to the smithy. But the loss of his handsome tail was a sorrow not easily subdued, and I date my unchangeable preference for horses like himself with handsome tails to my admiration of Darby before the cruel docking operation had been inflicted on him.

My venerable Grandmother was a lofty personage of much dignity: she stood full six feet when erect; and carried about her a good deal of consequence. She was the daughter of John Higginson of Tabley, and had as much as £600 to her fortune, a great sum in those days. Her sisters and other connections will be noticed when I come to speak of my residence at Halton.

My Grandparents did not reside at Hulbert Green in my childhood: they and my Father having left it before I was born; but at an ancient black and white timber and plaster house, partly surrounded by a moat, occupying the farm attached with credit and and advantage. Such buildings are still prevalent in Cheshire, and to my early association with them, I trace my early predilection for that kind of structure. I remember the time when Withenshaw Hall, which was a distinguished example of the above style of erection, appeared to my imagination as splendid a building as Solomon's Temple, and Squire Egerton one of the greatest men on earth! I remember the large ancient upper room in my Grandfather's dwelling, in which were a suit of armour, which I very much venerated; and it was with grief in after years, that I beheld the helmet degraded to the unworthy purpose of a vessel to feed fowls! Nor less when about twelve years ago, in company my dear Charles with your beloved Mother, I passed that ancient dwelling; I saw workmen employed in taking it down. I begged a few pieces of carved oak, which as relics of its former inhabitants, I brought with me; and introduced them into my lately destroyed Cottage at Hadnal. On the same or a subsequent journey, we visited Hulbert Green, and there was also the despoiler at work: here I met with the same kindness and attention, and was presented with as many pieces of carved wood as I chose to bear away: these having been stowed in the outbuildings at Hadnal, were not destroyed by the calamitous fire: and have contributed in a small degree to ornament the restored residence, as does also a stone brought from the ancient mansion of the Mottersheads, of Mottram St. Andrew, which building is now entirely swept away by the ruthless hand of Time.

Returning to Samuel and Damaris Hulbert, and the character of the latter, she was a female of most extraordinary endowments: she had a good collection of books, partly her own selection, and partly from the library of her venerable and learned father: some of which were presented to her son Thomas, and from him they descended to me, and were destroyed with the rest of my valued relics. She was considered to be a lady in her manners. and certainly was the first to introduce that delightful beverage Tea into the chapelry of Ringway: Her's was the hand that first conducted me to its Chapel of Ease; and presented me with a beautiful copy of the Book of Common Prayer.

The prosperity and happiness of my be-

loved Grandparents were for many years uninterrupted. The good wife presented her husband with nineteen children, all perfect and well proportioned. My Grandfather, as I have often heard him say, carried every one to the Church to be Christened; and that he greatly desired the twentieth child. Some few died in infancy; but as the flock grew up, the farm did not extend itself: the pasture was too limited. Like the Sons of the Patriarchs of old, they left the paternal roof, some to farms, others to handicraft trades. Then it was, my honoured Grandfather would say, a great difficulty commenced; which was, how shall I establish them in life?—And as the same question occurs in hundreds of cases in every rank of society, I think it will not be uninteresting to answer it. His daughters, well instructed by the Mother, took situations as ladies' maids and upper servants in the high families of the neighbourhood, to whom they were known, and by whom they were highly esteemed. I think it no disgrace that such was the result of their wisest deliberations: and the best manner in which they could render their children industrious and independent. A worthy neighbour of my Grandfather, a Mr. Thomas Kelsall, held a nice farm, and had a flourishing provision warehouse, and an extensive trade for a country business: he was in fact the chief tradesman in the district. Success gave credit to his example, and my Grandfather, viewing it as a good one, offered one of his sons as an apprentice, and the choice happened to fall upon Thomas my Father, he served his full time with great credit; and had it not been for a most steady attachment to my Mother, he would probably have married Miss Lucy Kelsall, and succeeded to all the wealth and business of her Father. Of the fate of every member of this numerous family I am not acquainted. One of my Uncles fell deeply in love with a servant maid, whom he desired to marry; this was sternly forbidden by my lofty Grandmother. Distressed and agonized by the disappointment, he left his country, settled in America, and as I have been informed, became the founder of a race of men, some of whom have filled important situations in the Provincial Governments; others have been distinguished Ministers and members of religious communities. Another son, Charles, after whom I was named, died in youth. The daughters all married comfortably, except Ellen the youngest, most indulged, and least able to meet the disappointments and frowns of the world. Her's was a thorny path; she married, but not to the man of her affections; she sank into listlessness and despair, and died in poverty, rather than live in plenty with the really worthy man who had made her his wife: her only daughter Lois, inheriting the property of her Father, married, sold her estate at Northen Etchells, and removed to some part of Yorkshire: and if now alive is my nearest relative on the Father's side in England.

Many graves of the family of Hulbert are as before related at Bowden, but likewise at Alderley, where about twelve years ago, your dear Mother and I were amused to find several grave stones, from which it appeared that another branch had like myself married into the family of Wood: on inquiry from a very old man, he said the father of the family came from Ringway, where my Grandfather resided, that he occupied a very respectable farm: and he believed the whole of the family were now dead.

The grave at Bowden which contains the remains of my Grandparents, and of my dear Mother, I have taken precautions to connect by an inscription with my own name: and which your recent visit to that much endeared spot has assured me is still preserved—but two of the most ancient have been removed without authority. Longevity is marked on several as the characteristic of a good family constitution: but such was not the fate of my beloved Mother, she was a delicate flower. Distant as the time is since her departure from my sight, her lovely form, her pleasing countenance, mild expression and gentle manners are as perfect in my recollection as they were sixty-five years ago: and ever since I had the idea of Angels or Spirits, I have entertained the belief that her holy, happy Spirit has been commissioned by the Father of the Spirits of the just made perfect to make impressions on my mind: to warn me of evil, and to keep me in the path of truth and duty. I remember, my dear Charles, you once said that you could not entertain the same view yourself, but as the belief con-

tributed so much to my happiness, you would not on any account seek to destroy it. O that infidels or sceptics, even if sincere, would exercise the same charity and caution, and never seek to undermine the faith of the unsuspecting, unarmed believer in the Bible! Faith in which blessed book is the source and foundation of all his happiness in this world and hope in the next. I have often said to unbelievers, when I could not afford time to enter into a discussion, Take from me all my worldly goods and adored beings, but do not seek to rob me of my faith in God and his Holy Word! At midnight, in the darkest seasons and moments, I can through faith hold communion with my God and Saviour, and feel that

"A soul in converse with her God is heaven;
A Deity believed is joy begun,
A Deity adored is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved is joy matured,
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides,
Believe, and look with pleasure on the tomb!

Dr. Young.

Your's most affectionately,

C. H.

---

## LETTER V. INFANCY AND BOYHOOD.

"My Mother! When I learned that thou wert dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun;
Perhaps thou gav'st me though unfelt a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss!"

Cowper.

My Dear Charles,

I shall now, have to enter on a relation of occurrences in immediate connection with my own existence, and I do most honestly assure you, my dear Son, it is of all things most uncomfortable to my own feelings. I must however first inform you, as I have previously intimated, that the marriage of my honoured parents was one of the purest affection. My Grandfather and Grandmother Mottershead were much opposed to the union: supposing that my father had too much levity of character to be thoroughly steady after marriage. Hence they most earnestly remonstrated with their daughter, and begged she would at least postpone the union for a year or two. But my parents had been lovers from infancy, and female attachments under such circumstances are never to be changed.—"Woman's Love," says a modern writer,* "is a wonderful thing: her affection is so devoted, so simple. Her heart once attached, her nature's impulse awakened, then her thoughts, her actions, her motions are all changed: no longer does she live for herself, nor does she even seem to live in herself. Her life's aim and end, the principle of her being, exists only in the man to whom she has entrusted her happiness, from whom she derives her inspiration." Hence my beloved Mother, replied to her parents' entreaties, "No! I certainly honour and desire to obey my parents, but in this case I cannot yield: my heart is fixed, and my happiness is at stake, and I would marry Thomas Hulbert, if my death were known to be the consequence." There was no hope of success in opposing such determination; consent was given, and the marriage took place, most probably at Northen, in the year 1764 or 65. Their first place of residence was at Hulbert Green, where as before related, my eldest brother Joseph met his melancholy fate. He was said to be a fine lovely boy of great promise: the pride of his father, and the

* My Note Book.

delight of his mother. On the green in front of the house was a pool of water, into which while playing on its banks, the beloved infant fell and was drowned. His mother was the first to make the discovery; and the shock was so severe, that it greatly injured her health; and though afterwards the the parent of four children, she never finally recovered.

My Father weary of the country, and hearing so much of fortunes being made in Manchester, removed to that town, where after a residence of a very few years, your Father, my dear Charles, was ushered into the world in Long Millgate, not far from the Old Church, on the 18th of February, 1778. Nothing of consequence happened at his birth, but he has been told that the *Accoucheur* on the occasion was the celebrated Dr. Deacon, then in advanced life, who had distinguished himself as a partisan of Prince Charles Stewart, in the year 1745. The Doctor pronounced it very certain that the infant just born would be a great hunter, for he had a very cold nose! The event has not however verified the prediction, perhaps more owing to circumstances than natural inclination. I was baptized at the Collegiate Church, and at the same time fifty-two others were admitted to the christian covenant.

My Father having had implanted in him a true spirit of loyalty, yielded to the solicitations of Sir Thomas Egerton, of Heaton Hall, (afterwards Lord Grey de Wilton) who was raising a regiment, called the Lancashire Volunteers, for the defence of the Kingdom, of which the honourable Baronet was to have the command. He at once offered my Father every office under a commission, and liberty to leave the regiment whenever he found reason to complain. To this he yielded, daily looking forward to that higher promotion which was often promised him, and to which his respectability in private life, his person and his talents gave him a title. Had he been able to have raised a certain number of recruits at his own expence, the commission would have been his right.

In consequence of this improvident engagement, his establishment was broken up at Manchester, and his wife with her children found a welcome home in Northen Etchells, at the happy residence from which she was taken by marriage fourteen years before. At this time little Charles was only three months old, delicate and weakly in constitution: his brother Samuel a fine healthy boy.—Here they remained until the return of the Soldier, who had met with some flattery, various honours and great disappointment. For though on the occasion of the regiment doing duty as guards at Windsor, my Father being in great favour with the Colonel and every other officer of the Regiment, the Sovereign King George the Third on one occasion taking hold of his arm, when he walked on the terrace, assured him of preferment, his Commission was never signed, the constant excuse being that there was "no vacancy."

Shortly after, Peace was concluded with France, Spain and America in 1783, the regiment was disbanded, and all returned to their homes, my Father much improved in knowledge, discipline, cheerfulness and contentment. He could now value home and a rural life: again he commenced housekeeping, and was delighted to have his family around him, when that event the most distressing of any in my life took place, the death of my beloved Mother on the 26th of September, 1783, after having given birth to a son, who survived his parent only an hour. My age was then only five and a half years. My honoured Father aware of the approaching dissolution of his beloved wife, sent for her mother to hold converse with her dying daughter, while the ability to express her desires remained. I well remember her last charge respecting the infant boy, who is now the aged man of sorrow. "My dear mother" said the pious sufferer, "receive my last request, there is no doubt but Thomas will marry again, and then if poor little Charles should suffer or be neglected, Oh I cannot bear the thought, will you promise me that you will take him home and rear him as tenderly as you did his mother?" "That I will my dear Anne," answered the sobbing parent, then she said "I can die happy, I am at peace with God and all the world, I know that my Redeemer liveth." After this the dying Christian was heard in gentle whispers to thank her Heavenly Father for his goodness. At this time the nurse in attendance offered to refresh her lips with a

little wine, "No," she said, "I have not finished my work," and again engaging in prayer and praise, after a few minutes she feebly whispered, "It is finished." My Father then called my brother and myself to embrace her lips and take a last farewell.—Little did my infant heart suppose that kiss to be the last I should ever impress on the lips of her, in whom all my affection was centered. My Brother wept aloud, well comprehending the loss we must soon sustain.—She died,—I watched the progress of the mournful hearse slowly bearing away her precious remains untill lost from my sight. Many were the times I ran to the gate to see the same hearse return, and bring back my comforter, my protector, my Mother.—My Father felt deeply his loss, and it was not without reluctance that he surrendered me to the care of my Grandmother. In years following, often would he weep at the remembrance of the patience, affection and afflictions of his "poor dear Anne," preserving with sacred fidelity, her wedding ring, prayer book, and a lock of hair. These precious relics, with a collection of coins and other curiosities came into my possession on the death of my Father in 1805. Often in after years did I hold them to my bosom, and bedew them with my tears; I need not say that the great destroyer of January 1839, deprived me of that mournful felicity.—On one occasion in the year 1832, your beloved sister Anna being witness, she afterwards, almost instantaneously, presented me with the following feeling lines:

TO MY FATHER WHEN AFFECTED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER'S WEDDING RING, AND A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

"I long to wipe away those tears,
Yet wonder not to see thee weep;
Thy heart the voice of nature hears,
That still sweet voice with yearnings deep.

Thy mother's ring, her wedding ring,
When life and love to her were new;
How many recollections spring,
Who can unmoved the relic view?

That lock of hair, thy mother's hair,
Can any gaze upon it now,
And not remember all the care,
That clouded her maternal brow?

Consumption marked her for its own,
She left thee motherless and young;
Upon her God's protection thrown,
How many friends have round thee sprung.

And should it be in distant years,
That thou shalt join her mortal sleep;
It will be our's to shed fond tears,
And relics of our father keep."

ANNA.

Written October, 1832.
Copied April, 1847.

Immediately after the death of my Mother, my Father's sister Lois who was then a widow, wrote to my Father to come to Halton and reside with her, informing him that she was then in a very precarious state of health, but that in case of her death, having no children, he should be her heir. This proposal was too advantageous not to be accepted, first, placing my brother Samuel apprentice to Mr. George Smith, the husband of my Mother's sister, who was doing well as a Farmer and a Cotton Manufacturer in the parish of Eccles. Thus we see there was a merciful Providence still guiding and watching over the husband and children of the departed saint.

In recounting the events of this period, I may particularly mention the most marked interposition of Providence in the saving of poor little Charles from a watery grave. About three months before the death of my Mother, my Father engaged the tailor, as was then the custom in Cheshire, to come to his house to make new clothes for the family: a neighbour, Mr. Jonathan Higginbottom was the master workman employed. On this occasion, my frock, or as it was called a *Jammy*, was changed for a nice little blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, and other appendages in perfect keeping. Thus arrayed, Mr. Higginbottom desired me to visit his wife, and exhibit my new attire; this desire was most cheerfully complied with: the pride of my heart was gratified with her admiration, to which she added a piece of silver for my vest pocket, and filled those of my coat with fine apples. Were not your own feelings on the like occasion similar my dear Charles? and so have been, and so will be those of all other little boys to the end of time Elevated in my own esteem, returning, I thought I should enjoy the compliments and caresses of other neighbours whom I saw engaged in a hay-field, to which there was no other way of entrance but through a heavy gate: for due convenience a sort of bridge was made over a deep and rapid brook, from which the vil-

lagers were supplied with water. I crossed the bridge and opened the gate, which as the sweep was outwards, it swept me into the stream, where I soon lost all knowledge of my situation, and here I must have perished had not heaven directed poor Alice Evans, the wife of a weaver, (to be spoken of hereafter,) contrary to her usual custom, which was to supply herself with water from another deep place in the brook, *very near* to her own dwelling: but to *this place* she hastened, and why she could not tell, and there found in a state of apparent death, the little butterfly lately so proud of the garments in which he was decked. She took him home, stripped him of all his wet clothes, put him into a warm bed, applied as quickly as she could warm bricks to his feet, and fomentations of warm water to his chest; while another kind neighbour hastened to bring my Father, who greatly exerted himself, according to his knowledge and ability: and had the happiness to receive his son back to life. The first thing I recollect of the circumstance was, finding myself in my Father's arms, folded up in a blanket on my way home, where the caresses I received from the lips of my dear Mother completed my restoration. Then followed a charge that I should no more go to, or play near *that brook;* but alas! the injunction was soon forgotten, I not only went to the stream, but imprudently stretched myself on the stone battlements of the bridge, connected with the public road, from whence I fell into the water, and was carried by its current to some distance, again in a state of insensibility, when a Mr. Thomas Barrett being in his garden skirted by the brook, perceived something floating down the stream, and he hastened to discover what it was, when he instantly found it to be the very same little boy whose life had so recently been saved near the same place by Alice Evans. Being near to my Father's residence he carried me home, when the same means were adopted as on the former occasion, and the little drowned disobedient boy was again restored to life. The joy, the grief of my parents I cannot express—but this was not the only time my life was saved after drowning, as you will see hereafter: both these events happened in the year 1783, not many weeks before the death of my beloved Mother.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to mention to you what children my Grandparents had at that time. Joseph the oldest, John the second, Jasper the third, Samuel the fourth, all stout well-proportioned men. Joseph was the lowest in stature, Jasper the tallest, being six feet two inches, the handsomest fellow I ever beheld; the remainder about two inches lower. Anne the eldest daughter, my Mother; Mary as before stated, married Mr. George Smith, and Martha was also married and resided at some distance from her native place. Of these Jasper and Samuel the two youngest unmarried, resided at home, a comfort and assistance to their parents.

October 6th, 1783, I again entered the happy dwelling of Joseph and Mary Mottershead my beloved Grandparents. Loved and caressed by all its members, and now understanding something of the nature of death, I gave up all expectation of the return of my darling Mother, gladly would I have gone to her and shared her fate, let death be what it would. My honoured Father, in leaving his son Charles in the care of his Grandparents, did not give up his own right and authority over him; with tears and kisses he gave me a charge to be a good boy, and begged most earnestly of his Father and Mother, as he always called them, that the education of his motherless boy might not be neglected. But here was the difficulty, there was no school within three miles, a distance too great for a little boy to travel twice a day. A consultation was therefore held between the Sire and his Sons about building a school, on a small portion of a freehold meadow which my Grandfather possessed, near his own house; this was instantly agreed upon, and that a neat dwelling house should be connected with it. The building being completed, it was immediately occupied by the Rev. John Sudlow, Minister of Ringway, a Chapel of Ease, to Bowden, who being unmarried, had lodgings at Mr. Henry Royle's, a respectable farmer in the near vicinity.—Nothing could be more suitable or desirable than such a tenant and schoolmaster. The rent being fixed and all things settled, he entered upon his charge, and never was a school for a time more popular, or better supported; the youth for miles round were his pupils,

and no scholar in the school made a more rapid progress in learning, or was more caressed than the Grandson of Mr. Sudlow's Landlord. But time rolled on, rent day followed rent day, but no rent, except the amount of your Father's schooling; this caused at first a little shyness as my Grandfather pressed for his rent, which not having been paid by personal application, he wrote pressing notes, and rather imprudently sent them by his Grandson. I soon perceived that on those days I presented a note, Mr. Sudlow's conduct to me was unmanly and severe. The extreme of cruelty soon followed. Mr. Sudlow though a man of the greatest abilities was intemperate, and without self-controul, and your Father became the object of his hatred and constant persecution. Mr. Sudlow would go a mile round sooner than pass my Grandfather's gate. I will just relate one circumstance in illustration of his prejudice, and cruel conduct.—

Among the rest of my schoolmates, was the son of a Mr. Alcock, of Ringway Outwood; he possessed a very beautiful apple scoop, presented to him by a relative. It so happened that this toy was missing, and "Jacky Alcock" and Jas. Wrenshaw another shoolfellow, declared that Charles Hulbert had it. The Master immediately sanctioned the accusation, and the apple scoop was peremptorily demanded of me, and my person exposed to search in the middle of the school; finding nothing like the object of their pretended search, James Wrenshaw declared he saw me throw it over the hedge into my Grandfather's meadow, the grass being very high. To this place I was commanded to go to assist in the search, this I absolutely refused, declaring my innocence and the falsehold of the accusation; on this declaration Mr. Sudlow ferrilled me, and struck me on the head with the ruler, and nearly rendered me senseless. The party returned from the search, saying the apple scoop could not be found: it was then recollected by Wrenshaw that he had made a mistake, and that it was not into my Grandfather's meadow, but into George Bayley's field opposite the school, that I threw the apple scoop. I was then commanded by Mr. Sudlow to accompany the boys to that place, this I also refused, and a still more furious assault was made upon me, Mr. Sudlow not only knocked me down, but kicked me from one side of the school to the other, blood issuing from my mouth, nose and ears. The party returned again, still unsuccessful; when it was suggested by James Wrenshaw, that Charles had a large drawer in a piece of furniture in his Grandfather's kitchen, in which he kept all his play things, and it would no doubt be found there. A proposition was made that a deputation should accompany me to my Grandfather's, and beg to examine my drawer. To this I consented and cheerfully went with them; my Grandfather and all the family first heard the story of my accusers, and then my own, which was a reiterated declaration of my innocence, and a statement of the cruelty I had experienced, of which my bleeding wounded appearance gave sorrowful testimony. My Uncle Jasper who was to me a father and a friend, was for turning the boys out of the house instantly, but I begged they might examine my drawer which they did, but found not what they well knew was never in my possession. In consequence my dear Uncle vowed instant vengeance on Mr. Sudlow, and said he would go and chastise him nearly to death, 'No, no, Jeppy," said my mild and judicious Grandfather, "he is a clergyman, and would punish you severely for the assault on his person, you know his character is bad, and his conduct to little Charles will not improve it; time will unravel the whole, and Providence will be the avenger."

I did not return to school again that day, and the next morning the parents of Jacky Alcock having heard of all the circumstances and believing me innocent, urged their son to declare the truth, when with many tears and expressions of sorrow, he confessed that CharlesHulbert had never seen the apple scoop, that he, (J. Alcock,) had given it to James Wrenshaw for a nosegay, and the next morning he made the declaration to Mr. Sudlow, and James Wrenshaw came forward and delivered the scoop into the Master's hands. Was he punished for his villany? a gentle tap of the hand, sent him to his seat, and no further punishment was inflicted; happy perhaps had it been for the culprit if he had received a more severe punishment, "Time told a tale!"

Mr. Sudlow was of course required to leave the school, and he did so, my Grandfather permitting him freely to remove all his desks and benches without payment of rent; he took another place in the vicinity, his school declined, and his daily habits became so vicious, that he was compelled to leave his pastoral charge and that part of the country: and singular enough, he applied for the curacy of Halton where my Father then resided, and was to preach a sermon as a specimen of his abilities. My Parent knowing his character, and how unsuitable he was to have the cure of souls, interfered and he was not appointed. Had Mr. Sudlow been a sober, prudent man, he might have stood high, his talents for preaching and conversation were of the first order.

Ten or twelve years afterwards he was curate of Flixton in Lancashire, where his habits followed him, several times had he notice to leave the curacy, when he always preached so affecting a farewell sermon that he was restored to favour. About the year 1799, I met with him at the Waggon Inn, in Stretford, where I then put up, while attending to some weavers* under my direction in the neighbourhood: I had not then seen Mr. Sudlow for twelve years, but he was still the same man. Flixton not being far from Stretford, and having heard of my attendance at the Waggon Inn, he therefore came on purpose to see me. The remembrance of the cruelty he had exercised towards me, for a moment agitated my mind, and I said, "Mr. Sudlow, I am now your superior in strength and vigour, suppose I should chastise you in return for your cruel and unjust conduct to me when a poor motherless boy." "No, no, Charles, he mildly replied, you should forget and forgive; I know I was wrong: but remember to whom you are indebted for your first education: would you ever have been what you are, had I not most assiduously instructed you?" The appeal was too affecting not to soften my heart, I took him by the hand, forgave him, and desired he would name what dinner or liquor he would enjoy at my cost; my stay being limited I left him at the Inn. But alas! continuing the victim of intemperance, not long after our meeting, he lamentably ended his earthly existence in a ditch, in the parish of Flixton or near neighbourhood. On receiving the intelligence, I sorrowed, while my heart rejoiced at the remembrance that I had seen him, acted friendly towards him, and forgiven his fault. He was indeed my earliest literary instructor, and had it not been for his love of intoxi-

* On one occasion I remember a singular instance of Popular Superstition, which had nearly ended in the death of a young woman, a hand-loom weaver; who with many others in the neighbourhood, were employed at their own homes by the respectable Manufacturer I then represented: and such I believe would have been the girl's fate, had it not been for my zealous interference, and some influence which I happened to possess.

On arriving at Stretford, I found the village in a complete state of excitement, and numbers in pursuit of the young female to whom I have alluded, avowing their intention to take her life. The crime with which she was charged was, the design to murder a young man, her lover, by whom she had been forsaken, through the medium of a Witchlike spell. The history of the spell thus employed was described to be as follows:—

An aged female residing in the village had the character of being in possession of some charm, by which she could punish with death any faithless swain, against whom the spell might be directed. To this female the young woman applied and received the following instruction. "Provide a new earthen vessel, jar or pitcher: observe when a new grave is opened in the Chapel or Churchyard, and then go at twelve o'clock at night, taking with you a live toad, stick its body full of pins, fill the vessel with soil from the new grave, and bury the toad in it; afterwards bury the jar and its contents in the earth two feet from the surface, and you will find as the toad pines and dies, so will your faithless lover."

All of which was punctually observed, and the jar buried in the loom shop in which the young woman was employed, under her treddles, in what among weavers is called the "Treddle Hole." Singular enough to relate, the young man immediately began to complain that he had the most distressing sensations, as if pins were sticking in his heart, which feeling increased from day to day, until he began to sink under the affliction, and his life was despaired of. This was observed by a young woman, the confident of the forsaken one, who dreading the consequences to the afflicted youth, revealed the secret and the cause of his sufferings.—On this being made known, a party went to the spot where the jar was deposited, and drew the horrid spell from its hiding place. The young woman instantly took flight, the whole village was excited, and nothing but death could satisfy the enraged villagers. Understanding the cause of the excitement, I ran amongst them, remonstrated against their fury, and reasoned with them on the total impossibility that any such means as those employed could produce such an effect, and that the young man's complaint would be found to be purely natural, and in no way the consequence of a spell. "But Sir," they replied, "the moment the toad was liberated, the young man (though he knew nothing of the fact) declared his pains were gone."—"Very well," I said, "that being the case commit no murder, let the young woman alone, and all will be well."

Here I leave the story and the mystery, without note or comment. About 24 years ago, in a more extended form, I gave publicity to the circumstance, in a Liverpool Periodical, and invited discussion. Having lost the work in the Fire of January 7th, 1839, I cannot transcribe the narration, as would have been most convenient, on the present occasion.

cating liquors, he might have been almost adored by his congregation and scholars, and by none more than he who even at this distant period of time, mourns over his errors, and laments his fate.

My advance in learning under the tuition of Mr. Sudlow was certainly very rapid, at the end of three months from my first lesson, I read in the Testament, and before twelve months had elapsed, I had read the Bible* through. So interested was my infant mind with the relations in the Holy History, that the moment I returned from school in the evening, obtaining my Grandfather's smallest Bible, and which had been his own School Bible,† I placed myself on my little chair by the side of either of my Grandparents, and simply enquired, shall I now read about God or Christ? meaning shall I read in the Old or New Testament. Happy, happy days, venerable holy pair, how ye would caress and cheer your darling Grandchild!

If at this time I ever had a cloudy day, it was either occasioned by Mr. Sudlow as previously related, or by some little peevishness in my own temper, the result of too much flattery and indulgence.—Yet, was not this happy period without its events of singularity and interest, especially that to which I have previously referred, as a third case of providential deliverance from drowning.

It was in the severe winter of 1785, when the frost continued 115 days, that in the near vicinity of the school there lived a young female of the name of Mary Bayley, who would sometimes join in play on the Green with the larger school boys, and sometimes during the intervals of school hours, enter the school, and the boys took great delight in teazing and provoking her, at which times she would seize the fire poker as a weapon of defence: this being her custom, on a certain day a cruel set of lads teazed her out of doors, while others in-doors heated the handle end of the poker and laid it on the table, the out-door boys ran into the school followed by Mary, when seeing the poker so ready to her hand she instantly seized it, by which act her hand and fingers were burnt in a most painful manner. Ashamed as well as suffering, she retired from the school with her heart full of thoughts of revenge, and she was not long in fixing upon her plan of operation. Not far distant from the school was the pit out of which my Grandfather had his clay dug to make bricks for building the school, this was strongly covered with ice, and had on it a glassy slide of considerable length, the constant resort of the boys after school time and during the hours of play. No one enjoyed the recreation of sliding more than your Father, and as the pit was near to his road home; on his way thither he came to it, and was instantly tempted to have a slide: he consequently took a long previous run to enable him to reach the farthest end of the slide, when behold the persecuted, Mary Bayley had with a mattock, cut an aperture in the ice, but not visible from the near side of the pit, being at the end of the slide, to this with lightning speed I slid, and was instantly engulphed, sinking to the bottom, then rising to the surface; again and again I struggled to lay hold of the ice, but my grasp was too feeble. I lost my sight, and my senses soon left me: and here I must have perished had not a school-fellow of the name of Isaac Irlam, directed like Alice Evans by heavenly watchfulness, passed the same way, and taking a slide discovered the rising and sinking of my head, which he firmly laid hold of, screaming with all his might, which brought other boys to his assistance, who conjointly succeeded in drawing me out of the water, and in a senseless state they laid me on the ice, while other boys ran to my Grandfather's and brought my ever dear Uncle Jasper to my relief, who carried me home, stript off my clothes, laid me in blankets before a large kitchen fire, rubbed my stomach and every part of my body with his warm hand; when signs of returning animation rewarded his generous and zealous endeavours. Thus did a merciful and gracious Providence a third time condescend to save the life of a humble country boy, and

* When about ten years ago, in company with Mrs. Hulbert, I visited the ever remembered scenes of my early days; great was the delight I felt to see her stand on the very spot where I first learned to read my Bible.—The School has long been a dwelling house, which with other houses and property, after the death of my Uncle Samuel Mottershead, descended to his son Samuel, their present happy possessor, of which more will be said hereafter.

† *This Bible*, my honoured Grandfather presented to me on leaving Northen Etchells, and dear it was to me; I had it rebound in red morocco, and after travelling with me from place to place, it perished on the fatal January 7th, 1839.

why?* I have often thought, so much care of a being so insignificant as "the little motherless Charles."

"Thou dear Protector of my life,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou'st been my kind preserver from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
E'en from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wert my guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

My God, whose love inspired my hope,
When life began to beat;
And when a feeble infant boy,
Didst guide my wandering feet.

Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust in thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more."

Your's most affectionately,

C. H.

* This question my dear Charles, whatever may be my own conceptions, I may not presume to answer, else I could fix on some points and some periods of my life, when it would appear my humble existence was not altogether useless to my fellow men.

## LETTER VI. EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS,

FAMILY AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS, "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

"The smiles that greet us in the hour of gladness,
Too soon are flown;
The tears we shed in pain, distress and sadness,
May fall unmarked alone.
Yet still the weary heart too fondly yearneth,
O'er joys gone by;
And the soul droops her wing, and often turneth,
At memory's mournful sigh."

My Dear Charles,

However intermingled with joys and sorrows may be the events of early life, yet memory delights to dwell e'en on its darkest shadows, as well as on its most brilliant tints. Nor am I alone in the perception, that the scenes of early life are more vivid in our recollection than those of later times; hence we notice with what correctness and particularity aged individuals will relate occurrences which happened in the beginning of their lives, when events of yesterday will be forgotten. So it is my dear Son with your own Parent, how delighted I should be to dilate where I am compelled to condense; and how many events interesting to myself, would in the course of our correspondence find a record were I to follow the suggestions of my own feelings, rather than the restraints of prudent forbearance.

Following the course of my narrative, it my not be unimportant to revert to the first dawning of religious truth on my infant mind—To the early teachings of my dear Mother, and her lamented death; to the daily devotional services of my Grandfather's house, the reading on Sunday evenings; but more particularly to the light imparted to my understanding under Divine grace by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, I am indebted for those deep and hallowed impressions, which, by the continued blessing of my Heavenly Father, have never been obliterated.

My beloved Uncles who resided at home had a taste and a great affection for a flower garden, in which their infant Nephew had no less delight; hence they kindly set apart for his own cultivation a few square yards of ground, very conveniently inclosed by a quick-set hedge. Sacred was that little inclosure, for within its fence there never was a flower planted but a prayer was offered up for its growth and prosperity. In prayer I had so much delight, that from a garden it

became a temple, in which, according to my infant conceptions I worshipped the God of my Fathers.

"How feeble was my infant prayer,
But ardent and sincere;
How simply did I ask and trust,
That God above would hear."

Immediately on the retirement of Mr. Sudlow, the Reverend Thomas Whittaker was appointed to the Chapelry of Ringway; a truly evangelical Minister, and so popular was his preaching and so holy his life, that the Chapel was too small for the number of worshippers: the doors and the windows were regularly besieged by eager seekers after spiritual instruction and their souls' salvation. Mr. Whittaker married the daughter of a Mr. Wood, neighbour to my Grandfather, and the Reverend Mr. Ollerenshaw, Incumbent of Mellor in Derbyshire married another. The latter Gentleman often visiting his father-in-law, occasionally officiated for Mr. Whittaker. Mr. O, was a pious, energetic Minister,* had a most thundering voice and zealous manner, which seldom failed deeply to impress the less godly part of his hearers, while the sweet mild and persuasive manner of Mr. Whittaker,† particu-

* The Rev. Matthew Ollerenshaw died in the year 1824, after a long life of great ministerial usefulness, piety and zeal, —His reward is in Heaven.—As an evangelical Clergyman, he was of the school of Romaine, De Courcy, &c. In his early years his great plainness of speech and boldness in denouncing the fate of incorrigible sinners, drew upon him the anger and persecution of some individuals then under his pastoral charge. His perseverance conquered all opposition, and his Divine Master gave him many seals to his ministry. In the year 1838, in company with Mrs. Hulbert, I visited Mellor, the church and the grave of one for whom, from the period mentioned above, I had entertained sentiments of undiminished veneration and esteem. The Rev. Matthew Freeman, his son-in-law, had succeeded him in the Incumbency, in whose absence we received every polite attention from Mrs. Freeman, who pointed out to us an object of some curiosity, a new stone coffin placed against the outside wall of the Church, in which the proprietor, occasionally, I believe weekly, extended himself, with the pious design to keep alive in his remembrance that he must soon die, and to stimulate him to a constant preparation for that solemn event.

Mellor is a Chapel of Ease to Glossop in the County of Derby, on the borders of Cheshire, containing upwards of 2,000 inhabitants, chiefly employed in Cotton Manufactories. The Church is erected on the summit of the hill, and in my youthful days could be seen from Northen Etchells. Adjoining is the very interesting village of Marple in Cheshire, near which is situated the celebrated *Aquaduct*, once the wonder and admiration of tourists and visitors, and now only rivalled by the more extensive *Viaducts* of Railway enterprise and competition. An extended description of this vicinity was prepared for my Topography of Cheshire, the Manuscript of which Work perished in the Fire, so often deplored. In recollecting some events of the period of my visit, I should indeed be ungrateful to Mr. Ferrers of Mellor, an extensive Cotton Manufacturer, and to a kind relative of his, not to remember the hospitality and kindness I then received. Marple also has some claim to a remembrance: the compliment so kindly and unexpectedly paid me at a Public Missionary Meeting, however feebly merited, remains in grateful recollection.

†The Rev. Thomas Whittaker continued the zealous Pastor and faithful Minister of Ringway until the year 1818, when his Master called him to his great reward. This amiable and devoted servant of God was united in friendship and correspondence with all the pious zealous Clergymen of Cheshire and surrounding counties, in which number was included the Rev. Dr. Bayley, of St. James's, Manchester, in which sacred edifice I once heard my earliest Pastor call sinners to repentance, and newness of life.

About the year 1802, I had also the great happiness accidentally to meet with him travelling on foot, having been on a visit to the Rev. John Crosse, Vicar of Bradford, and other Clergymen of similar views, who had Churches in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Our meeting took place on the footpath at Rhodes, near Middleton, where I then resided. I took him home, and great was my delight to introduce him to my friends, and to pay him every attention in my power. Not long before his death, in company with Mr. Richard Whitwell of Shrewsbury, I visited Mr. Whittaker at his own house in Ringway, with a view to introduce my young friend, and to engage the venerable Minister to prepare him for taking Holy Orders.—But this duty my ever venerated instructer could not undertake, the infirmities of age were crowding upon him. We stayed only a short time in Mr. Whittaker's company, yet the scenes of former days were made to pass before us. We parted, but not for ever, the master will I trust be followed by the surviving disciple to that world of bliss and glory beyond the grave,

Where all the friends of Jesus meet,
Who here were one in heart;
In transport worship at his feet,
Nor will they ever part.

Mr. Whitwell was eventually ordained a Missionary for Canada, and has long been located at St. Amond West, in that Colony. Of Mr. Whittaker's usefulness in his pastoral office, individuals may still remain to bear their testimony. I can remember the great and happy change which took place within the chapelry from his evangelical labours and holy example. Various were the opportunities Mr. Whittaker had of obtaining richer preferment, but nothing could induce him to leave his humble country flock. The well-known description of a Village Clergyman, by Oliver Goldsmith, will never be more applicable to any one than to the venerable Curate of Ringway Chapel.

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,
Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he felt and prayed for all.
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray:
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies:
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way."

larly affected hearers of a more serious character.

My Grandfather Hulbert had a seat in the Chapel appropriated to the family use, but the Mottersheads residing in another parish, had no such advantage; but often did my dear Uncle Jasper lead me by the hand to the house of God, and occupying the Hulbert's pew, here he himself became deeply impressed. I was also catechized by Mr. Whittaker, and instructed with great care in the principles of the Church: he likewise taught me to sing Watts's beautiful Hymns for Children, in chorus with all the children of the chapelry, and with which my infant mind was much delighted.

My dear Uncle Jasper now supplied the place of a parent; but soon was his heavenly love and instruction to cease, and his parent like regard in this world to close with his life.—In the month of August, 1786, whilst preparing for a journey into Warwickshire, he was seized with inflammation in the bowels, and quickly confined to his bed. He desired to see Mr. Whittaker, who was kind and prompt in his attendance, and who prayed with him most devoutly, administered the sacrament, and assured the friends who were weeping around the sufferer's bed, that there was no doubt of Jasper's salvation. I *then* knew what death was, and thought if God would accept of a child's petitions I would pray for him also. So soon as we were alone I said, "My dear Uncle, let me pray for you," to which, he with a sweet smile assented. I knelt down by the side of the bed and prayed, in, as you may suppose, a very simple and imperfect manner, that the Lord would cure my Uncle and let him live. The poor and almost expiring patient reached out his arms and drew me to his bosom; and was weeping over and blessing me, when a well meaning neighbour entered the room, and not knowing what had been passing, tore me from my Uncle's embrace, and scolded me for being so troublesome to my afflicted relative. I went down stairs, full of the deepest sorrow. My Uncle did not recover: he rapidly sunk in spite of all medical assistance, in the 29th year of his age, with the deep regret of the whole neighbourhood, and to my own inconsolable sorrow.

A little before his departure being restless, he desired to be taken down stairs, which being done, he was gently seated in my Grandfather's arm chair, attended every moment by his sorrowing Nephew. Assisted by a kind affectionate neighbour, my honoured Grandfather placed his dying Son near to the open door for the advantage of free air, from which my Uncle seemed to derive satisfaction and benefit, but this was only momentary: in a few minutes after the removal, leaning on my Grandfather's bosom, his happy spirit took its flight into regions of light and eternal blessedness.—My eyes were steadily fixed on his at the moment his spirit fled, and gladly would my spirit have been its companion.—For, from reading the Holy Scriptures, and my early propensity to study and reflection, I had formed some idea of the nature of the soul, and of its separate existence after leaving the body. I well understood that on its leaving this world it would either ascend to heaven, or sink down to hell; and that good or bad angels would be its attendants. From that moment my childish thoughts and meditations would be often employed on the subject, nor less so in after years, and even at the present day, no study is more interesting to my mind than that of the existence, nature, employment and capabilities of angels and disembodied spirits. In this delightful study the Holy Scriptures afford us both light and information. Many are the instances recorded in the sacred volume, of angelic appearances, and of the interest they manifest in the affairs of this world, even so far as to discover to us that they are ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation. This is exemplified in various narrations in the New Testament, and in the IX. chapter 20th and 21st verses of the Prophet Daniel, he writes, "While I was speaking and praying, and confessing my sin, and presenting my supplication before the Lord—The man (angel) Gabriel being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation."—

The belief that my dear Mother is often my guardian angel has never been clouded by a single doubt.—For if angels generally, *feel* joy at the repentance of *one* sinner, how gracious and kind must be their feelings towards sinful men; and if these are so gracious to inhabitants of earth, who never were our companions, nor ever shared in our joys or sorrows, can we doubt of the watchfulness,

sympathy and care of the happy spirits of departed friends.* When speaking on this subject my dear Charles, enquiry has often been made, How is it possible for a happy spirit to be here on earth and in heaven at the same time?—If heaven be wherever the happy spirit may be, there is no difficulty; but the answer I would with all due deference and humility submit to serious consideration is the following. That the moment the soul is separated from the body, having a spiritual existence, it may possess a power of locomotion equal to thought, to which may be added under the immediate influence of the Deity himself, a perception or *instinct*† almost immeasurable, by which the soul or spirit without guide or instructor, shall by instantaneous impulse, pass from world to world, from earth to heaven in a moment of time; and by the power of that instinct which may be subservient to love, be with our friends on earth—meet them on the confines of eternity—pass with them to the throne of mercy—enjoy the beatific vision—mingle with the heavenly intelligences, with a rapidity when desirable almost amounting to ubiquity. This idea of spiritual velocity derives some illustration if not information from the electric fluid which is *material*, passing through the wires of the telegraph almost as quick as thought. It is said by men of science, that if a wire could be carried eight times round the globe, the electric power would pass through the whole length in a second of time! And yet as Cowper says,

> "How fleet is the glance of the mind,
> Compared with the speed of its flight;
> The tempest itself lags behind,
> And the swift winged arrows of light."

We may at all events adore the hidden treasures of the eternal wisdom, and though we may not arrive at knowledge on such a subject, we can only say that in such an idea we but antedate the blessedness of the righteous, for at least after the resurrection, "they will be as the angels," and angels are made to fly very swiftly throughout the universe we know upon his errands, and minister to his people in every country and age.

Were I my dear Charles at this moment endued with the velocity I sincerely believe I shall one day possess: in less than a moment I would be with you at Slaithwaite, from thence to *more distant* parts of the kingdom, where dwell *those* to whom I may hereafter become a guardian angel, as well as to the dear ones around your table.

Your's most affectionately, C. H.

---

* A BELIEF that in the wise and beneficent government of our Heavenly Father, we have the guardianship of Angels, including also the spirits of holy disembodied saints has cheered and consoled the sorrowing hearts of millions of bereaved relatives and friends. In a little volume by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man, Father of the Rev, Hugh Stowell of Manchester, entitled "Memoirs of Mrs. Stowell," in an affectionate Elegy on her death, are the following beautiful lines:—

> "Once my best friend, my guardian angel now,
> Her gentle spirit hovers round my home;
> Watches when at the throne of grace I bow,
> And ne'er forsakes me whereso'e'er I roam.
> This cannot sure be fancy's idle play,
> Or if it be—yet will I not forego
> The sweet delusion, which does far outweigh,
> The world's vain pleasure, and its gaudy show."

The same pious and unasuming publication contains a sweet and heavenly letter from a sister of Mr. Stowell's. Not willing greatly to extend the note, a short extract only must suffice.—

"Since you my dearest brother have become more immediately a disciple of the man of sorrows, I have found peculiar comfort from this scripture. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." While I share the anguish of your heart, I am greatly comforted with the belief that both of you will through eternity praise the Lord for this dispensation, to you indeed most trying, but to the dear departed the commencement of complete happiness. Though through the Divine goodness, she ever here enjoyed a larger measure of felicity than is the lot of most, yet would she not for worlds come back, except it may be as your GUARDIAN ANGEL, and perhaps in THIS CAPACITY she may still be permitted to promote your happiness in ways we know not, "For are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." "

Not only may the departed spirits of holy saints visit this earth and render service to man, but the spirits of evil men may have permission to re-visit the scenes of their earthly existence. Milton thus expresses himself,

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

†This *instinct* is afforded to the Swallow, and other birds of passage, who in their seasons congregate, and from widely extended districts at a certain point promptly meet together, and without guide or compass wing their way through the trackless air, and cross the expanded ocean, to the countries of their resort or nativity. Then may not that gracious Being whose impulse guides an inferior order of beings; in a still more, I may add in an inconceivable degree, bestow the same instinct on immortal happy intelligences in another state of existence. Instinct or impulse, thus given to the spirits of the just made perfect, may enable them to assemble or meet together, when desirable, in families, congregations, or communities.

This instinct may be necessary for the perfection of the saints in light: indeed with this instinct, at the great and final day when all nations shall be summoned to meet the Almighty Judge in the air, Spirits however distant in the universe their location may happen to be, may assemble in a moment, and in such order and companies as the solemn occasion may demand.

# LETTER VII. HISTORICAL & TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

## FAMILY HISTORY, DOMESTIC INCIDENTS, LOCAL CUSTOMS, &c.

"Though years have passed, though oceans roll between,
Again we live o'er many a vanished scene;
Life's retrospect, though not as bright or clear,
As in our youth, Hope's sunny visions were."

My Dear Charles,

Again my eyes followed the hearse and mournful cavalcade.—The remains of the lamented Jasper were borne to the grave of his ancestors in Prestbury* Churchyard. My honoured Father attended the funeral of his beloved Brother-in-law, and learning that Mr. Sudlow had retired from the Parish, and that no successor had arisen to supply his place as Schoolmaster, became anxious about my education. He accord-

* On the grave stone which covers his remains, is recorded that there rest also those of his Aunt, Father, Mother, Brother, &c. In the year 1827, I made my first visit from Shrewsbury to the family burying-ground, it being about 10 o'clock on a fine summer evening when I arrived at the village, I had no doubt of obtaining a bed and accommodation, I therefore drove up to the head Inn, The Black Boy, the landlord came to the door, and I stept out of the carriage, Good Sir, I said, I am come to stay all night, and I should be glad if you would send the ostler to take care of my horse. "Indeed Sir, I am sorry to tell you that we cannot accommodate you, we have not a spare bed, nor a lock of hay." Understanding that there were five Inns in the village, I had no doubt of being entertained at one of them, so I went to the next, the George and Dragon, and made the same request, and received the same answer at each, on which I became indignant, and formed the determination that I would return to a Plantation I had passed, tie my horse to a tree, spread my cloak and coats on the ground, and pass the night for the first time in my life, soldier-like in the open air. Returning through the village I observed two persons standing opposite the George and Dragon, one of them kindly said, "I fear Sir you have not met with accommodation," No Sir, I have not, was my reply.—I am here Sir, in the village and the parish where anciently my ancestors resided and are buried in this churchyard; I would to God I could remove their ashes to Shrewsbury, as this place unable or unwilling to find accommodation for one of their descendants for a single night, is unworthy of the precious deposit. This I said with great energy and determination, when the elder person evidently affected, said, "And are you, Sir, a descendant of the Mottersheads?" I am Sir, the Grandson of Joseph Mottershead. "Well then Sir, I am landlord of this Inn, we have not a spare bed nor hay for your horse, but one of my family shall turn out of their bed, and if there be hay in the village I will have it." You are a brave fellow, I said, What is your name? "Royle." Well then Mr. Royle, I will immortalize you, I have written some Books, and am now engaged on a work, in which your name shall appear. The second person then said, "I am very glad you have succeeded here, I am the Sexton of the parish, and know your ancestors' grave, and had not Mr. Royle accommodated you, my intention was to take you to Mr. Garrat the Curate, and he would, I am sure, have had great pleasure in entertaining you, and if you will allow me I will conduct you to his house immediately."—No, I answered, I will take up my abode with honest Mr. Royle. So the Sexton accompanied me into the house, and a long and late chat we had. In the morning the worthy Curate, Mr. Garrat, sent a kind invitation to breakfast with him; we became acquainted: while I remained in the village I received from him every mark of attention and kindness. I need not say that my first regard was paid to that little spot of earth which holds in its cold embrace, the mouldering remains of so many dear relatives, who had nursed on their knees, loved and cherished in their hearts poor "Motherless Charles." The kind Sexton attended me while I visited and inspected the interior of the venerable and spacious Church, in which my ancestors had worshipped from the first date of its erection.

The Building consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, separated from the former by five pointed arches. In the tower are six bells. Some parts of the Church are of considerable antiquity.—Among the memorials of departed worth are some which it would be pleasant to record, one only will be selected, to the memory of my honoured and beloved Grandmother's near relative.—On a Brass in the chancel, I noticed and copied the modest inscription:—

"Joseph Ward, A. M. formerly of Wadham College, Oxford, and Vicar of Prestbury 39 years, who died February 7th, 1772, in the 61st year of his age."

On the south side of the Church there is a very Ancient Building, supposed to have been the remains of an old place of worship built by the Normans, instead of the Saxon Church then destroyed.

The village of Prestbury is clean, genteel and healthy.—The whole parish containing thirty-two townships, including the populous and flourishing Town of Macclesfield, which in itself contains a population of 24,137. The whole parish 52,078. The townships most interesting to my feelings are Mottram St. Andrew, and Butley-cum-Newton.—

"This Butley," says Mr. Hanshall, "is about 3 miles from Macclesfield, and it appears that Uluric, a Saxon, after the Conquest was permitted to retain his estates in this township. As early as the reign of Henry III. the Pigots had possession of the manor, and continued so until the death of Robert Pigot in the reign of Edward VI. when it was divided between the daughters."

Speaking of this township the Lysons say, "that Willett

ingly intimated in as kind a manner as possible to my sorrowing Grandparents, that he must in a short time take Charles from under their protection, as above all things, his success in life depended on his education, and that there was an excellent Grammar School at Halton, where he resided.

Never had sorrow of a deeper shade entered the dwelling of the once happy Mottersheads; their favourite Son was gone for ever, and their darling Grandson was to be taken from their embrace, All wept, but my Father was inflexible. He had married a second time about six months before, was in comfortable circumstances, from the bequest of his sister, who had been dead nearly twelve months, and he had then a favourable prospect of educating his son Charles eventually for holy orders.

I was now employed in visiting my relations, taking leave of my old schoolmates and playfellows, and in preparation for my departure The few weeks between his visit and the Sixth of October, when I was to leave those endeared, and to me lovely scenes, passed swiftly away.

" Ah! still will fancy all the scenes revive,
The favourite scenes which charmed my youthful breast;
She bids them now in softer colours live,
And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

Ah! thus will "sadly pleasing" memory dwell
On all the hopes,—the fond illusions o'er;
And still with touching power she loves to tell,
Of happy moments to return no more."

Mrs. Hemans.

Previously however to taking an entire leave of the home and land of my fathers, I will relate to you, my dear Charles, several little circumstances in which I was personally interested during the period of my residence in Northen Etchells.

The story I am going to relate is not new to you, yet I will tell it you again, and it may be that some of my readers may call to their recollection childish feelings similar to my own. In the neighbourhood of my Grandfather lived a respectable farmer of the name of Samuel Eaton; he had a lovely daughter of the age of sixteen, who, whenever she met little Charles, avowed her love for him, and declared she would have him for her husband, adding some caresses and many flatteries. Perhaps hearts less tender and more experienced would have been affected as mine was felt to be. In the silent,

---

Hall, in the township of Butley, belonged to the Willetts, from whom it passed by successive female heirs to the Mottersheads and Malbons; it is now the property of Lawrence Wright, Esq. having been purchased by his father from the Brookes of Mere." The Brookes having become possessed of it by a marriage with an heiress of the Mottersheads. See page 19 of this volume.

Prior to the marriage just mentioned, Females of the family of Mottershead had been united by the same tie to the families of Willett, Malbon and Hollingshead; of this latter family was Sir Hugh Hollingshead, and Ralph the Historian. Of the Willetts I have no particulars. The family of the Malbons it is said became extinct in 1780. Of the Hollingsheads some may remain of the younger branches, in distant parts of the kingdom: *reduced* like the younger branch of the Mottersheads.

Mottram St. Andrew is about five miles from Macclesfield, to myself a most interesting portion of the parish of Prestbury. It is not always unpleasant to refer to History for facts or statements connected with our Ancestry, though it may be in trifles not strictly correct. Speaking of the Mottersheads, the Lysons say, "The Higher House and the Lower House in this township, belonged about the middle of the 17th Century, to two branches of the family of Mottershead." These were Richard and John, and they innocently suppose both families have been long extinct.—From the younger of these branches, my Grandfather was third in descent, and from the death of his sister Elizabeth Mottershead, as previously related, he became possessed of a small property in Mottram St. Andrew, which immediately on its coming into his possession he presented to his second son John Mottershead, who died about the year 1806, leaving issue.—About eighteen years ago, I enquired of his daughter Martha what had become of the property, and she informed me, that previous to her Father's death, he had suffered the Ancient Tenement to fall into decay and total ruin. How gladly would Charles his *Nephew* have preserved its existence!

But such is often the fate of the younger branches of Families in which are hereditary estates. Small was the portion which descended with the younger branch of the family of Mottershead, who in rural quiet, pursued "the noiseless tenor of their way," so that historians considered the family extinct; and the unpardonable neglect of a small Tenement, destroyed every vestige of their ancient estate, reserving only the feeling and the name. While the heiress of the elder branch by a marriage into the family of Sir Peter Brooke of Mere, Sheriff of Cheshire in 1669, carried the principal estates into that high and honourable family, who either lineally or in its branches have continued in great opulence and distinction.—The Lysons say that "Sir Peter Brooke was *Ancestor* of Thomas Langford Brooke, Esq. the present proprietor of Mere, (1810,) who is the youngest son of Thomas Brooke, Esq. of Norton." I regret to state that many particulars of the Family related to me by my Grandfather, perished January 7th, 1839.

The Parish of Prestbury is eminent for the longevity of its inhabitants. In the township of Rainow, lived Margaret Broadhurst, who attained the extraordinary age of 140 years. It is given as her own declaration, that she had a daughter when 80 years of age. It is also stated that she was buried at Prestbury in 1650, but in the Registers there is not any notice of the circumstance. At that period Parish Registers were kept very irregularly.

delightful anticipation that sometime we should be married, I spent two years; when the faithless fair one, accepted the addresses of a Mr. Evans, and was made his wife. As the families of Mottershead and Eaton were intimate, the young pair were in due time invited to dinner. I cannot describe my feelings on the occasion; every attention young Evans paid his wife was a dagger to my heart.

After having enjoyed the cheerful meal, Mr. Evans and my Uncles Jasper and Samuel, took a walk into the garden, the orchard, and finally the fold yard. When the party standing before a heap of manure, I mounted its square summit, and fixing myself within reach of Mr. Evans's face, I bent my little fist, and with my whole might struck his nose! Out gushed the blood, a clamour was made, and I ran into the house and took refuge in my little chair, followed by the whole party in the utmost consternation. My Uncle Samuel proposed immediate correction; my Uncle Jasper inquired if Mr. Evans had ever affronted me, and all were astounded. One said Charles was always a very quiet lad, and why this outrage? The bride declared that she had always thought him the sweetest little fellow alive. Oh! could I have told her my feelings of jealousy, she would surely have said, my foolish trifling with this sensitive boy has caused all this confusion and disturbance. Young Ladies! learn hence not to trifle with the feelings of boys of tender years, be assured they can feel the force of passion, before reason or religion are present to regulate and controul it.

At that time the inhabitants of Northen Etchells, and the surrounding country, were, with very few exceptions, entirely ignorant of all Arts and Sciences, except those pertaining exclusively to rural life. I well remember two respectable old men, John Gatley and Samuel Shawcross, whilst sitting in front of my Grandfather's residence, having a dispute on Astronomy. John Gatley asserted that the world was round, and that the sun marched round it once in twenty-four hours. Samuel maintained that the earth was a flat surface, and that it stood upon pillars as the scripture said. John said "that was impossible, for then how could ships sail round the world; and if the earth stood upon pillars, what did those pillars stand upon?" "Why," said Samuel, "in going round the world ships sail until they come to a great gulph, when they drop down it, and come to water on the other side. As for the pillars of the earth they stand on mighty clouds, and that's enough." "You simpleton," rejoined the wiser man, "if the earth were flat, and ships shot the gulph as you say, how could they ever get up again? and if the world stood upon clouds, which are nothing but wind, the world would sink through and we should be lost." To this reasoning Samuel was unable to reply. It so happened that a long affliction of Rhumatism had rendered him quite lame, and he used a crutch, which he instantly converted into a weapon to flatten the rotundity of good John Gatley's head, who unable or unwilling to resist hastened quickly away.

I thought much of their arguments, and mentioned them to my Grandfather, who smilingly replied, "John Gatley was nearest the truth, for God has hung the world upon nothing, and supports it by his own Almighty power, and were he to take away his hand, but for a minute, the world would instantly be at an end: for as you sing at Church,

> "He made the sun, the moon, the stars,
> To be at his command:"

And whether the sun goes round the earth, or the earth goes round the sun, it is God's power by which it is accomplished."

I shall now my dear Charles, by way of amusement give you some account of the CUSTOMS of the Farmers and Cottagers at that period, the chief of which are either hospitable or humourous. For instance at Wakestimes, as they were called, each of my Grandmothers, and all other good Housewives, made large washing mugs or tubs full of *Furmitry:* which was indeed to my taste an excellent treat. This delightful repast was composed of a suitable quantity of wheat unground and boiled until the skins burst, and then put into a quantity of new milk, and boiled again, being well seasoned with sugar or treacle, and allspice; a little flour was added in the boiling as a thickener. Being so prepared, a capacious vessel was placed upon a low table in the middle of the house, surrounded by basons and spoons,

a ladle was in the vessel, and the moment a neighbour or visitor entered the dwelling, he was most pleasantly invited to partake of the *Furmitry*. Each of my Grandfathers having land in two parishes, they both kept up Northen and Ringway wakes: so that I had the pleasure of a more than usual enjoyment of the hospitalities of these seasons. There was Bullbaiting at Northen Wakes, and Bearbaiting at Ringway, both of which my friends took me to witness: but there was too much cruelty and danger in the diversion to yield to my heart a moment's gratification. I was more pleased with their shooting matches for kettles, warming pans, and other useful articles, of which my Grandmother Mottershead had a full and sufficient equipment won by her skilful Sons.

At Christmas the young men of the village would "go Acting," as they called it. The troop consisted of four or five young men, dressed in cocked hats and soldiers' coats, and each a tin sword in his belt. Thus prepared, one of the party called Hector, rushed hastily into the neighbour's house which they intended to visit, and brandishing his sword, recounts some of his wonderful exploits. St. George then steps forward, and in the same humourous bombastic style, proclaims his own unrivalled feats.

"I am St. George as I would have you know,
I killed a Dragon at one mortal blow."

A fight ensues, St. George kills Hector, who falls to the earth, and the conqueror exclaims, A Doctor, a Doctor, a Doctor! Instantly enters another of the company, carrying his cocked hat under his arm, who in a like humorous manner, introduces himself, with reciting

"I have travelled through Italy, France and Spain,
And now am returned to cure the man
This Knight has slain."

Taking out a box, he says, "Hector, take this pill, and thoul't be well." The dead man returns to life: when the Doctor, proud of his skill, gives in low verse, a ludicrous account of the great cures he can perform. The merry youngsters and other members of the family having enjoyed the fun, quick to the cellar the mistress of the house, or a daughter takes the can, and the Actors having received their reward, take their leave with very low bows, and proceed to another house. This was evidently an imitation of the mock plays of "Whitehaven," and other places in olden times. Other Christmas amusements were shooting, visiting, &c. and in my opinion no people could be more happy, especially those who had some knowledge of true religion, and could really rejoice that a Saviour had been born.

They had another custom, very ludicrous, but many times attended with unpleasant results, and always with ill will on one side. That was "RIDING STANG." This custom I only once witnessed in the Parish of Northen, and that was in consequence of Alice Evans, my deliverer from drowning, having chastised her own Lord and Master for some act of intemperance and neglect of work. This conduct the neighbouring Lords of the Creation were determined to punish; fearing their own spouses might assume the same authority. They therefore mounted one of their body dressed in female apparel on the back of an old Donkey, the man holding a spinning wheel on his lap, and his back towards the Donkey's head. Two men led the animal through the neighbourhood, followed by scores of boys and idle men, tinkling kettles and frying pans, roaring with cow's horns and making a most hideous hallabaloo, stopping every now and then, while the exhibitioner on the Donkey, made the following proclamation:—

"Ran a dan, ran a dan, ran a dan,
Mrs. Alice Evans has beat her good man,
It was neither with sword, spear, pistol or knife,
But with a pair of tongs, she vowed to take his life:
If she'll be a good wife and do so more,
We will not ride stang from door to door."

Understanding that all this noise and tumult was to degrade Mrs. Evans, whom I so highly venerated, I ran among the mob, and told them that they must not do it, and was indeed so highly incensed, that if I had had strength I should have routed the whole company.

The summer evening plays or recreations of the young rustics of NorthenEtchells were to me most interesting. The play of "HYMEN'S BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN," in which the youth of both sexes linking hands, formed a circle and danced around, while one of the

company walking outside the circle which keeps dancing round, with a pocket handkerchief in his or HER hand, commences singing in a very sweet and pleasing air,

"HYMEN's Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea,
Hymen's Bridge is broken down,
With my high gala day.

The circle still moving round with one voice reply,

We'll build it up with mortar and stone,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
We'll build it up with mortar and stone,
With my high gala day.

Response,

Mortar and stone will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Mortar and stone will wash away,
With my high gala day.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With my high gala day.

Response,

Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With my high gala day.

We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With my high gala day.

Response,

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With my high gala day."

We'll build it up with *young men's* love,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
We'll build it up with young men's love,
With my high gala day.

Response,

*Young men's* love will fade away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Young men's love will fade away,
With my high gala day.

We'll build it up with MAIDEN love,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
We'll build it up with maiden love,
With my high gala day.

Response,

MAIDEN love will ne'er decay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Maiden love will ne'er decay,
With my high gala day.

On pronouncing the last word the female drops her handkerchief, and whosoever is opposite to her at the moment must pick it up and enter upon the same office immediately. A race then ensues between the dropper and the picker up, once round the circle, if the former be overtaken, forfeits are the consequence, and some merriment succeeds. Tennis Ball and Prison Bars afforded good exercise for the young men. I never recollect Foot Ball being introduced. The same customs or recreations with variations exist in other country places. Did I say exist, my dear Charles, I believe they have passed away. Vice, intemperance, and political agitation have in most rural districts taken the place of harmless recreation. Some young people I rejoice to say, spend their summer and winter evenings in reading suitable books, attending religious assemblies, being also active in promoting Sunday Schools, Bible and Missionary Societies, under the direction of the Ministers of Religion. My great object in noticing these matters, is to afford a little amusement to my younger readers, and at the same time to preserve innocent Old Customs from entire oblivion; so that my humble volume may be a kind of record and picture of rural and middle life for Seventy years.

Among the traditions of Northen and Parishes surrounding, was the story of an Apparition, called Old Shouter O'Gatley, which haunted Gatley Carrs, and annoyed the residents in the vicinity with loud cries and noises. Gatley is now a populous village, not far distant from that of Northen.

Old Ned and Meg O'Midgley were remembered by the old inhabitants of Northen. Etchells and Alderley as noted witches. On one occasion it is related that Old Meg came to one of the farmer's houses to beg some milk: her application being refused, she cast her witch's eye on a poor infant in the cradle, and immediately it was seized with strong convulsions. That infant became an old man, and I have seen and conversed with him. One of the high gentlemen in the neighbourhood who was fond of Coursing, had often been amused by running a hare he could never catch: and always lost near Old Meg's house. Having a suspicion that it was the old witch transformed, and perceiving on one occasion the window of Old Meg's cottage to be left open, he conjectured that to be her mode of entrance, and consequently stationed his gamekeeper in a situation to command the window and to shoot if he saw the hare approach: which, after affording the greyhounds and sportsmen a very good run, she did. When just as she was making for the place of her former escapes, and springing at the window, the

[illegible] small building with a pointed roof, called "the Beacon," near to which it was designed in case of an invasion or insurrection to light a fire, and thereby alarm and apprise the surrounding country of danger. Formerly the hill was covered with heath, and a dreary [illegible] it is now planted with trees and shrubs, and has rather the appearance of an ornamental Park or Wood than a considerable [illegible].

A very singular and pleasing account of this Hill and the Traditions I have heard, is given in a neat publication entitled "[illegible]," printed by Mr. [illegible] of Macclesfield, and from which the following particulars are extracted.

"[illegible] that a Farmer from [illegible], mounted on a milk-white horse, was riding on these heights of Alderley on [illegible] Midsummer's Eve eleven being to [illegible] as [illegible]. He had reached a spot now known by the name of the Thieves' Join. [illegible] as he slowly [illegible] the mountain barrier which [illegible], when he was startled by the [illegible] in the uncertain light of a [illegible] Evening. It was [illegible] man, tall, [illegible] in a dark flowing [illegible]. The [illegible] in a commanding tone, [illegible] that he knew the errand [illegible] was bent: and tendered

---

[illegible] Parish Church of Hodnet, I was greatly delighted with the audible and distinct manner in which he delivered a most admirable Sermon, being then in his eighty-second year. The learned and beloved Divine died at his Rectory, Stoke-upon-Tern, in 1841, having attained the patriarchal age of ninety-four years.

The present Noble Patron of the living of Alderley is descended from John Stanley, son of Thomas first Earl of Derby, and a Lord of the Manors of Over Alderley, and Nether Alderley. One third part of the Manor of Over Alderley was purchased by the present Noble Proprietor, then Sir John Thomas Stanley, from the Lord de Tabley, then Sir J. F. Leicester, who died in 1827,) which portion of the Manor was alienated, as previously noticed, page 19) by my distant ancestor RICHARD MOTTERSHEAD, to the GROSVENORS: a co-heiress of which family brought it to the Leicesters of Tabley. The name of this heiress was Margaret daughter of Robert Grosvenor Lord of Hulme, who had six daughters, and after his death in 1446, his large estates were divided by Deed of partition amongst them. This Robert was an illustrious ancestor of the present Most Noble Marquis of Westminster.

I sincerely hope the introduction into this volume of so many Topographical and Historical notices, will not be found tedious or uninteresting to the reader; the design being in each case, either to give additional interest to the Work, or to illustrate some period or event in connection with the leading Narrative.

him a price for his horse, which the Farmer refused, not thinking it sufficient. "Go, then, on to Macclesfield," said the old man, "but, mark my words. you will *not* sell the horse, no purchaser will appear; should you find my words come true, meet me here this evening, and I will buy your horse." "

"The farmer laughed at the old man's prophecy that he would not find a purchaser for so fine a horse: but willingly promised to meet him if he should fail. On then to the Fair at Macclesfield he went. To his great surprise and still greater disappointment, though all admired, none were found to buy his beautiful horse; and accordingly in somewhat lowered spirits, the farmer turned his steps homeward, not much relying on the strange old man's promise."

"As he approached the hollow part of the road before mentioned, there, seated on a stone, and wrapt in his dark mantle, he saw the mysterious old man who had accosted him in the morning. The rays of the setting sun fell upon the tall motionless figure before him."

"The farmer checked his horse's pace, and began to consider the question of how far it might be prudent to deal with a perfect stranger in so lonely a place, and one too that bore no good name, and when the light of day was departing. However, before he had time to act upon this consideration, the old man rose from his seat and stood beside him. "Follow me," he said, and silently he led the way, by the Seven Firs, the Golden Stone, by Stormy Point, and Saddle Bole. They passed still silently on, when just as the wondering farmer was beginning to think that he would rather not go further, the old man abruptly paused,—and the horseman fancied that he heard a horse's neigh under ground. It was repeated, and stretching forth his arm, the old man (who now seemed of more than mortal stature to the affrighted rider,) touched the rock with a wand, and immediately there arose before his eyes a ponderous pair of Iron Gates. With a sound like thunder the gates flew open, the horse reared bolt upright, the terrified farmer fell upon his knees, and prayed the wondrous man to spare his life. "Fear nothing," quoth the Wisard, "but enter boldly, and behold the sight which no mortal eye has ever yet looked upon." "

"They went into the Cave. In a long succession of caverns, the farmer saw a countless number of men and horses, the latter all milk white—fast asleep. In the innermost cavern, heaps of treasure were piled up on the ground. From these glittering heaps the old man bade the farmer take the price he desired for his horse. Then again the old man spoke :—"You see these men and horses; the number was not complete, your horse was wanted to make it so. Remember my words. There will come a day when these men and these horses, awaking from their enchanted slumber, will descend into the plain, decide the fate of a great battle, and save their country. This shall be when George the son of George shall reign. Go home in safety—leave your horse with me. No harm will befal you; but henceforward no mortal eye will ever look upon The Iron Gates. Begone!" "

"The farmer lost no time in obeying, he heard the Iron Gates close with the same fearful sound as before, and made the best of his way to Mobberley. It may easily be believed that when his tale was told, many were the attempts made to discover the cavern of the sleeping warriors; many and fruitless were they all."

"From that day to this, though more than a century has past away, no human eye has seen THE IRON GATES."

I remember Mr. Isaac Podmore, (to be spoken of hereafter) who lived at Styall, naming a blacksmith, who asserted that he had heard the horses neigh, and seen strange sights.

Lead and copper ore have been found in Alderley Edge, but very much mixed with sandstone strata, as well as cobalt ore. It may be interesting to some of our Salopian friends to learn, that a Mr. Abbadine of Shropshire, at one time got ore enough to make it worth his while to build a smelting house; but he was ruined by the speculation. About twelve years ago, in company with an intelligent friend, I spent good part of a day in visiting Prestbury and Alderley, exploring the Edge and other objects; and was much delighted with the excursion: but we found not the Iron Gates.

The same pleasing publication, "Alderley Edge," informs us that one "Thomas Ridgeway, speaking of this tradition of the Iron Gates, used to tell of a young woman named Ellen Beck,* who lived as a fellow-servant

* "This Ellen Beck's was a sad history—a Tragedy of real life, and alas it it is to be feared, not a very rare one."

"It would seem from the stories of two old men from whose recollections many an annal of the Parish has been collected, that they had both known her well. One of them had been her fellow-servant at Fallows Hall. She afterwards lived at the Old Hall, at Alderley. Ellen had a lover, who probably trifled with her affections. There was another young woman in the house of whom she was very jealous. One day as she sate upon his knee, she asked him if he would marry her, and pressed him to fix a day: he put her off and

with him in his youth at Fallows Hall—This Ellen was wont to say, that she had seen the Iron Gates not far from the Holy Well, and returning with some person for the purpose of examining them, they were not to be found. She used to describe them as two large iron folding gates."

It appears from the same publication, that the Tradition of the Iron Gates has been mixed up with Nixon's Prophecies: in which, among numerous other predictions, it is stated, that a "Raven is to drink the best blood of England from the headless trunk of a Cross, on Delamere Forest; that England, being won and lost three times in one day, a Miller with three thumbs should hold three Kings' horses, up to his knees in blood." All this, and much more, is firmly believed in Cheshire. Several of the stated predictions have certainly come to pass; one of which had its final accomplishment on January the 14th, 1847, when that portion of the Dee Mills at Chester, occupied by Messrs. Palin, was consumed by Fire, and damage done to the amount of £8000 or £10,000. I need not here, my Son, give you any Memoir of Nixon, who it is said died at Court in the reign of James I. having years ago published all the particulars that I could obtain, in a little work entitled "The Eccentric," at which time I had not met with his reputed prediction relative to the Dee Mills, to the effect that the said Mills would thrice be burnt down within sixty years; which is a fact, the first Fire occurring in 1789, the second in 1819, and the third in 1847. All of which I remember.

I will next, my dear Charles, in accordance with the plan I have proposed, give brief sketches of several individuals well known in the parish of Northen in my childhood.

Mr. Moss, though a stranger, was no doubt a gentleman of great respectability, who purchased a plot of land at Ringway Outwood, a rude and retired situation, where he erected a very lofty and handsome brick house, entirely out of character with the neighbourhood he had selected. I always understood that he lived *quite* alone; but most probably had a servant. To make up for the want of society he had made several wax figures, which were elegantly and fashionably attired; one of which, it was said, he called Mrs. Moss, and at dinner she was placed at the head of the table, the other figures being guests. After dinner they were seated opposite the window, as if observing the passers by, and many a countryman's bow did these ladies' receive, with which Mr. Moss was greatly delighted. The cause of this eccentricity was reported to be the loss of a beloved wife: if so, how amiable his peculiarities appear! Mr. Moss had the manners and attire of a real gentleman, according to the fashion of those days. He wore occasionally a cocked hat, light brown coat, scarlet waistcoat with flaps

---

refused. She then entreated him to give her poison. "Nay," answered he, "I love thee too well." Poor Ellen, however, found the poison for herself. Her happiness and peace be *had* poisoned sufficiently. She was found a lifeless corpse."

"And there were strange reports about,
But still the Coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the wayside,
And not in Christian ground."

"And the body of poor Ellen Beck rests in a quiet grave where the grass grows green above her, under a hollow bank near the Brindlow Wood, in one of Armstrong's Fields. It is a farm now tenanted by William Hulme. Ellen's Grave is well known by all the people thereabouts—any one will point it out. Some years ago three upright stones marked the spot, but one Dewsbury took them up and threw them into the lane—they are no longer to be seen."

A verdict of insanity certainly would have been most correct and humane.—We have a somewhat similar case now passing through the public papers. A young girl of the name of Caroline Packham, living as a servant with Mr. Davies, a Sussex Brewer, fell in love with a young man of the name of James Winburn, but received from him no encouragement to continue her affection; yet as it was quite evident the poor girl was in love to distraction, from a letter she wrote to him enclosing a lock of her hair, he ought to have treated her with tenderness, and at the same time assuring her that it was not in his power to return her affection: instead of which he exhibits the letter on the wall of her Master's Brewery! It appears she saw the young man afterwards but he made no apology for the deed, nor was there any more conversation between them. The next day she was found drowned in a Well. Verdict, "Drowned in an unsound state of mind."

In few of the barbarous usages still retained in our laws, does the spirit of cruelty appear more evident than in cases of Felo-de-se, and the consequent interment of the wretched Suicide without ceremony, and often in unconsecrated ground. Our chief medical men admit, that there is a prostration of the nervous energy in persons who commit suicide under the influence of which, reason may be said to be dethroned.—The act itself is contrary to nature, and the laws of self-preservation: the strongest proof of the fact which can be given. The day on which this note is written, (October 5th, 1848,) Eddowes's Journal records the funeral of a young man of the name of Parry, a Carpenter, who destroyed himself by poison, and was buried by torch-light last Wednesday night, in St. Michael's Church-yard, Shrewsbury, 1,000 people being congregated, when, says the Journal, "the poor fellow's wretched remains were thrown into a hole like a dog, Policemen chiefly being employed in the office of interment."

nearly descending to his knees; thread or silk stockings, and large handsome silver shoe buckles. How long he occupied his "Folly," as it was called after I left that part of the country I am not able to state, nor any other particulars of his history.

ISAAC PODMORE, a brave old Soldier, and for his loyalty and valour had a pension for life. Often have I heard my Grandfather and Isaac conversing about the Wizard of Alderley Edge, the Scotch Rebels, the Duke of Cumberland, and the great Frost in 1739; of the dearness of flour and the brown bread that was eaten in 1748. Mr. Podmore was a sensible man, had served under King George II. at the Battle of Dettingen, and under the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, where he was wounded: a ball passing through his cheeks, had lacerated the roof of his mouth. Hence he spoke very indistinctly, yet by often hearing him discourse, I could understand him perfectly.

SAUNDERS BAYLEY, noted as a quick reaper in the harvest field. In company with other active fellows of the vicinity, he annually visited Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and engaged with the farmers to reap their corn, returning to be in time for the Cheshire harvest. This they called "going a *Cokeing*." On one occasion the company having finished their engagement, prepared to return home, when they were permitted by the farmer to pluck as many pears and apples as they could carry in their pockets and bundle handkerchiefs. Saunders mounted a pear tree, and satisfied himself with the fruit, as did the others. Proceeding on their way home, they stopped after a very long journey without refreshment, at a public-house by the way side, and when they had partaken of the cheer which it afforded, and each was pulling out his purse to contribute his *quota*, Saunders discovered that his money was gone; and as the harvest had been a good one, and he had some money when he left home the loss was severe: but how, or by whose means the purse had been abstracted no one could tell. As suspicion is seldom asleep, Saunders felt quite confident that some one of his companions had robbed him. Each willing to satisfy him, disclosed all the money he possessed, and all declared their innocence. Saunders nevertheless fixed upon one young man belonging to the Militia; words ran very high: the company were divided in their opinion, or rather glad he had fixed upon some one that the rest might be unsuspected. The next year the accused and injured young man refused to make one of their company, nor was he indeed desired: Suspicions had grown into certainty, the supposed robber was avoided by every one, and it was evident from the failure of his health that he was deeply affected.

The Cokers engaged again with their last years' employer. Saunders related and often referred to his grievous loss and great disappointment, and the accused being absent, all joined in the same execration and reproach. "The Tak," as it was called, being again completed, the same indulgence was granted, and Saunders and one or two others ascended the well remembered pear tree, when one of them observed something like a black bag hanging by a string, and which had often been seen by the farmer and his family, and judged to be a dead leaf; when, behold the Providence of God! it was Saunders's purse, and all his money safe and untouched. The mingled feelings of the farmer, who was present, and the whole company, I will not attempt to describe; sorrow for the innocent accused, sorrowing, sinking *Hardy* was the first to manifest itself: joy that Saunders had recovered his hard earnings, and his own contrition and regret followed in quick succession. Saunders hastened home to beg forgiveness, and endeavour to make some atonement for the deep sorrow which he had occasioned: the young man's heart was warm and virtuous, and could not bear the coldness of friends any more than the accusation of Saunders, and had not the discovery been providentially made, the grave would in a short period have closed over the innocent sufferer for ever.

NED HANLEY, an assumed or real Idiot, was the terror of my infant days, yet he was perfectly harmless. On one occasion he was engaged by Mr. Gatley, previously named, to weed his onions: Ned very adroitly pulled up all the onions and left the weeds. He frequently attended Northen Church, and always took care to be seen by Squire Egerton. One Sunday morning, the Squire, who was the quintessence of affability and

kindness, said to him, "Ned, whether wilt thou have sixpence or a shilling this morning?" "Sixpunce, Sur," said Ned very blantly. A stander by, hearing the choice he had made, said to him afterwards, "Why Ned, tha foo, tha should ha said a shillin." "Ned no foo, no foo, had he said a shillin, the Squeyre would ha' gin him nought!"

I remember hearing the story of a Maniac, known in that part of Cheshire by the name of CRAZY JOE. His story as related to me, was that he was the son of a highly respectable Gentleman, but that he fell in love with a servant maid in the family and was determined to marry her: a choice which highly incensed his parents. The young woman being the daughter of a neighbouring Cottager, it was agreed between the parents that the lovely maiden should be sent to service in London. This being known to the parties, a last meeting was agreed upon, which took place in a private lane near the Mansion. The Lovers being observed, two of the labourers on the estate were sent to separate them, and to bring the young man home. A scuffle ensued, and the youth received several severe blows on the head, before he could be subdued. They however forced him to go home and the maid was sent to London. From that time the reason of Joseph was unsettled, and finally perfect derangement took place. The young man either left or was forced from home, and wandered the country round, but more particularly frequented the narrow lane in which he was so cruelly separated from the object of his affections. The story deeply impressed my mind, and it is now nearly fifty years since I composed the following humble verses, which appeared in my "Literary Beauties and Varieties," page 373, in the year 1820.

HAPLESS JOE.

SAY pensive wanderer, where a going,
With look so wild, and pace so slow;
No where I go, alas! not knowing
Who's the friend of hapless Joe.

Once my heart was light and cheerful,
My face was bright with healthy glow;
Now pale and weak, and sad and fearful,
So alter'd is poor hapless Joe.

A father's mansion then received me,
All, all were friends, I knew no foe;
But friends and prospects each deceived me,
And left forlorn poor hapless Joe.

For know, kind Sir, I loved my Nancy,
Tho' poor, the loveliest form below;
Her worth was rare, and more than fancy
Filled the heart of hapless Joe.

Tread lightly, Sir, 'twas here she left me,
The print of Nancy's foot I know!
Three villains first of sense bereft me,
Then tore the maid from hapless Joe.

Now oft along the vale I wander,
And call for Nancy where I go;
I seek, but ah! I cannot find her,
She's ever gone from hapless Joe.

My cruel Father! Heaven spare him!
The sordid cause of all my woe;
With threats so makes the country fear him,
That none dare succour hapless Joe.

Why did I say, may heaven spare him!
Come thunderbolt, and strike him low!
Infernal fiends, now rise and tear him,
Avenge the cause of hapless Joe.

Nay, stop my friend, in safety hear me,
Relieving tears begin to flow;
I never harm, pray do not fear me,
O stay and comfort hapless Joe.

MR. HENSHAW resided at the Hayhead in a handsome lone house, embosomed in trees. Though a Gentleman of some property, from what circumstance I know not, he lived alone; some said disappointed love was the cause of his seclusion from the world. He was a mild, peaceable ECCENTRIC, seldom leaving the village except on Sundays, when with solemn step he wended his way to Deanrow Chapel. He was the only Dissenter in the neighbourhood, and the first I ever knew. To me Mr. Henshaw was a kind and affectionate friend, scarcely ever meeting me without making me a present of apples or other fruit when in season.

George Hankinson, Henry Royle, Peter Taylor, Richard Wood, James and Sally Downes, Thomas Hewitt, Henry Bayley, the Shawcrosses and Gatleys were all affectionate neighbours, and I believe most sincerely sorrowed at parting with "Little Charles the Motherless Boy."

Mr. and Mrs. Potts with tears bestowed their parting blessing, as did good Mrs. Royle. All cheered me with the hope of success in life. Happy Villagers! Venerated Friends! Ye are sleeping in the peaceful grave, where soon also will rest,

My dear Charles's,

Affectionate Father,

C. H.

## LETTER VIII. JOURNEY TO HALTON, NOTICES OF RINGWAY, ALTRINGHAM, BOWDEN, WARRINGTON——DISTRESSING EVENTS, &c.

"Remember what you have been,
Remember what you are."

JUST N.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

As I mentioned in my last, the Sixth of October too soon approached, and previous to that day my honoured Father arrived. The presence of my parent, his gentlemanly appearance, and the handsome mare on which he rode, and which I was to consider as my own, although incapable of subduing my sorrow, tended to render a removal from the house and neighbourhood, I so dearly loved less painful than I had expected. The morning on which we set out for Halton, I took a most affectionate farewell of my neighbours and friends, but especially of my honoured Grandmother Hulbert. With what tenderness did she press me to her bosom, repeating many times, "My dear sweet Charles, I shall never see you again." And true it was, for within two years of that period, her precious remains were conveyed to Bowden Churchyard. The parting from my tender affectionate Grandfather and Grandmother Mottershead and my dear Uncle Samuel, was still more afflicting to my heart; my Grandmother would scarcely be separated from me, but was consoled by my Father with the hope that I should soon grow a great boy and return to them. Mounted on an easy seat behind my Father, I commenced my journey.

ALTRINGHAM was a place I had often desired to visit, particularly from the circumstance, that when I was only four years old, two young gentlemen of the name of Warburton, whose father resided in Altringham, and was proprietor of some fields opposite my Grandfather's residence; used to come over occasionally and make my Grandfather's house their home, at which time I gratefully remember the kind attention they paid to "little Charles," caressing me and placing me on their knees—at the same time endeavouring to make me acquainted with what was passing in the world, particularly the Victories of Admiral Rodney. They also taught me to sing several loyal and patriotic songs, one of which, my dear Son, you will no doubt recollect as having heard your Father repeat. I will notwithstanding give you one verse.

"As for the brags of Washington,
Likewise of cowardly Lee;
We have Clinton and Tarleton,
I extol their bravery.
We have Rodney and Barrington,
Commanders' on the ocean;
And many a brave Officer,
Now waiting for promotion.

Chorus,

With Rodney we will go, we'll go,
With Rodney we will go;
With blue cockades all in our hats,
With Rodney we will go."

By desire of the late Lord Rodney, son of the gallant Admiral, I transmitted to him all I could recollect of the song, accompanied with other particulars gratifying to the Noble Peer.

Commencing our journey from Northen Etchells to Halton, we came first to RINGWAY, and with a sorrowful heart I passed its plain humble Temple of Divine Worship, where the amiable and beloved Mr. Whittaker had with so much kindness and affection made plain to my understanding the grand truths of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ.

Ringway Chapel is built of brick, erected on the site of a former one, in 1720, by the Great Grandfather of the present Lord Crewe, of Crewe, near Nantwich, who gave £200 towards its Endowment; it has since been augmented, and in 1809, according to the Parliamentary Returns, it had been increased to £58 16s. 6d. in 1840, it is stated in

the Clerical List to be £118 a year, and in the Incumbency of the Rev. John Massey, who succeeded Mr. Whittaker.

Ringway was then as at the present period a very humble village or hamlet, consisting of one Inn, at the time we passed it, kept by Peter Goodier, the Grandfather of Isaac Irlam, who providentially saved me from drowning, (page 34,) together with a blacksmith's shop and a few cottages. The smith's shop was occupied by an honest kind-hearted man of the name of Bradley Pass, who, with a husband's affection, had presented his wife with a looking glass, which circumstance, from some peculiarity in Mrs. Pass's *features*, was not a little diverting to my light-hearted schoolfellows, and my Uncles Jasper and Samuel. This very insignificant event presented to my untutored mind the first idea of attempting a Rhyme, but the effort was by far too humble to deserve a record.

From Ringway we gently rode on to ALTRINGHAM, the first Town I had ever seen, this place like Ringway is within the parish of Bowden. The situation of Altringham though but little elevated is cheerful, pleasant and healthy. The principal street which runs through the Town is generally spacious and well built. The proximity of Altringham to the Bridgwater Canal, has contributed most essentially to its prosperity and the introduction of important Manufactories. At the period we passed through the Town, it is probable the township of Altringham did not contain more than 1500 inhabitants, when at the present time, (1848,) that number may be more than doubled.

Ancient as a Town, and increasing in population, it was not until the year 1799, that the inhabitants had the advantage of a Chapel of Ease, and a resident Clergyman. The Incumbency may be worth nearly £200 a year. At the time of my last visit, (1840) the Rev. W. C. B. Cave was Incumbent. The Market is on a Tuesday, granted to Hamon de Massey, by King Edward I. in 1290; it has two Fairs annually, August 5th, or Old St. James's day, provincially called *Samgamtide*, at which time a choice variety of the Pear called *Samgam* Pear was generally ripe and in perfection. The second Fair is on November 22nd, St. Cecilia's day. These Fairs are celebrated for the assembly of lovely females and handsome well-proportioned young men. Altringham has its annually elected Mayor, but who is at present without Magisterial authority.

In the first Topographical Work I ever read, Cowdroy's "Cheshire Directory and Guide," which was purchased from the Author by my Father in 1789, I remember being gratified by reading the following notice of Altringham.

"Some London *idolators* have a *good* natured saying, "that the farther from the Capital, the farther from *Arts* and *Civilization*." This little Town is a striking exception, for though Altringham is 184 miles from the Capital, and 8 from Manchester, it is the seat of a considerable Manufactory in the Worsted branch; and for civilization, though the tradesmen may not have laid in so large a stock of complaisance as some cocknies, they are in possession of a commodity that will last longer and wear better, namely, plain dealing."

Leaving Altringham for some miles as we journeyed along we had on our left the handsome square Tower of Bowden Church frequently in view. How greatly did I long to have visited the consecrated spot, where rest the ashes of my beloved Mother. A good many years afterwards I did visit her grave, the circumstances attending which will be noticed in a future letter.

BOWDEN is an extensive Parish, and may contain at this time nearly 10,000 inhabitants, The Church stands upon a gentle eminence, about a mile distant from Altringham, and is a striking and enlivening object in the scenery for many miles round. From the summit of the steeple there is one of the most extensive and interesting views which the fertile County of Chester can any where present. Memory here fails me, and I do not recollect how many Towns, Parish Churches, &c. were pointed out to me by the civil and intelligent Sexton. During a part of the time I resided in the parish of Eccles, I had the constant enjoyment of a daily view of Bowden Church, towering above the intervening trees and other objects in the landscape. To supply the place of the reality, I have at this moment in my study, placed within my constant view, a beautiful pen and ink Drawing of the revered Church, presented as

a birth-day present by an affectionate Daughter, who, it delights me to observe, is the very image of my darling Mother.

The Parish Church of Bowden is a handsome spacious structure. The interior contains many handsome and interesting Monuments, particularly of the illustrious and Noble Family of the Booths of Dunham Massey, ancestors of the present Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. This Nobleman is Lord of the Manor, but the patronage of the living is vested in the Bishop of Chester. The Rev. W. H. G. Mann was Vicar in 1840, and the Rev. John Kingsley, Curate. The living is estimated at about £500 a year. Other particulars of this, to me the most interesting Parish, are reserved for a later period of my humble Narrative.

About eleven o'clock we entered the Town of WARRINGTON; greatly was I delighted with the sight of so many houses and shops. The mighty river rolling under the magnificent bridge, for so at least they appeared to me, chiefly attracted my attention. My Father rested at the White Bear Inn, Bridge Street, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, and I obtained permission of my parent to view the Town, alone, receiving at the same time a particular charge that I should not venture too far from the Inn. Here for the first time in my life I saw a window crowded with books, pamphlets and engravings, and here too I made my first purchase of any thing in the form of a book from Mr. Eyre, a name still dear to my remembrance. At that time from the bounty of my honoured Grandparents and other relations and neighbours, parting gifts were so abundant that I knew not how to expend my money. O happy, happy, was the period, and how different to that in which this is written. Yet my dear Charles, I have need of constant gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that after all my losses, I have a house to cover me from the tempest, I have a beloved Wife to guide and direct my house, I have a Son and three Daughters who are my constant comfort and protection.

You will my beloved Son very readily believe that I had but little judgment in the selection of Books, nor had Mr. Eyre a great variety, and none such as are now offered on the humblest stall. Penny Histories, Songs and Ballads being the chief assortment. But they were the prevailing Literature of the country at that time, and your Children, my dear Charles, and all my young friends, have need to be thankful for an improvement in this respect, and in the great variety of superior books put within their reach compared with the time of my childhood. You will be anxious to know what were my first purchases, The greatest was "Tim Bobbin's Lancashire Dialect," and "Robin Hood's Garland," others were "Jack the Giant Killer," "Tom Hickathrift," "Guy, Earl of Warwick," "Fair Rosamond," "Simple Simon," several collections of loyal and patriotic Songs, and some melancholy and affecting, as "Death and the Lady," &c. Previous to this my first purchase my collection of books consisted of a small Bible given me by my Grandfather Mottershead, small Book of Common Prayer by my Grandmother Hulbert, Fenning's Spelling Book by my Father, Philip Quarle by my Brother Samuel, and a Child's Book of Riddles and Little Songs by Mary Bayley, sen. These were the beginning of that Library, which like the snow-ball rolling along, in every change of place received an additional accumulation for more than half a century of years; not only increasing in size and number of volumes, but in rarity and value, until the fatal day which saw them a BURNING MASS.

WARRINGTON is a place of great Antiquity, and is supposed by some to have been a British Town before the Roman Invasion, and in the year 79, to have been by the Roman General Agricola, converted into a Roman Station. In the time of the Great Rebellion, being in the possession of the Royal Party, in 1643, were besieged in the Church by the Parliamentarians, who after a siege of five days, they compelled Colonel Norris with about 1600 men to capitulate. Six months afterwards the Town was taken by storm by the Royalists. It was in 1648, again the scene of a bloody Battle between the Parliament Forces and a body of Scotch Troops, when the latter were defeated, and one thousand slain. And again in 1651, the Royalists under Charles II. were defeated by General Lambert, and in 1658, Sir George Booth of Dunham Massey, raised in Cheshire a considerable number of men, opposed to the government of Oliver Cromwell, he

was defeated in the engagement with General Lambert, at Winnington Bridge, near Delamere Forest, and obliged to retreat towards Warrington, were he was intercepted by the garrison of that place, and great part of his Army obliged to surrender. In 1745, the Liverpool Blues intercepted a part of the insurgent Army under Prince Charles Edward, by cutting down the middle arches of the Bridge, the whole party being taken prisoners were sent to Chester Castle.

A Charter for a Market at Warrington was granted by King Edward I. which is held on a Wednesday. The Town consisted at the time I passed through it, of four principal streets: the entrances into the Town were then very unpromising. Population probably not more than 12,000, in 1841, 21,900. Events in my Personal Narrative having a reference to Warrington will be noticed hereafter.

Leaving Warrington and Lachford, we passed Wilderspool and its Brewery, crossed the MERSEY BRIDGE,* rode through Lower Walton, and at Higher Walton we called on Mr. James Taylor, a friend of my Father, and were most kindly and hospitably entertained. I was greatly pleased with the rural

---

* The slightest reference to the MERSEY BRIDGE, brings to my recollection the difference in my feelings and prospects when I crossed its brow on the above occasion, an active healthy, cheerful BOY, full of hope and lively expectation; and when fifty-nine years afterwards, I overlooked its Battlement, a feeble, afflicted, sorrowful MAN, on the point of desperation. The circumstances, which partly induced the difference of feeling, I will briefly relate.

My dear Charles will recollect the visit of his Father and Mother to Slaithwaite, in August, 1845, when, in apparent safety and comfort, placing ourselves in our little Carriage, we left our DEAR CHILDREN, designing to visit various friends, before our return to ProvidenceGrove. When within a few miles of Oldham we encountered a most terrific thunderstorm, and gladly took shelter at an Inn for the night. The next day, being within a few miles of Rochdale, we proceeded to visit John Buckley, Esq. Surgeon, Son of my old Schoolmaster. When returning in the evening, within two miles of Oldham, descending a bank, the iron-work connecting the shafts with the Carriage gave way, and they separated one from the other: here we were at a distance from any house, without cord or any means of repairing the fracture. We stood in the turnpike road for some time, when at length a young man passing by with a waggon, took pity on us, and having a rope in his waggon, he adroitly and quickly tied the shafts to the vehicle, and we proceeded a quarter of a mile, when the heavens assumed the most terrific colour and appearance I had ever witnessed, and instantly they poured upon us such a torrent of rain as compelled us to leave Carriage and Horse in the road, and take shelter in the first house we could approach. Again completely deluged, we returned to our Inn, the kindness of whose inmates I shall never forget, though their names are not at present in my recollection; we stayed all night, next morning after employing a smith to do the repairs, we proceeded on our journey through Manchester to Eccles, and to the residence of my late beloved Brother's Widow; when arriving within a few yards of the door, the same newly repaired iron-work gave way, and the shafts had to be sent down to Eccles for repair. On being completed, we proceeded on our journey and came to Irlams of the Height, when the rain fell in torrents again, and forced us to take refuge in the first Inn we came to, where we stayed all night. Next day we proceeded to Ratcliffe, and called on a very dear old friend, Mr. Speakman, when the rain again fell in the same unmerciful manner, however we proceeded on through Bury to Bolton, and before we reached that Town the rain resumed its fury, and we entered it more like drowned mice than human beings. Here we took shelter at the Head Inn for the night, and proceeded on our journey to Leigh the next day, when before reaching that Town the nave of one wheel giving way, out came several spokes, and we were compelled to walk some distance, glad again for the shelter of an Inn. We stayed here three days before the repairs were completed, when we journied on to Warrington, first purchasing a cord to be ready in case of another accident. The rain still our persecutor, drenched us again; and again a friendly Inn received us for the night. We left next morning and proceeded from Warrington to this said Mersey Bridge, where having just passed through a dreadful road cut up in making a new Bridge, or something of the kind, we were thankful that our horse had drawn us through. We had passed the Bridge about four yards when the same connecting iron gave way, and a fourth time we were unable to proceed a yard: I recollected however that I had bought a cord at Leigh, and I hastened to the carriage box for it, when behold! it had been stolen at the Inn, and we were perfectly helpless. My dear Wife was in the greatest agony, dreading to proceed further in the same conveyance, I had myself been for months afflicted with Asthma, Dropsy, and an Affection of the Heart, so that I was quite exhausted and weakness itself: in a moment of despair, I hastened to the Battlement of the Bridge, and here I said to myself, I will drop into the River and end all my sickness and sorrow at once, when, at the moment of complete desperation, the reflection crossed my mind, what will become of my dear Wife? I shrunk from myself as if I had committed the dreadful crime, and mentally prayed most earnestly that God would forgive me, and I would still live, whatever suffering I might endure. But I had no cord, and the people were so hard-hearted, not one would stop a moment with us, or render the slightest assistance: at last I took the driving reins from the harness, and tied the shafts to the Carriage, and walking by the side of the Horse we proceeded to Walton, and there we stayed some hours and got the iron-work repaired, and so firmly that no one could ever conceive it would fail again. We proceeded through Frodsham and Chester, to good Mr. Belcher's of the Talbot Inn, at Aldford, where we found another wheel had given way, and here we stayed all night and got the wheel securely repaired. Leaving next day about noon, we proceeded through Farndon and Tilston to Malpas, where we rested an hour, in confidence that all was safe, and that our misfortunes were at an end—descending a bank about a mile from the town we were again in the same sorrowful predicament: in a moment the shafts were disengaged from the Carriage, and the Horse frightened and kicking ran away with them. Only think of our state, a timid, frightened aged female, an afflicted aged man, bound to run after and overtake a frantic Horse. I will not attempt to repeat what I then suffered. I however succeeded in bringing the Horse back without further injury being done—but then we had no cord or rope, so I went to a cottage and begged to buy one, of any kind, but the civil and obliging cottagers could not

village of Moore, and soon after with rapture I beheld the mansion of Norton Priory, its delightful park and woods; but above all I was enchanted with the splendid view of Halton Hill, its Christian Temple, its lordly towering magnificent Castle Ruins! With what feelings at that moment I should have repeated those perfectly descriptive lines of Mrs. Hemans, had they then been known.

"Proud Castle though thy days are flown,
When once thy towers in glory shone:
When music through thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung.
Tho' midst thine arches frowning lone,
Stern desolation rears his throne:
And silence deep and awful reign,
Where echoed once the choral strain.
So while dark ruin ling'ring here,
My heart shall hail thee with a tear."

Your's ever Affectionately,

C. H.

as they then thought, assist me in any way, when a kind-hearted young female suggested that "there was the bed rope, and the gentleman can have that, never mind the inconvenience until we can get another."—This was true sympathy and help in time of need. With difficulty from extreme feebleness and oppressive breathing I applied the cord: and full of terror lest another accident should await us. We arrived at Whitchurch, took tea with our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. N. and arrived at Providence Grove the same night, exhausted in purse and spirits, but filled with the most reviving gratitude towards our protecting God.

During the period I have been employed in recording the sorrows and mercies of *nine* successive days, how various and multiplied have been those presented to my recollection, in successive periods of my life: while a still greater number through the darkening shadows of intervening time and circumstances, are beyond the power of memory at one time to review.

## LETTER IX. ARRIVAL AT HALTON, SCENERY FROM THE HILL, HISTORY OF THE CASTLE AND TOWN,—RUNCORN, &c.

Where flows the stream, but sacred relics stand,
To tell of Henry's desolating hand,
Or, ivied wall, sad remnant of a tower,
That fell beneath a Cromwell's lawless power.

My Dear Charles,

I now approach a period of boyish delights, amusements, trials, and sorrows, and in which the merciful hand of a Divine Protector is visibly manifested in many events. Gladly would I record the whole, but from the brevity of the plan of my Narration, many must necessarily be omitted, and exist only a few years or months, in the memory of him, to whom the remembrance is still delightful.

My reception by my Stepmother and my Father's relations resident in Halton, was kind and affectionate. But before I could be prevailed upon to take tea or any refreshment, I ran up the Hill, round the Ruins of the Castle, the Chapel and other interesting objects of that romantic eminence. The astonishment which I felt, at the extent, variety, and splendour of the scenery I beheld before me and around me, I cannot possibly express. No hill had I ever ascended, rivers and vessels floating on their bosom I had never seen; my first desire was that I could bring my dear Grandparents to the same place, to behold the same scene, and feel the same rapture and delight.

You will now, my dear Charles, suppose me after this enjoyment, returned to my anxiously waiting Parents, full of the wonders I had beheld. Being completely refreshed, I looked over my Warrington purchases, at the same time making a thousand enquiries relative to the objects I had seen.—The Castle, Norton Priory, Runcorn, &c. and desired if my dear Father had a

book containing a description, I might be favoured with it; to which he kindly replied, "I have many Books in my collection, but I fear I have not any that will afford you the information you desire: I can only inform you, that the Castle was built by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and destroyed by Oliver Cromwell: and that I have a cannon ball, found in the Ruins, and which ball I will very cheerfully present to you." That most imperishable present I now possess. A more perfect knowledge was left for the attainment of after years, the results of which I have several times brought before the public, though in a form necessarily very much condensed, from being always connected with a variety of other histories and subjects; first, as you will remember, in the "Salopian Magazine" of 1817, afterwards in the "Stranger's Friend," 1825, and subsequently in the "Cheshire Antiquities," 1838.

Agreeably with the plan of this work, and with my own feelings, I will commence the History of my residence at HALTON, in the parish of Runcorn; previously introducing a brief account of each of those interesting places, and some portion of their vicinities: avoiding as much as possible, (consistently with a just description,) what has been published in my former Works. I cannot however find a more suitable motto or introductory lines for my purpose, than those (a little altered) from Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and adopted in the Salopian Magazine.

"SWEET HALTON! loveliest Village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling Spring, its earliest visits pays,
And parting Summer's ling'ring bloom delays;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;
The stately wood, the quickly winding mill,
The decent Church erected on the hill;
The ruined tower, with seats beneath its shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!"

The Antiquities of Cheshire by Sir Peter Leycester, and the Vale Royal of England by King, containing probably the most ancient authentic particulars of Halton, Runcorn, &c. of any authorities to which I can refer, and each of those works having now become extremely rare and valuable, a brief extract or two will not be unacceptable to yourself, or to any other intelligent reader.

KING supposes that Halton takes its name from *haut* or high situation, that the Castle was at first fitting to be both the dwelling and safe hold of its commander. The first hereof, either Hugh Lupus first Earl of Chester; or else Nigellus, to whom Lupus gave Halton, when he made him Constable of Chester. By his posterity, the Castle came afterwards to the house of Lancaster, and retains as yet a large jurisdiction, which extends far into the country, and is called HALTON FEE, or the Honour of Halton, holding a Court of Record and many privileges within themselves."

Sir Peter Leycester says, "The Barons of Halton were Constables of Cheshire in fee, being to the Earls of Chester, what the Lord High Constables of England were to the Sovereign; that they had rank above all other Barons of Cheshire." Roger, the Seventh Baron of Halton, is ranked by Hoveden, "as the most eminent Baron of the realm."

"Roger Lacy was one of those whom King John employed for the safe conduct of the King of Scotland to the Court of England; the same King also sent the said Earl into Normandy to suppress his enemies. He defended a Norman Castle against the French, with such gallantry, that after all his victuals were exhausted, having been besieged almost a year, and as often repulsed the besiegers, he mounted his horse, and rushed with his troops, into the midst of his enemies, choosing rather to die like a soldier, than be starved like a prisoner. He slew many of the enemy, but was at length overpowered and taken prisoner with his soldiers. The French King yielding him some favour for his great honesty and trust in defending the Castle."

"In the reign of Henry II. John, Baron of Halton, gave to Wrono of Stretton, half of Millington, rendering yearly, a little Irish Nag, called a *Hobby*."—From whence comes Hobby Horse.

Cambden writes,—"Beneath," he should have said above, "Runcorn, somewhat within the County, is Halton, the Town and Castle both shew themselves, which Hugh Lupus gave unto Niele, a Norman, to be held by tenure and service, by whose posterity;

through the variable change of time, it is come into the house of Lancaster. Neither would this be over passed in silence, that William, the said Niele's son, founded the Abbey adjoining of Norton, which now pertaineth to the Brooks of ancient descent."

"Alice, daughter of Henry Lacey, who died in 1310, married Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, who became Constable of Chester, and was the Eleventh Baron of Halton; from him the Barony descended to Edward IV. since which time the honour of Halton has been annexed to the Crown."

During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Honour Fee and Manor of Halton were put up to Sale, and purchased by Henry Brooke, Esq. of Norton, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. Halton Park has descended with the Rocksavage Estates to the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who holds the same by lease under the Crown.

The Barons of Halton were authorized to have a Castle and a Prison at Halton, to hold a weekly Market on Saturday, and two Fairs, one for seven days at the Festival of the Virgin Mary, and the other on the Festival of St. Catherine; the Market and Fairs have been long discontinued, they had become at the time of Oliver Crommell of so little importance, that the profit of the four years was only nine pence.

In the year 1617, King James I. paid a visit to Sir Thomas Savage, of Rocksavage. and with his retinue enjoyed the Royal Sport of Hunting, and killed a Buck in Halton Park. Though we have no account in history that King James then visited his own Royal Fortress, we can have little doubt that such would be the fact. England had not at that time the advantage of local Newspapers, it may therefore be fairly concluded that much was often done where little is recorded.

July 22nd, 1644, the Castle was taken from the King by Sir William Brereton, and though we have no account of any defence, I do hope for loyalty's sake the Garrison made some resistance. The survey of the Castle in Cromwell's time describes it as very ruinous.

There are fragments of this Ancient Fortress now remaining, the habitable part of it was rebuilt in the year 1738, and is now a commodious Inn, in which there is a spacious room where the Courts for the Honour are held. A Mr. Kelly at the time of my earliest acquaintance with Halton, kept the Castle Inn, afterwards Mr. John White, each were Parish Clerks. Mr. White was succeeded by Mr. Darwell, whose widow in the course of a long life three times changed her name. Her last husband was a Mr. Bolton. About eight years ago I visited Halton, when not knowing that she had married a third time, I quickly stept into the Bar, enquiring, How is Mrs. Gresty? when Mr. Bolton, whom I supposed to be only a visitor, says, "There's no Mrs. Gresty here now." What, I said, and is poor Mrs. Gresty gone at last! Fifty years have I known and esteemed her? When a female turning towards me, whose face I had not seen, instantly responded, "I am gone to *Bolton*, Mr. Hulbert." This response excited no little merriment.

A Coroner is appointed for Halton Fee, and a Court Leet is held by the Steward of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, in the month of October. The Jurisdiction of the Fee extends over 32 townships, for which Constables are sworn at Halton.

The interior of the Castle Ruins is now a Bowling Green, from which there is an extensive prospect Northward. The Mersey winding through a fertile vale, almost covered with craft of various descriptions at full-tide, with their sails bending to the breeze. The view is splendid beyond description. Not far distant from the Castle, is the Chapel of Halton, it was erected in the year 1718, it is a plain stone building, but even at this time, my dear Charles, it is far more interesting to your Father than the most splendid Cathedral; not only because he there attended to worship his God, sitting by the side of his honoured Parent, but from the remembrance that three years ago, one of the great desires of his heart was accomplished, when he heard his Son, the Incumbent of Slaithwaite, from its pulpit proclaim the great truths of salvation. The Patron of the living according to the Clergy List for 1841, is the Rev. John Collins. The highly esteemed, pious, and now venerable Incumbent the Rev. R. Tweddell. Annual value of the benefice, £157. Population approaching 1400.

About 140 years ago, Sir John Cheshire gave £600 towards the endowment, and in him and his descendants the patronage was vested.

In my time the Rev. T. Trimble was the officiating Minister, and I well recollect on one occasion when he was reading a brief for a Church, or a Fire, one John Frith a wheelwright, in a state of intoxication, sitting in a pew in the gallery near my Father's seat, calls out, "Read up, read up, Mr. Trimble, and if it be any thing about Timber let me hear it." This occasioned a suspension of the service for some time, when Mr. Frith was conducted to the stocks, and had his feet fastened therein. But soon arose a diffioulty; there was no Magistrate nearer than High Leigh, and Frith could not be released without a Magistrates order; it was therefore suggested by my honoured Father, who did not approve of the measure, that the lock should be removed from the stocks: when the prisoner soon made his escape, and the matter ended.

A short distance from the Chapel is the Parsonage, and the Library founded by Sir John Cheshire, for the free use of the Clergy and Gentry of the neighbourhood, the Incumbent is the Librarian with a salary of Ten Pounds. In my time it was never spoken of, it is now well known, and also occupied as a Girls' Sunday School, &c. Near the Library are Almshouses founded by Pusey Brooke, Esq. in 1767. One of the inmates in 1789, I gratefully recollect, Mrs. Hannah Kirkman, she had been a highly respected servant in the family at Norton Priory.

The endowed Free School on the Edge, for Scholars to be taught to read their Bibles, under the Mastership of Mr. John Buckley, was a very popular and efficient Seminary. A new School was erected some years ago, a short distance from the old one. In my late journies to Halton, it has been my delight to visit that School, in which I recognized the old desks before which I sat when learning to write. By favour of the Master, I have occasionally addressed the Scholars, encouraging them to attention, industry and perseverance. My last visit was in September, 1844, when I had great happiness in observing the kind attention paid to the School, by their appointed Ministers, and in leaving with the Scholars presents of small books in remembrance of my visit. Halton School had indeed risen to considerable eminence in the time of Mr. Buckley, during the years 1786 to 1790; nor was the instruction there conveyed, confined to one sex alone. The daughters of the most respectable inhabitants were among the pupils, and some of them, according to the conceptions of my mind, were certainly paragons of beauty. Most, if not all of them, are now sleeping in the dust; the last living within my knowledge, was the late Miss Pickering, whose favour to my Publications I shall never forget, and whose memory I shall ever revere. She died unmarried in 1845.

Having, as before stated, so frequently in my love for the place, brought the village of Halton before the public; I have in this humble description, endeavoured to avoid a repetition as far as the faithfulness of History would permit.

Before I revert to events more particularly connected with my own Personal History, the inhabitants: particular occurrences: improvements: customs, &c. I will briefly glance at the once insignificant village, inferior to Halton, but now the flourishing inland Port and Market Town of

## RUNCORN.

"Methinks her gen'rous sons before me stand,
Where the broad River leans against the land;
The slow Canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

THE TRAVELLER.

Having previously in several Publications given an account of Runcorn, as in the case of Halton, it will be my endeavour on the present occasion, briefly to introduce such particulars as have not hitherto appeared in my former publications. The Rev. Mr. Cox in his Magna Britannia, published in the beginning of the last century, thus describes Runcorn.

"This place is called in the Saxon Annals *Runcofan*, and by Henry of Huntingdon *Runcoven*, built 150 years before the Conqueror's reign, by Queen Edelfleda, sister of King Edward the elder, and wife to Ethelred, a petty Prince of the Mercians, who after her husband's death, governed the Province for eight years in very troublesome times, to her great honour. Runcorn has still a Parish

Church, but is only a Vicarage. The Great Tithes being appropriated to Christ Church, Oxford. Here was a Religious House of great repute, founded by the said Edelfleda. The Town is now reduced to a few cottages."

At the same period, in 916, Ethelfleda, as we shall now call her, founded the Town of Runcorn, she built a Castle, traces of which still remain, at a place still called the Castle Rock. A Monastery of Canons Regular, or Augustinians, was originally founded at Runcorn, by William, son of Nigel, Baron of Halton, about the year 1133; but by his son, also named William, was subsequently removed to Norton. The Parish Church is of great antiquity, for we read in the Ancient Roll, that Nigel, Baron of Halton, gave the Church of Runcorn to Wolfrith a Priest, his brother, in the reign of the Conqueror. It is situated on a rock overhanging the river, formerly if not now, surrounded with trees, dedicated to St Bartholomew, not to *All Saints;* in the patronage of Christ Church College, Oxford. Value of the living in 1841, £294. The present Vicar is the Rev. John Barclay; his Curate, Rev. ——Drewe, clergymen of high repute, and greatly esteemed by their Parishioners.

Even a glance at the interesting memorials of departed Inhabitants crowding the Church and Churchyard, would greatly exceed the limits of this Publication; a few only can be noticed, of which are the following.

On a pyramidical mural monument of grey and white marble, is inscribed:

In memory
of Sir John Chesshyre,
who departed this life
on the xv of May,
MDCCXXXVIII.

A wit's a feather and chief's a nod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Within the altar-rails is another monument by Bacon. Over the inscription is a female figure binding a wreath round an urn, on which is a medallion ornamented with a profile of the deceased.

In memory of
Sir Richard Brooke,* Bart.
of Norton Priory,
who died March 6th, 1795, in the 42nd year of his age:
every action of his life displayed
such a benevolent disposition and goodness of heart,
that his death was universally lamented,
but most of all by
his relict Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart.
of Saighton, in this county,
who erected this monument
as a memorial of his worth and of her affection.

An affecting mural marble monument, in imitation of a Scroll, bears the following inscription:

In remembrance
of
[illegible],
Wife of Sir Richard Brooke,
of Norton Priory, Baronet,
who died,
April the 13th, Anno Domini 1825,
in the 39th year of her age;
leaving her husband and ten children
to lament their irreparable loss.
She was the second Daughter of
Sir Foster Cunliffe,† of Acton
Denbighshire, and of Saighton
in this County, Baronet.

On a stone in the church yard, erected to the memory of the Rev. W. E. Keyt, M. A. late Vicar of Runcorn, who died March 9th, 1816, aged 48 years, erected by his sorrowing Parishioners, the following beautiful and affecting lines are inscribed.

The villager with aching breast,
And sorrow in his tearful eye,
Exclaims, The friend is here at rest,
Who taught me how to live and die;

* The manly form, the open and generous countenance of Sir Richard, the elegance, grace and loveliness of Lady Brooke, I well remember; I believe her Ladyship still survives her honoured and beloved Husband.

† The family of Cunliffe are of undoubted Saxon origin. At a very early period they had a house and lands bearing the name of Cunliffe, at Billington, near Whalley, county of Lancaster. The family continued in possession of the Hall and Lands till the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. They were afterwards seated at Willcolla in the same county.

The importance and character of this ancient family may be estimated by the facts, that Foster Cunliffe, Esq. was Member of Parliament for Liverpool, and that his son Sir Ellis Cunliffe, Knight, was created a Baronet in 1759. In 1785, the elegant mansion of Acton Park, near Wrexham, was purchased by Sir Foster Cunliffe, who enlarged the house and embellished the grounds. Thirty years previous to which, the Grandfather of Sir Foster had purchased and become possessed of the Manor, &c. of Saighton, in the county of Chester; hence "of Acton and Saighton." Sir Foster died in 1834, and was succeeded by his son Sir Robert Henry. With delight I record that one of his elegant lovely Nieces, daughter of Brooke Cunliffe, Esq. of Erbistock Hall in Flintshire, is now a resident of Shropshire, being the Lady of the Rev. William Henry Egerton, M. A. Rector of Whitchurch, son of the late Rev. Sir Philip Grey Egerton Baronet, of Oulton Park, in the county of Chester. I scarcely need to reiterate the remark, that the family of Egerton is one of the most ancient and distinguished in the county of Chester.

This lesson to my sons I'll teach,
They to their sons this lesson give;
And my departed pastor preach,
To those who shall hereafter live.

On a tomb-stone near the south wall, over the body of Robert Cheshire, Esq. son of Thomas Cheshire, Esquire, of Rocksavage Lodge, is the following inscription:

Underneath this stone
lie the remains of
Robert Cheshire, of Rocksavage,
he departed this life,
Septr. 9, 1802, aged 27 years.

'Tis mine to-day to moulder in the tomb,
To-morrow may thy awful summons come;
Wake thou that sleepest, awake and know,
Thy dream will terminate in endless woe.
Wake and contend for heaven's immortal prize,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Secure then mayest thou recollect the past,
And with a sacred triumph meet thy last.

Mr. Robert Cheshire was the son of my Father's first Cousin. In Runcorn churchyard rest many dear and honoured relatives.

On a brass plate near the centre aisle of the church, is the following inscription, which with great cheerfulness I record, as keeping in remembrance the existence of a worthy Clergyman, who, in his day, was a generous benefactor to the Chapel and School of my beloved Halton.

Here lieth interred the
body of John King, clerk,
who died the 28th day of
February, anno D'ni 1635.
He gave towards the man-
tayneing of a preacher in
the chappel of Halton V£.
yearly for ever out of his
land. To the poore and schoole
of Halton VI£. yearly for
ever. VIIIs. yearly for ever
to the mending of the ways
in Halton. And Ursula his wife
hathe given £30. for a stock to the
poore whomen in Halton.

The ancient and venerable Church consists of nave, chancel, and side aisles; the pillars in the south aisle were removed to make room for a gallery. The nave and chancel are separated by a screen ornamented by carved work, above which is a rood loft. A few windows of stained glass still remain.

Since writing the foregoing notice of Runcorn Parish Church, I have been favoured with a letter from an intelligent and highly valued friend. Mr. Thomas Watts, dated November 27th, 1848, in which he states, "The Parish Church of Runcorn has been rebuilt, and stands partly on the old site, it is much larger than the former, and will seat about 1,000 hearers; it is a complete specimen of the Old English Architecture."

This new commodious and handsome structure was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Chester, January 11th, 1849, who was highly pleased with the appropriation of the sittings, 370 of which are free, in addition to 158 for the use of the children of the parish. The cost of the erection about £10,000, raised partly by subscription, and partly by money borrowed on the rates.

Of Trinity Church, which I had great happiness in attending about four years ago, and hearing an excellent sermon from the talented Incumbent, the Rev. James Cox, Mr. Watts says, "the Church will seat about 800 hearers.has had an Organ some time. Mr. Cox's Curate is thr Rev. H. Rees."

Besides the preceding there are two Floating Churches supplied by the Clergy of the former. There is also a handsome Church at Weston Point, erected a few years ago, chiefly for the watermen of the Weaver Navigation, which Navigation is closed from 12 o'clock on Saturday night, to 12 o'clock on Sunday night. An example worthy of universal imitation.

Runcorn which in my early days contained only one place of worship, (the Parish Church,) now contains thirteen; comprising 4 belonging to the Established Church, 2 Wesleyan Methodists, 1 Primitive Methodist, 3 Independents, 1 Welsh Independent, 1 Baptist, and 1 Roman Catholic.

The Brunswick or Wesleyan Chapel, is a substantial building, lately improved and enlarged under the superintendence of Mr. Hedley, Slate Manufacturer. I remember the period when the first efforts of the Wesleyan Methodists were made in these parts to introduce a more zealous observance of the doctrines and duties of the National Church, for be it observed, and I would humbly submit the fact to the consideration of candid Methodists and Churchmen of the present day, that the original design of the Reverend John Wesley, was not to *leave** the

*Mr. Wesley through the whole of his long laborious life maintained the same sentiments, and when near its closing period

Church, but to *reform* it. His designs were misunderstood, and his followers met with violent opposition. Mr. William Myles was the first itinerant Preacher who succeeded in forming a Society of Methodists in Runcorn. In 1807, twenty-four years afterwards, a Chapel was opened by Mr. Myles, and Mr. Valentine Ward, a native of Shropshire, whom I knew and highly esteemed. You will remember my dear Charles, that the Preaching of Mr. Ward led to the Conversion of James Lackington, the great Bookseller of Finsbury Square, London, who had sunken into the depths of infidelity, and with much falsehood and ridicule had assailed the Methodists.

The New Town Hall is an erection of considerable advantage, containing the News Room and other Offices. The Market is on Friday. Fairs, last Friday in April and the last Friday in October. An incredible number of Sheep are slaughtered every week by the Messrs. Prescot, for the Liverpool Market, and whose purchases frequently add life to our Shrewsbury Fairs. Boarding Schools, Day Schools, and Sunday Schools afford opportunities for the instruction of the rising generation, while numerous Religious and Charitable Institutions manifest the kind and generous feelings of the inhabitants, in conjunction with those of Halton and surrounding neighbourhood.

The inns, shops, and other business establishments are upon a most respectable scale. In Runcorn are two of the most extensive Soap Manufactories probably in the World. That of Messrs. Johnson, paying if I mistake not, in wages and excise duty, £2,000 a week, and that of Messrs. Hazlehurst more than half that amount. I have not attempted to speak of the vast establishments, docks, warehouses, &c. originated by the late Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgwater, and now the property of his illustrious relative, Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere: and whose spirit and enterprise are the medium of prosperity and wealth to Runcorn, Preston Brook, and even Halton and vicinities. Long may his Lordship live, an honour and a blessing to mankind.

The population of Runcorn in 1801, was 228 houses, and 1397 inhabitants; at the present time, (1849) probably five times that number; in 1841, the whole parish contained 13,207. I should think in the year 1786 when I first knew it, a VILLAGE only, there could not be more than 800 inhabitants in the Township.

There was at that time only one provision store of any considerable extent, and that was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, from whom have descended several of the principal Tradesmen of the Town.

In January, 1847, it is recorded that 309

---

he declared, "I live and die a minister and a member of the Church of England, and none who regard my opinion will ever depart from it."—The late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, Author of one of the most copious, learned, and popular Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures, says, "The religious principles of the Methodists are those of the Church of England; and those alone." The Dr. further says in a letter addressed to a strenuous advocate for Episcopal ordination, "I consider the Church of England the purest national church in the world. I was brought up in its bosom; I was intended for its ministry. I have been a methodist for half a century, I have been a preacher for forty-three years, and am highly deceived indeed, if I be not without any abatement, a *thorough member of the Church of England*. Its *doctrines* and its *sacraments*, which constitute the essence of a church, I hold conscientiously as it holds them. I reverence the *Liturgy* next to the *Bible*; I proclaim its doctrines, and administer its sacraments, not only in the same *spirit* in which *it* holds and administers them, but also in the same *words* or *form*. I also reverence its *orders*, and highly esteem its *hierarchy*; and have not a particle of a dissenter in me; though I love and esteem ALL GOOD MEN and ABLE MINISTERS wherever I find them. I could not, with my *faith* and *feelings*, receive any kind of dissenting orders: so here I am, without *holy orders*, without *pretended* holy orders, preaching according to my power the unsearchable riches of Christ; and God, in his endless mercy, has made this preaching his power to the salvation of some hundreds of souls, both in the three kingdoms and abroad." He also adds, "Even now, at this age of comparative decripitude, I would rejoice to have that ordination, if I might with it have the full liberty to preach Jesus, wherever I could find souls perishing for lack of knowledge. The methodists as a *body*, are *not dissenters*, and I trust never will be, though we are not episcopally ordained, and hold separate places of worship; but this has been of necessity, not of choice."

It has often appeared to my humble conception, a very great oversight in the Parent Church in not holding out a friendly hand to her pious and zealous daughter of Wesleyan name: and I should think the daughter not only undutiful, but unwise, if she did not do all in her power for the honour and safety of her venerable parent. Their interests are undoubtedly the same—though something like indifference may appear to exist, love still remains in the *old* Methodist Connexion. The Liturgy has still a place in their great Chapels. Their ministers administer the sacraments in the same spirit and words, and the communicants receive the consecrated elements in the same attitude of kneeling.—And is it not a fact, that numbers of the principal ministers and members of the Wesleyan Church educate their sons for the ministry of the Church of England.

Many there are I believe, who feel and think like Dr. Clarke. In my youth I had the privilege of sometimes attending his ministry, and among my losses by Fire, were manuscripts and letters in the Doctor's own handwriting, he died of Cholera deeply lamented, August, 1832.

vessels had arrived at the Port during the past year, and upwards of 180 vessels received Cargo Export from thence, and 90 vessels arrived from Foreign Ports. Runcorn is now a bonded Port, including Weston Point, Frodsham, and Widness. The River Flats I have been informed are not subjected to any formalities. Buildings are progressing rapidly, and instantly meet with tenants. There are three Printing and Book establishments, which indicate the improved taste of the Town and love of Literature.

In the year 1817, a Meeting was held at Liverpool with the design of promoting a Chain Bridge, which the late Mr. Telford then, not only considered practicable, but might be erected for £84,990, and completed in three years and less. The advantages of such a Bridge, situated as Runcorn is, with the first-rate water conveyance to every Town within the connection of Runcorn, are rather more questionable, than as they appeared when Mr. Telford gave his estimate. Of the Railroad from Liverpool to Runcorn Gap, I have little information.

The Parish of Runcorn comprises Twenty Townships, each deserving a separate notice had we space and opportunity.

THELWALL was an ancient Town, built or restored and garrisoned in 920 by Edward the elder. William Lacy being then Constable of Chester, and Lord of Halton, gave a third of the Manor of Thelwall to the Abbot and Convent of Shrewsbury. It affords me the highest pleasure to notice even the slightest connection at any time between the Parish of Runcorn and Shrewsbury.

CLIFTON, in which is Rocksavage: the remains of the Hall and Castle are scarcely visible, yet many are the historical reminiscences connected with it. Sir John Savage its founder, died in 1597, his son was murdered in 1609, by Ralph Bathurst, who on being accused, refused to plead, and was pressed to death on the 13th July in the same year. As previously noticed, it was visited in 1617 by King James, where His Majesty and all his retinue were royally entertained.

STOCKHAM. The whole Manor is the property of Sir Richard Brooke. The principal farm has long been in the occupation of the Nixons. The late Mr. Mordecai Nixon whom I well knew, was a man of excellent personal appearance and admirable character; and when my Great-Aunt Cheshire bestowed upon him her lovely daughter, he received a gift in my opinion worthy of a Prince.

NORTON is a pleasant rural and quiet village. The Priory and Lordship were purchased of the King in 1545, by Richard Brooke, Esq. son of Thomas Brooke, Esq. of Leighton near Nantwich, whose family had settled in that township, as early as the reign of Henry III. Henry Brooke, Esq. descendant of the above, who had been four times Sheriff of the County, during the civil wars, and in the protectorate of Cromwell, and had been the purchaser of Halton, was in 1662 created a Baronet by King Charles II. The title and estate are now most worthily enjoyed by Sir Richard Brooke, Bart.

Norton Priory was besieged by the royalists, in the early part of the year 1643; a pamphlet of that date says, "they brought cannon with many horse and foot and fell to batter on the sabbath day; Mr. Brooke had eighty men in the house; we were careful he should lack no powder; with all other things Master Brooke furnished them fully. A man upon the tower with a flag in his hand cryde them ayme, while they discharged their cannon, saying "wide my lord on the right hand; now wide two yards on the left; two yards over my lord, &c. He made them swell for anger when they could not endamage the house, for they only wounded one man, having lost forty-six of their own, and their canoneer." The present mansion is a modern building, but part of the substructure of the monastery, in which is a door-way of Saxon architecture, still remains, being fitted up as a cellar. In the first volume of Buck's Antiquities is a view of the old mansion, which appears to have been built soon after the dissolution of the monastery.

The present Baronet was born August 16th, 1785, and succeeded his Father, Sir Richard in the year 1795. He married Harriot second daughter of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart. who died in 1825, leaving a numerous, most amiable and dutiful, family as recorded on her monument, see page 57. The devoted happy pair thus separated by death, had in life only one heart and one mind, they lived for each other, and for the happiness of their family, their friends, tenantry, neighbours,

servants, and their country; as the whole county can testify. In the pleasure grounds attached to the mansion, in an Eden like sequestered grove, a pillar is erected by the bereaved Baronet, which records the demise of Lady Harriot Brooke, and that in the society of her husband, and "affectionate family," she spent many hours of real domestic blessedness. I have looked upon the pillar with feelings of deepest sympathy, and regret exceedingly, not having a copy of the brief, but affecting inscription.

Many and pleasing are my recollections of Norton Priory. I remember my dear Charles, its present beloved venerable possessor, an active dear little fellow, just attired in boys dress, attending Halton Chapel with his Parents, &c. I remember Mr. Buckley attending Norton Priory to instruct the future Baronet in writing, at the same time he had your Father under his tuition for the same purpose at Halton School. I remember John Speakman the old faithful bailiff, Mr. Bowyer the head Butler, and the good old housekeeper, whose portraits still keep their places in the steward's room. I remember Mr. Carr, *the Schemer*, as he was designated by the workmen, and Mr. Anderson, the clever head gardener—who with great kindness often took me with him to the Hall, where I had the good fortune to be more than a little esteemed and caressed,—and *now* from the disinterested kindness I receive on every visit to that revered mansion, I gratify myself with the belief, that there are still more than one, two or three, who feel equal affection to your Father, with those long mouldering in the dust, by whom he was cheered and beloved in early life. Three of their names appear in the list of Subscribers to my present volume, as do two of them in that of my list pertaining to the Sunday Reader and Preacher, and they have my true esteem and grateful remembrance in return.

Preston Brooke, or rather Preston on the Hill, another important township, two and a half miles from Runcorn, is a place of considerable trade, situated at the junction of the Bridgwater Canal, with the Grand Trunk Canal, on the high road from Warrington to Chester, and has now a Railway Station and a Post Office. There are warehouses, &c. belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, and a Floating Chapel supported entirely by his Lordship's bounty. At this place, July 30th, 1846, on the occasion of His Royal Highness Prince Albert visiting Liverpool, as the Railway Carriage passed, though very rapidly, I had a glimpse of the illustrious Consort of my beloved Queen. Little more than a mile from Preston Brooke, and near to Halton, is Hallwood House, originally erected by Thomas Cheshyre, Esq. and his residence; afterwards of his son the good and benevolent Sir John Cheshyre, the great friend of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man. The Hall is now occupied as a Boarding School, by a Gentleman who has the character of conducting the establishment with great ability, attention and judgment.

Weston, or Weston Point, is a neat village, delightfully situated at the conjunction of the Rivers Mersey and Weaver. Sometime ago, if not now, it was possessed in parcels by the representatives of the late Robert Cheshire, Esq. It has a Church as previously named, and is fast rising in importance and population. Two and a half years ago, I visited the place, and received timely shelter, and entertainment, at an excellent Inn, from a deluging thunder-storm which then happened, and created some alarm and temporary inconvenience.

Leaving with regret, several other portions of the parish of Runcorn unnoticed, I hasten the continuance of my Narrative of Events, and other particulars pertaining to the ever revered Village of Halton.

Your's most Affectionately,

C. H.

# LETTER X. RESIDENCE AT HALTON, SCHOOL EVENTS AND CUSTOMS, SCHOOLMATES, FAMILY CONNECTIONS, DOMESTIC INCIDENTS, &c.

"How dear to the heart are the scenes which have glided
Away on Time's pinion to greet us no more;
Tho' years may have lapsed since those joys were divided,
They're still in the Mem'ry a vision of yore.
A word, or a flow'r, or a song, may awaken
The fine chord of being the soul once enjoyed,
Ere the freshness and fondness of youth had partaken
Of Sorrow's dark stream, which their beauties destroyed.

How fondly we cherish each trifling remembrance
The hand of Affection once clasp'd as its own;
We gaze on, till Fancy can trace a resemblance
'Twixt feelings that move us and those which have flown.
We call up each scene with a tender emotion;
With miserly fondness we treasure them all;
And how strange to the heart is the mingled commotion
Of love and regret, which their mem'ries recall."

R. R.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

As in every other place wherever I have resided, events the most cheering and also afflictive have been commingled in the cup of life, so they were at Halton: the first two years of my abiding were those of happiness and daily improvement in knowledge; the latter period was not without its diversity of shade.

After so long a digression, you will imagine my dear Charles, that I have forgotten the little spoiled boy just arrived at Halton, from Northen Etchells. Not quite so, though I again confess, that my Personal History seems to be of so little consequence, that I rather reluctantly enter upon its relation. I will however proceed.

My Father, as previously intimated, having a design eventually to send me to College, lost no time in sending me to School; and as I had read the Bible so often over, I was introduced into the Seminary as a scholar of higher rank than those educated on the foundation. I consequently commenced my studies by reading Æsop's Fables, English History and Geography:* Poetry and Books of Entertainment, and finally I rose to the junior Latin Form, receiving instruction

* In my Geography there was a brief introduction to Astronomy, and having in remembrance the dispute between John Gatley and Samuel Shawcross. I lost no time in making myself acquainted with the first principles of that elevated science, and was soon enabled pretty correctly to comprehend the structure of the solar system; and that the sun was placed in the centre of that system, and the earth and other planets moved round in constant and perfect regularity. I afterwards learned, that the opinions of Samuel Shawcross were those of the Ancient Romans, conquerors of Britain; and that in the time of their Emperors, they believed that the earth was a flat surface, and that night was occasioned by the sun retiring behind high mountains. Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries mentions a rumour, that in the Isle of Man, nights were of thirty days duration. John Gatley's notion that the sun moves round the earth was the Ptolemaic System, and until the 16th century the prevailing opinion of the world, and indeed even at this day numbers of aged country people in Cheshire and Shropshire, and I may add in every part of the Kingdom, maintain the same opinion. About forty years ago, a Mr. Parkes delivered lectures in various parts of the Kingdom, and also published a lecture in which he endeavoured to show that the ancient belief that the sun, moon, and stars revolved round the earth was the true one, and that their motions and distances were very absurdly and erroneously calculated. He made some converts, but his opinions and himself soon fell into contempt. The Pythagorean, Copernican or Newtonian system, as previously intimated, became to my mind not only the only credible one, but I learned from a very humble but useful little work, "Fisher's Young Man's Companion," that "Although the number of stars that can be descerned by the naked eye are seldom more than 1090, yet it is probable there are many more, which are beyond the reach of our optics; for through telescopes they appear in vast multitudes every where dispersed throughout the whole heavens: and the better our glasses are, the more of them we still discover. Those that think that all these glorious bodies were created for no other purpose than to give us a little dim light, must entertain a very slender idea of the Divine wisdom; for we receive more light from the moon itself than from all the stars put together. And since the planets are subject to the same laws of motion with our earth, and some of them not only equal to, but vastly exceed it in

in Writing at the same time. My anxiety to learn, and my love of learning were intense, consequently I had the honour and happiness to find myself at the head of every Class† in Grammar, Spelling, and Reading. Mr. Buckley, (afterwards the Rev. John Buckley,) was a kind, judicious instructor, for the time in which he lived. At that time the cane and ferule were deemed indispensible requisites in the instruction of youth, especially in Schools of a public nature. Mr. Buckley was probably as tender in the use of those terrific engines of discipline as any other master in the country, and never once as I recollect, corrected "Little Charles," now fast losing that endearing appellation, with either of the weapons. Though Mr. Buckley would often award to me honour and commendation, he left it to my diligence to make myself acquainted with the Rules of Grammar, and to commit portions of it, and of History, Fables, &c. to memory; in this manner all the instruction I ever received was imparted, by each of my several instructors. No friendly teaching, no historical or scientific Catechisms to afford assistance. Knowledge then could only be acquired by drudgery and incessant labour; happily those times are gone by never to return, and from the facility now afforded to the scholar, knowledge is acquired with *railway* speed.

Not long before my leaving Halton, Mr. Buckley retired from the School, and soon after obtained orders in the Church of England, and was Incumbent of a small Chapel, I think called "The Heights," which in my journies into Yorkshire, I have often seen and beheld with reverence; it is situate on a hill, a little distance from Delph, on the left, passing from that place to Marsden. Seven or eight years ago, being on the road in view of the Chapel, an old man being at work on the turnpike road, I enquired if that was the Chapel at which Mr. Buckley formerly preached? "O yes Sir," he said, Did you happen to know him? "Very well," he replied, "I attended his Church as long as he lived, and a good man he was, his son John is now a great Doctor in Rochdale." This testimony to the worth of my old instructor, was delightful to me, and from that moment I was determined to pay his son a visit, and I did so as mentioned. (page 52.) Though when his parents resided at Halton, he was only a little boy 6 or 7 years old, yet I had a hope he would have recollected me, but I found that my beloved Halton itself was scarcely in his remembrance, notwithstanding he had lived there nearly as long as myself, we had however a very pleasant meeting. This shows how differently hearts may be affected in infancy and after life. Little "Jackey Buckley" was perfectly clear in my recollection, and is among the few of my fellow schoolmates now living to read these memorials. Two others only remain with whom I ever have the happiness to converse, Mr. Halton, living in Norton Village, and Mr. Samuel Crimes, living probably in the house in which he was born, at Halton. It is generally stated that in the course of 60 years, two generations of men live and die on the earth; then since the period I went to Halton School, so many of the inhabitants of the world have passed from time into eternity. How vast the number seems, and how awful the consideration

---

magnitude, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that they are all habitable worlds. And if we ascend as far as the smallest star we can see, shall we not then discover innumerably more of these glorious bodies which now are altogether invisible to us? And so *ad infinitum*, through the boundless space of the universe. What a magnificent idea must this raise in us, of the Divine Being, who is every where, wisdom and goodness, amongst all his creatures!"

All my subsequent reading has tended to confirm me in the belief, that millions and thousands of millions of habitable worlds are scattered through the immensity of space—and that with the velocity, I have humbly ventured to suggest, (page 38 of this volume) I may possess after death, gratefully adoring the Eternal Creator, I may pass from world to world and learn the capabilities, modes of existence and degrees of happiness enjoyed by the countless myriads of intelligences inhabiting a boundless creation. With what delight I should even now view a starry scene from the monster Telescope of Lord Rosse, or that of the late Dr. Herschel, were it in existence. As it is, without such aid, I can look up to the heavens and with the Royal Psalmist rapturously exclaim! "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

† I take great delight in calling to my remembrance the kindness of my honoured Father at this time, I hope my dear Son, and every other reader, will excuse the following simple anecdote in its illustration.

My Father was a truly ingenious man, and had a variety of workmen's tools. One day I observed him quite engaged in manufacturing a splendid Bow, and Arrows, and I imagined they might be for his Son Charles who was fond of Archery, but as he said nothing, I ventured to say very humbly, Father if you please, for whom are you making these fine Bow and Arrows? He with a smile replied, "For a very good little boy, Jemmy Booth, first scholar in Grammar and History in Mr. Buckley's School." O no Father, I replied, your Son is the first boy in every class of reading in the school, they cannot be for Jemmy Booth. I need not say to whom the prize was kindly and generously awarded, nor with what delight it was received by the vain, but grateful little boy.

If the calculation be in any degree a correct one, that there are one thousand millions of human beings on the face of the globe at this moment. Suppose there were six hundred millions at the time I went to Halton School, the average of sixty years may be eight hundred millions, then, double that number of individuals have lived and died on the earth within that period. Who but an infinite God can know and recognize the whole? But again, how small is that number compared with the millions who passed through time before them, and how many generations may succeed them, yet every individual of the vast inconceivable multitude must appear before the judgment seat of Him who gave them life.

Before I proceed to the relation of Events, &c. I will, beg your indulgence, my dear Charles, while I again refer to family connections and history, on the Father's side.

Ever since the first time I had the happiness of your company to Halton in the year 1819, you have been acquainted with our dear relatives of the family of Blythe. To know, the members to whom you have been introduced, has only been to honour their worth and to love their character. The present John Blythe, Esq. now venerable in years, is the only surviving son of the late Mrs. Blythe, who died in August, 1846, in her 89th year, of which more particulars hereafter. In conversation with Mr. John Blythe, who is something in advance of my own years, the following particulars were illicited.

That the Grandmother of John Blythe, Margaret Cheshire, was sister to Damaris Hulbert, the Grandmother of Charles Hulbert; that these sisters were the daughters of John and Damaris Higginson, (see page 26.) I will speak first of my Aunt Margaret, I remember her very well, bearing all the the marks of former loveliness.—She was lower in stature than my lofty Grandmother. Margaret was twice married, she first won the heart and affections of a Mr. Burton, a highly respectable gentleman of the Society of Friends, who had property in Sutton, and where he erected a Chapel, which building still remains as a dwelling-house, and which I have several times visited: with my Aunt he resided at Halton Lodge, or Rocksavage Lodge as it is often called, where he died leaving issue—Margaret, afterwards married Mr. Cheshire, another equally respectable gentleman, stated to be of a collateral branch of Sir John Cheshyre previously noticed. By Mr. Cheshire she had many children, when he dying, she continued to reside at Halton Lodge where she died, and was succeeded by her son Mr. Thomas Cheshire. By her first husband she had Dr. Burton, who lived in Warsington, but died before my residence in Halton. His daughter who is still living, married a Mr. Johnson, father of Messrs. J. and T. Johnson, proprietors of the extensive Soap Manufactory in Runcorn, previously recorded. By her second husband, Margaret had Thomas aforesaid, Elizabeth married Mr. Anderson, Mary married Mr. Rowson of Grappenhall, Margaret married to Mr. Mordecai Nixon, and Anne who married the Rev. Richard Blythe, Incumbent of Halton, whose Deed of Admission into the Holy Order of Priests by the Bishop of Chester, September 24th, 1769, I have now before me, and venerate it as a relic. By Anne Cheshire, Mr. Blythe had three sons, John, Thomas and William. It is a singular incident, long and often lamented, that immediately after the birth of William, and during his wife's confinement, Mr. Blythe without any apparent reason whatever, suddenly left his Home, his lovely young Wife and Family, never to return. Rumour and report said that he had engaged as Chaplain on board a King's Ship, I do not think that it was ever clearly ascertained, yet that report in after years impressed the mind of his son Thomas with the desire and intent to go to sea, in the hope that in the course of Providential events, he might happen to meet his Father.* To gratify the youth, his Mother engaged him to a Merchant in Liverpool.

In the year 1796 or 97, when I last saw him he was on a visit to his Aunt Anderson at Manchester, he had been a first mate, and also had the command of a Merchant Vessel. On the occasion named he generously offered me

* A very interesting story was related some years ago, by a Young Missionary at a Public Meeting, who stated that having in infancy been committed to the waves by his Father, and taken up by a King's Ship; he became a favourite of the Captain and the crew, was in an engagement at sea, and had the office of conducting wounded men to the Surgeon, &c. when, to the great astonishment of all parties, one of them happened to be HIS OWN FATHER.

his whole purse, which I unfortunately declined, for shortly afterwards entering into the King's service, his Vessel was taken by the French, money lost, and himself eighteen months a prisoner in France; he however returned to England, and from Liverpool he addressed a letter, which is now before me, to his honoured parent, in which he describes the sufferings he had endured, and intimates his intention of resting some time before he ventured again on a seafaring life. He however soon engaged in his dangerous profession, and finally perished on the Coast of Africa. Thomas was my companion and friend when at school, and often did he protect me from the persecution of jealous boys, whom I happened to stand before in the Classes of the School.

William died young.—John, my honoured friend and relative still lives, and long may he live, and every hour be sweetened by the kind attentions of his affectionate and dutiful daughter Catherine, who is also to me, not only a relative but a friend. Returning to good Mrs. Blythe, she never married again, beautiful and blooming for many years, she listened to no arguments, and refused every offer of a second marriage. In my time she was considered the loveliest woman in Halton.—I well remember her expressive black eyes, and her handsome attire. She died in the 89th year of her age, and having married very young, she had been as a widow 70 years.

During my residence at Halton, I found all our relatives faithful and kind—and while I fear a further record of them may not be interesting to my readers in general, a grateful, and I hope, not an unpardonable feeling impels me to the act.—Were I a Duke of Wellington, a Duke of Sutherland, a Lord Hill, a Bishop Heber or a John Wesley, every member of my family, every event of my life, would not fail to be of interest, and a description would be read with avidity and attention. Such distinction, my dear Charles, is the reward only of great and meritorious actions, noble deeds, exemplary piety, and the most enlarged and active benevolence.—Mine is a Picture of Rural, Commercial and Literary Life. Thousands more worthy of exhibition have never appeared on the public stage, and thousands more will sink into oblivion; while perhaps more than a very small



number of individuals on reading this humble volume will find facts and incidents so like occurrences in their own lives, that feelings and emotions pleasant in the recollection may be accepted as substitutes for events creating amazement or admiration.

Prior to my residence in Halton, my Father had married a second time, and the wife he had chosen was unfortunately in the opinion of his own and his former wife's relatives, disproportionate both in years and rank. She had been a servant in the family, and was only nineteen years of age; she was however a faithful, virtuous Wife, and had I not imbibed all the prejudices of others, she might have been a kind and affectionate Step Mother: but my stubborn will refused to acknowledge her as Mother, or to afford her a kinder appellation than "Our Mary." This no doubt wounded her feelings and gendered that hatred which, for a time only, she cruelly manifested. But I believe she is gone to heaven, and I hope to meet her there. I am quite certain that much of the unhappiness of second marriages arises, on the part of the children, from affection to the deceased parent, and ignorance of the position in which their new mother stands, blinding them to her tenderness and general good qualifications. My Step Mother was a female of most agreeable person, great wit and pleasantry.—The way in which she annoyed me most offensively was in comparing me to worthless individuals, and fixing on me ludicrous names, all of which I resented with indignation; even servants and char women employed in the house were engaged to do the same. One Betty Sproston from Whitchurch, in Shropshire, would unite with my Step Mother in tormenting me, and often afterwards in her absence would profess feelings of pity and sympathy which I do believe she felt. How much did I regret the death of my dear Mother and my distance from the beloved hearth of the Mottersheads in Northen Etchells, and the Hulberts of Ringway!

In all my sorrows I found a comforter in my relative Thomas Blythe, and greatly did he desire to avenge my persecutions, and punish my persecutors. In the sorrows I then endured, I found the advantage of true religion and a dependence on Divine Providence.—For notwithstanding the total absence in my Father's house of a domestic

altar, private prayer was my constant resource; often in my troubles have I resorted to a private well in a field belonging to Joshua Berrington, to the water of which many steps descended, a part of the well had over it a roof of large flags, while the steps were uncovered, and when at the bottom the sky above you only could be seen. Looking up to the heavens, kneeling on the damp stone steps, many were the times I lifted up my heart to God, uttered my complaints, and poured out the feelings of my soul into the bosom of my Redeemer. I had no spiritual instructor nor religious books; the Clergyman was a pleasant agreeable fellow, but never once enquired if I knew or served God, though he was often a visiter at my Father's house. He was not a Mr. Whittaker.—At that time I do not believe there were a dozen truly religious persons in all Halton.

My Father constantly attended Church, sang,and repeated the responses, I sat by his side and did the same, but the preacher was without energy, and what little I could hear had no effect on my heart or conduct. Hence I now see the wisdom and goodness of God in permitting the domestic suffering I had to endure. On no occasion did I report to my Father or my Grandparents the mistaken policy of my Step Mother and her subordinates. On one occasion after having been the subject of her low but witty sarcasm, I ventured to remind her of the lowness of her origin, and the situation she held in the family in the time of my late dear Mother; when in a moment of irritation she broke a dish on my head —This was too much for my proud spirit to bear, and I formed the determination to quit my home for ever. This I communicated to my Cousin Thomas Blythe who instantly proposed that we should together proceed to Liverpool and engage ourselves as Cabin Boys in some Merchant Vessel or other. At that moment we had the courage of heroes, I gave up all my hopes and prospects of being a Clergyman of the Church of England. My grief was extreme, but my resolution was unabated. With evil tact and ingenuity we each of us unperceived, abstracted from our homes, all our clothes and the little money we possessed, the gifts of friends and savings from our parents weekly allowances. On the evening of an autumnal day we took a last look, for years as we supposed, of our parental homes, playmates and companions, and proceeded to Runcorn, designing to cross the Ferry, and thence proceed to Liverpool by land; but he who has the winds in his fist, and the future destiny of man under his control, had still the charge of the poor Motherless Charles.—There being a full tide, and the wind boisterous, after being seated in the boat, the Ferryman refused to carry us over, and we were compelled to abandon our purpose for the night. After having agreed where to meet next morning, my Cousin returned home to his Mother, and I took refuge in Mr. Berrington's barn, and resigned myself to the solitary comforts of the Hay Mow. Deep was my sorrow, all the objects dear to me were presented to my remembrance, as well as the insults and cruelties I had endured: it is remarkable that I could not as formerly when under trouble lift up my heart to God.—I attempted to sleep, but that was impossible.—About eleven o'clock I heard footsteps in the barn, and speedily a voice says, "Charles, Charles, what are you doing there? Come to your supper, we are waiting for you." It was the voice of my Father. Full of astonishment, for I could not imagine that any one could possibly have seen me enter the barn, I hesitated to give an answer, when the invitation was renewed, to which I replied, I will follow you Father in a short time; he kindly retired, and I left the barn and went to Mr. Joshua Berrington's and found the family had not retired to rest, but were among the kind friends who were alarmed at my unusual absence from home. To good Mrs. Berrington I opened my heart, assuring her that I never meant to have returned, and could not even now venture into the presence of my Father without a declaration from him that he would not resent my conduct.—The dear kind-hearted woman immediately waited on my Parent, who gave her his word and honour he had no other feeling than grief on Charles's account. I ventured home, where a chair was kindly placed at the supper table and every attention paid to my wants. Tears in the eyes of each party supplied the place of all conversation. After supper my Father said he wished to see if John had properly bedded and fed the horse, and he wished me to hold the lantern. With trembling steps I

lighted him to the stable, where I expected a severe chastisement, but my dear Parent had no such design.—He instantly enquired what I was doing on the Hay Mow, which I answered by sobs only; he then said, "Are you not happy at home? Do your Mother and you disagree? tell me your whole heart." I then related to him the occurrences of the day, and on other occasions of a similar character, particularly mentioning my being degraded to do the work of the servant maid or the charwoman, while they apparently seemed to enjoy a knowledge of my sufferings, and that in proportion to their intensity. Deeply affected, my Father replied, "Never think of going to sea Charles, and I will take care you have never more cause of complaint. He then painted in the most dismal colours all the horrors attendant on a seafaring life, hardships from cruel Captains; storms, shipwrecks, climate and sickness; and particularly noticing that my education was unsuited, and all my habits unlike those of swearing, dauntless seamen, and wondered how I could under any circumstances abandon all my relations and future prospects, particularly that of becoming a Clergyman of the Church of England.

I felt the truth and force of all he said, and could not but consider that it was by the good Providence of God, I had been saved from ruin. There still remained a great mystery, How did my Father know where I was concealed?—And this never was revealed until in my last interview with good Mrs. Blythe, sitting by her side and referring to the above circumstance which I considered so mysterious, she smilingly said, "Why Charles, did you never know that Tom told me where you were, and what you both had intended to do, and related the conduct of your Step-mother. This he told me in confidence, I hastened to your Father, and enjoining secrecy, unfolded the whole, and instantly returned home." Thus was a world of suffering and misery, and probably premature death prevented by her prudence and assiduity. A few weeks before this event, I had a dream which deeply impressed my mind. I fancied myself standing upon the bank behind Joshua Berrington's barn; and turning my eyes towards Norton and Sutton, I observed the country enveloped in flames, extending to Overton Hill, and as far as eye could reach towards Daresbury: while a most terrific flood rolled in angry foam from Liverpool and the Lancashire Coast. Fire and water, each seemed as if determined to overwhelm me at the same moment; for such to me appeared their terrible haste and fury: when closely approaching the bank on which I stood, and my agony the most extreme, an Angel in the form of a female, which I thought to be my Mother, who was not unlike Mrs. Blythe, descended from heaven and lifted me up from the earth, before either fire or flood could destroy me.

That the hand of a Divine Providence saved me, I can have no manner of doubt. I had in after life nearly became a soldier, in either case whether as soldier or sailor, I should have been exposed to fire and to flood; and without ever having raised a Sunday School, published a Sunday Reader and Preacher, or promoted the cause of religion and humanity in any degree, might have perished on board a ship on Fire: in conflict with an enemy; sunk into a watery grave during a ruthless tempest; or like poor Tom Blythe, have sickened and died in a pestilential clime. Relative, companion and friend, thy desire to meet with a long-lost Father, originated thy sailor propensities; and we could have wished thee a better fate, but he who saw the beginning and the end, and who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice, watches thy grave and will raise thee up at the last day!

My Father treated his second Wife with becoming tenderness, and she was affectionate towards him. She bore him three children, while at Halton, Thomas, Mary and Elizabeth. Thomas, a sweet little fellow whom I dearly loved and fondly cherished, he was afflicted with the Croup, and died in his cradle, January 11th, 1790, aged two years and ten months, and was buried at Bowden. I mournfully watched his dying pillow, and saw him close his lovely eyes for ever.—He had knowledge and talents beyond his years, and affection for his Brother beyond degree. The shock was unexpected and deeply felt by his sorrowing Parents and disconsolate Brother.

"And still will recollection,
Awake the sleeping tear;
So ardent his affection,
Like him how few appear.

For then I often tasted,
Of sorrow's bitter cup;
Trials my spirits wasted,
My pleasant springs dried up.

And yet his tones so winning,
Would sounds of bliss impart;
I joyed o'er him with singing,
Sweet Brother of my heart."

Amid every trial and difficulty, I diligently pursued my school studies, and my love of reading and books became intense. How important was that period! But my Father's Library consisted of Books unsuited to my taste, the only ones I could read with profit were Hollingshead's History of England, (Black Letter,) and a smaller one published in the reign of Charles II. Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, a folio volume, and Fox's Book of Martyrs, (Black Letter,) were lent me by the kind-hearted upper servants of Norton Priory; the contents of which were successively devoured by my ever craving appetite: my school books were all committed to memory.

I knew nothing of the Valuable Library founded by Sir John Cheshire, and now in existence and repute.—Ignorance I must ever regret.

Halton School was at that time the chief Seminary in the Country. Some of the Customs of the Scholars were singular and one of them ridiculous, cruel and oppressive, viz. that of RANDLING, which will be noticed hereafter; the first I will describe is that of "BARRING OUT."—This always took place about a week before Christmas day, when the larger boys watching the opportunity in the forenoon of the day, for the temporary absence of the Master, bolted and locked the door, so as to prevent his admittance; such a clamour and noise immediately ensued, every voice in full *discord* calling out

"Pardon master, pardon, pardon in a spoon,
If you will not give us pardon,
We'll Bar you out till noon."

To this Petition, (your Father now becoming something of a Rhymester,) added the following.

Pardon master, pardon, pardon us we pray,
And give us holy pardon, and many a holiday.

On the entrance of the master, and a little order being restored, he graciously condescended to allow them the remainder of that day as an holiday, and generally announced what holidays would be given. Then commenced such rejoicing, some boys came prepared for the occasion with squibs, crackers, pistols, &c. One time I remember a school-boy of the name of Thomas Berrington had a sort of pistol: and a quantity of gunpowder in a paper, lying on the school desk which by some chance igniting, the flame caught his face and scorched it in a most dreadful manner, burning his eye brows, closing his eyes, and also covering every other part of his face with blisters, the powder stained it to such a degree that it never entirely resumed its former appearance. This led to an entire prohibition of all such dangerous practices in future.

BARRING OUT was formerly a practice common in Schools, and still exists in Yorkshire, even in Slaithwaite School. Dr. Johnson in his Life of Addison, says, "That in 1683, in the beginning of Addison's twelfth year, his Father being made Dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and I believe placed him for some time, probably not long, under Mr. Shaw, then Master of the School at Lichfield, father of the late Dr. Peter Shaw." Of this interval his Biographer has given no account, and I know it only from a story of a *Barring Out*, told me when I was a boy, by Andrew Corbet of Shropshire, who had heard it from Mr. Pigott his Uncle. The Master, when Mr. Pigott was a school-boy was barred out at Lichfield, and the whole operation was planned and conducted by Addison.

In the statutes of Witton School near Northwich, founded by Sir John Deane, A.D. 1558, the observance of *this* practice by the scholars is, I am told, directed.

Another Custom or Practice prevailed at Shrovetide, which was professed to be for the amusement of the scholars, but in reality to do, what was then very needful, increase the Master's stipend. The practice was to collect a shilling from every scholar whose parents chose to pay it, and for this subscription the larger boys had the privilege of throwing sticks, about two feet in length, at a live Cock tied to a stake or stick, the distance being about twenty yards, when he who was fortunate or skilful enough to take away the poor bird's life, took him home as

his prize. The junior boys and the girls balloted for a Hen at the same time, which passed off very well. The last year of Mr. Buckley's being master, he made a new arrangement. A twopenny loaf was placed upon a stone, and the same distance marked out, when that boy who happened to strike the loaf with the greatest force, and send it to the greatest distance, had the Cock, which was a wise and humane amusement. Balloting for the Hen as previously named, was continued.

Some of the Practices peculiar to the *Scholars* alone were often cruel and tormenting, especially what they called *Randling*.—They had two forms of words which accompanied the Custom, one of which forms was always used when any of the boys happened to have been guilty, or said to have been guilty of an innocent, unavoidable *rudeness*, on which occasion a senior boy rudely laid hold of the poor unfortunate lad's hair, which at that time was worn very long, and commenced the *Form*. All the boys within sight or hearing, were compelled to attend and each to take hold of a lock, the latter part of the *Form* was as follows, the former part still more *rude*.

"All manner of men,
Between three-score and ten,
Who do not come to this Randling,
Shall be Randled o'er again."

Afterwards these questions were proposed to the offender. Which will you say, Hug, Plug, Goose, or Gander? If he said Goose, every one gave a pluck and let loose. If Gander, they dragged him by the hair to yonder. (any distance) If he said Hug, he had to carry each boy one after another to some place within sight. If Plug, they held fast his hair and drew him wherever they pleased:

This was practiced between school hours, and when returning home.—So prevalent was the Custom at one time, that my life was perfectly miserable. From my success in learning, James Turner a youth of 18 years of age was so jealous, that he punished me in every way he possibly could. I gratefully recollect good Stanley Orred, and my brave Cousin Thomas Blythe, who were my chief protectors. For those cruel fellows would lay hold of my hair in a moment without any cause, which practice I resisted with all my strength and power. The Custom became so obnoxious and terrific to all the peaceable boys, that many left the school, which would have been my case had I ventured to complain to my Father; but there was no other school I could attend, except a small one kept by Kitty Cauley, and learning was even then, above every thing valuable in my estimation—to acquire a new idea, or the knowledge of some event in History was ever my greatest delight.—But from the cruelty of Mr. Sudlow in my first school, and the tyrant boys in my second, the seeds of my learning were sown in tears.

Another, a more pleasing Custom always accompanied St. Valentine's Day, which was to write the names of all the female scholars in the school on slips of paper, and throw them into a hat; when each boy took one out, and whatever young Lady's name was written thereon, the same was his Valentine. Miss Lidiard, Miss Eaton, Miss Pickering, Miss Kirkham, Miss Parr, &c. were the Belles of the School, and happy was that wight who could claim any one as his prize. At other times all the old maids, widows, and humblest girls in the town were commixed, of these Betty Floydd a washerwoman, Betty Barker a blacksmith's daughter, were never forgotten; the latter chanced on one occasion to fall to my lot, with which I was greatly chagrined. The Young *Lady* happening to hear of the circumstance, one day as I passed her Father's Smithy, she rushed out, clasped me in her dirty arms, and bestowed upon me a profusion of caresses, calling me her Valentine. This liberty I indignantly resented to the great amusement of the bye-standers—but the die was cast, and all agreed I must have her, and the boys would never let me draw again.

I have mentioned my dear Charles, the name of Miss Lidiard, she certainly was the chief Belle of the School, and the nearest to womanhood, and I believe I may venture the opinion, that there was scarcely a youth in the school of twelve years and upwards who was not in love with her, and much strife was thereby occasioned. Her Father, Mr. William Lidiard lived at Rocksavage, and was one of the most genteel inhabitants of the vicinity.—As it often happens with beauty, the poor girl's fate was truly melancholy! To one of the young ladies whom I have mentioned, a

*second* Miss Eaton, it was my fortune to be deeply attached; her Father a highly respectable man resided only a short distance from my paternal home, so that out of school we often met and saw each other. She certainly was in my youthful fancy the most lovely of her sex, of my own age and rank; she had cheeks as blooming as the rose, countenance as fair as a lilly, and her hair was of the fineness and colour of shining flax. I often imagined she was aware of my attachment, and entertained similar feelings in my favour. One day as we were sitting on the sofa at my Father's I ventured to write upon a slip of paper, "Do you love me?" when with a blushing softness she replied "Yes." This fixed my boyish affection, and it withered not until uprooted by circumstances over which neither of us had any controul.*

A short time after this I very improperly and inhumanly went into the Wood belonging to Norton Priory, to rob poor birds of their young; when in the middle of the wood I met with a Magpie's nest at the top of a tree, which had two upright branches, high on one of which the nest was situated, in ascending the tree I placed my right foot between these branches, and endeavoured to ascend, when my foot became entangled and fixed between them so firmly, that I could not move it, nor draw off my shoe, so that I had only one foot on which I

---

* The simple relation I have made on the present occasion, and what I have stated (pages 40 and 41,) are not given as anything extraordinary in themselves, from the circumstance of my being so young in years. No! I am convinced the passion of Love is innate in the human breast, and is often developed ere an infant has attained the tenth portion of the life of man. I do not say that these feelings should be encouraged by parents or those that have the care of youth, No! I say restrain them, and endeavour to implant in their minds the necessity of discretion, and the duty of consulting their parents whenever such sensations are created; and also always to be guided by their counsel and advice. At the same time I recommend discretion in parents, they may guide and direct, but cannot by any possibility prevent the entrance of the universal passion even into the hearts of children of tenderest years. To establish my opinions, I could refer to published authorities and to living individuals, and show that love is not only the universal, but the most delightful of all human feelings and sensations.

Thomson the Poet, writing to his friend Mallet on the subject of Love, says, "Lay your hand upon your heart and despise me not, I know not why it is, but one dwells upon my thoughts in a mingled sentiment, which is the liveliest the soul can receive, and which I would wish never to want, towards some dear object or another." Even Pope was enamoured of a proud and scornful lady, and as the great Dr. Johnson observes, "Polluted his Will with female resentment." And even this rigid moralist, the Doctor himself, as we are informed by Miss Seward, who knew him well, "had always a metaphysical passion for one Princess or another."

That the passion of Love is universal, witness every tribe, every rank, and every age of human beings. Does not experience give daily proof of its universality, and also of its fadeless durability, when founded on discreet and proper motives and virtuous principles, cherished by prudent and affectionate conduct. How often do we admire the fidelity of the tender sex even to drunken and worthless husbands. And have we not thousands of instances of their devotedness to worthy husbands in times of peril and calamity. Who does not recollect having read the story of a Lady of Rank, whose husband had aroused the vengeance of his Prince by being concerned in a conspiracy, and had eluded all search after his person. His Wife being brought before the King and interrogated respecting his concealment, acknowledged she had hidden him. On making this confession, she was informed that nothing but the discovery where he was could save her own life. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the monarch, "I give you my word for it." "Then Sire, I hid him in my heart, there you will find him." I need not instance the persevering attachment of Lady Nithsdale, Lady Harriet Acland,‡ or Madame Lavallette.

"Love the most gen'rous passion of the mind,
The surest refuge wretched man can find;
The cordial drop, heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down:
Sure none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and owned his power in love."

Such is the human heart, that it must always have some darling idea to which it can attach itself, and to which it can have recourse amidst the difficulties and sorrows of life. This darling idea may be, and often is, a religious feeling, the pure love of God, or it may be love to a parent, a brother, a child, or a friend. Miserable indeed must be the condition of that human being who has no one to love, or whose heart is incapable of a tender attachment. What I wrote years ago under the signature of "Mottershead," I still consider as perfectly descriptive.

Fond Women are Angels in a mortal mould,
They charm, are lovely, witness young and old;
Trust not that man, whom beauty never moved,
Nor court his love, whom Woman never loved.

A. H. P. a modern Poetess very correctly expresses the sentiments of my own heart.

"They know not Woman's heart who coldly say,
The love she feels, though bright as sunny morn
Is transient as the dew drop on the spray,
Which melts away, and shows the piercing thorn.
No, true affection, deep as it is pure,
Through all life's changes can unchanged endure."

I hope my dear Son, and every reader, will pardon the introduction of so long a note; no other medium or opportunity presented itself of expressing the matured sentiments of my heart. I mournfully, yet gratefully record, that one pious and venerable Female died from a disinterested effort to promote my wealth and future happiness. This subject will be resumed in a more advanced stage of the volume.

‡ Let every unmarried man read the Histories of Lady Harriet Acland, Lady Nithsdale, and Madame Lavalette. Mark their affection, their dangerous but successful enterprises, and all for husband love.

could rest, the pressure of my body caused my foot to sink the deeper, until my leg became as much entangled as my foot. I loudly called for help, I prayed and wept, but all in vain; the evening closed upon me, but brought no relief, and as the night advanced my agony increased, and nothing but death appeared before me. As that part of the wood where the tree was situated was the least frequented, every now and then the night owl would scream and fly past me. O, I thought, if I could but engage her to bear the tale of my sorrowful state to my dear Parents, or to Miss Eaton, they would fly to my help—despair seized me and I exclaimed again and again, I shall never see them more. After the longest night I ever spent, morning at last appeared; my leg was sadly swollen as were my eyes, anxiously did I listen to every sound. The Thrush and other birds sweetly sung around me, the Magpies' returned to their nest, but no help appeared or comfort to my sad situation; the day advanced, full of pain, unable for a moment to relieve my suffering leg, I hung back, holding fast to one of the upright branches, when by a providential twisting of the foot I was enabled to extricate it, when praise be to my Great Deliverer, all the joy of returned existence rushed into my heart. I descended the tree, fell upon my knees and in MORE than a low whisper did I thank my God and Saviour. In after years, as late as the year 1816, I have visited the same tree, and under its wider spreading branches enjoyed the most sublime feelings of heavenly gratitude. On returning home, great was the astonishment and joy of my dear parents and friends, enquiries had been made at every house in the town, some conjectured I had fallen into the Bridgwater Canal, or some deep water: others that I had left home and returned to my Grandfather's. The state of my leg, stockings and other clothes gave painful evidence of the suffering I had endured, and the exertions I had made, yet it was pleasing to learn that *one* from whom I was soon alas! to be separated for ever, was among the most anxious and sorrowful of my sorrowing friends.

"'Twas that which touched my bosom's core;
And fill'd my heart with youthful love;
Young love, whose tendrils oft do twine,
Round virgin's hearts, as once round mine."

Your's most Affectionately,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XI. RESIDENCE AT HALTON, INTERESTING LOCAL INCIDENTS, PARTICULAR INHABITANTS AND CUSTOMS, CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TOWN AND VICINITY, &c.

"Why do I write this history? it wrings my heart with pain,
Dead sorrows spring to life again, and former strength regain,
Nor can I in these aged eyes, unbidden tears restrain;
And now my tale of early love, and early grief is told,
My parents and my friends have long been gathered to the fold,
Nor will my heavenly Shepherd leave his follower weak and old."

*Sketches of Character, &c. by* ANNA H. POTTS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

FEW events of national or public importance are recollected by me, as having happened while I sojourned under the parental roof. I remember the great Rejoicing in 1789, on occasion of the happy recovery of King George III. from a long and distressing illness, when bonfires on the Hill, rockets, &c. manifested the joy of Loyal Halton, Frodsham and Runcorn. The chief Lion of the Town and vicinity were the elegant coach, horses, footmen and postillions belonging to the late Sir Richard Brooke, dashing through the streets; and again that of Sir Foster Cunliffe, with two coal black horses having

handsome long tails, gently pacing through the town, and sometimes a Puppet Show would be exhibited in the Court room at the Castle, that would attract the natives. On one occasion a Company of Players visited the town, and hired my Father's barn for their performances, but alas! they had no success, they left the town as witches do, (by night) and forgot to pay the rent they had contracted, leaving only a few cast off dresses, which for some time afforded amusement to your Father and his juvenile companions.

Within three hundred yards of this temporary Theatre, in the house now occupied by Mr. Miller, at that time by a Mr. Sumner, a most extraordinary farce was for a few days carried on by a servant girl of the name of Margaret Didsbury, daughter of Josiah Didsbury, who kept a Bear for baiting at wakes. It so happened that Mrs. Sumner placed some half-pence and two shillings on the ledge of a window, which when the servant was closing for the night she threw down with a great clatter. Mrs. Sumner having forgotten her own act, was alarmed, and exclaimed, "Where do they come from?" "Through the ceiling," replied the artful girl, picking them up and conveying them into her bosom. Perceiving her story believed, she selected her opportunity, and threw some of the pence up to the ceiling of the kitchen, which all then present exclaimed had fallen through the ceiling. Thus she carried on her deception, some of the coppers she threw through the windows breaking the panes and creating new alarms. This source being exhausted, she loaded her bosom and pockets with small Potatoes, procured from a loft at the top of the house. These she found more successful than the Coppers and she continued to go about her business, while Potatoes came through the floors, smashed the windows and sometimes striking the visitors. In the mean time the story not only spread through the town, but for miles round. Visitors crowded to the haunted house, fear and dismay seized all the country round. Many of the People durst not leave their houses in the night, and scarcely in the day. Among the rest of the visitors was your Father, who had the fearful gratification of seeing Potatoes burst through the windows, expressions of terror were escaping from every lip; at last came down the Hill an aged female, an inmate of the Almshouses erected and endowed by the pious ancestor of Sir Richard Brooke. On arriving opposite the scene of terror, she expressed no surprise, it was just what she expected, as she remembered about eighty years ago, the same house was haunted, and that the spirit was laid in the room from whence the Potatoes proceeded, by the then Vicar of Runcorn, and the time of the spirit's imprisonment being just expired it had renewed its pranks. This I heard with astonishment and delight, for a scene like that before me was what I much desired to witness. I must remark, my Father always considered it to be a hoax, there was not therefore at our house the same terror as at many others.

From the fact of money having been an agent in this business, it was conjectured that money must be hid under the floor of the house; the flags were taken up and displaced by consent of the landlord Sir Richard Brooke, who on the last day of the *spirit's* performance, attended, as did my Father and many others, with the view if possible, to discover the author of the mischief. When as it always happens, with successful impostors, they grow impudent and careless, so was Peg Didsbury emboldened by the attention her performance created, she ventured to play in the room where all the gentlemen were assembled, when my Father having an eye upon the girl, observed her to put her hand into her bosom as she left the room and throw some Potatoes against the ceiling: he instantly pounced upon her, and secured her hands, when a search was made, and her pockets and bosom were found to be loaded with Potatoes. They took her to the Castle, when it was suggested that she should be sent to the nearest Magistrate, at High Leigh, and be committed to Prison, when my ever honoured Father, having seen much of the world, interfered, and observed, "Gentlemen, I do not know what the law can do with the girl, she has it is true played upon the credulity of the Town, and is culpable, but I question whether the Magistrates will not think her dupes quite as simple as herself." This suggestion had the desired effect, and she was consequently dismissed with a solemn warning never to play the same pranks again.—I omitted to state, the girl confessed

the whole plot, and stated it was the alarm her mistress expressed on the fall of the halfpence from the window which suggested the idea of continuing the excitement.

From the preceding imposition, let no one conclude that all stories of disturbances in dwellings are of a like nature, that is not the fact, as will be proved hereafter; it may be remarked, that all counterfeits are the evidence of true existences, for if there had never been a real supernatural disturbance, there could never have been a counterfeit, and it may be doubted whether counterfeits ever escape detection. Imposture will not bear investigation.

Among the male scholars of Mr. Buckley's school, memory enables me to record the names of Stanley Orred, Samuel Wilde, George Griffiths, Thomas Eaton, Thomas Bate, Thomas Parr, Thomas Longshaw, W. Jackson, Thomas Blythe, Samuel Horton, Samuel Crimes, Thomas and John Berrington, and the unfortunate Joseph Tipping. Poor fellow! it was my better fortune when living at my little Castle in Coleham, Shrewsbury, to be enabled to afford him an asylum for some weeks from angry creditors. A portion of his history will be noticed hereafter.

His worthy Father, Michael Tipping, lived on the Edge, in a stone building lately in the occupation of the Master of the Grammar School, a gentleman from Bradford in Yorkshire, whose name I do not at this moment recollect. While resident in this house, poor Michael was called upon to experience a most deplorable and severe calamity, several circumstances attending which I well remember.

A married daughter in a melancholy state of mind, came for the recovery of her health, from her residence near Warrington, to the home of her early days. Here she yielded to the suggestions of despair, and with a razor applied to her throat, destroyed her mortal existence. Her poor father entered the room the moment after she had inflicted the fatal wound; he wrested from her grasp the deadly instrument, and with it in his hand, hastened to Dr. Eaton for surgical aid, and while running at his utmost speed, in agony he unconsciously kept shaking the razor in his hand, which at every stroke cut a fresh wound on his fingers, while blood streaming from the wounds, marked his way. In this state I met him, and was deeply affected at the sight; I hastened to his residence, where the melancholy deed had been perpetrated, and while there, Dr. Eaton arrived, and with great care sewed up the wound. The poor creature was able to speak, and related that an evil spirit continually urged her to the deed, and she could not resist his temptations. In this state I saw her, and never shall forget the scene. She lived only a short time, her distracted parents supporting her on the chair in which she expired. Their agonies and lamentations were piercing to my heart. There was no doubt of her insanity. She was in the attitude of prayer, and in all probability in the act of praying, when she committed the shocking deed; and it is my belief, that if ever the Divine Mercy be extended to the wretched suicide, it was extended to the daughter of poor Michael and Margaret Tipping.

With gratitude I remember Joshua and Amy Berrington, in all my little troubles they were my faithful friends and comforters. I remember the honest and venerable Tanner Acton, and the unfortunate Attorney Acton, John White, clerk of the Chapel and landlord of the Castle Inn, of his character my honoured Father always spoke in the highest terms. John and Robert Carter, Peter Lamb, Mrs. Cheshire of Halton, and all my relatives at the Lodge, especially Mr. Thomas Cheshire, my Father's cousin and companion. When last at Halton, I visited the Lodge, which in the days of my Great-Aunt I had often done, and there to my surprise and joy, I found the premises in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, generous, kind, and religious Shropshire people, who received me with the most affectionate attention and hospitality.

I cannot pass by good Mrs. Lauriston, nor Mrs Booth, whose son James was one of the most amiable boys in Halton School, with him I could associate with pleasure. On one occasion we had been climbing the rocks behind John Barker's smithy, exhibiting our courage and activity, when I fell from a high ledge and lighted on my back, the shock of which for a short time deprived me of the power of breathing, and nearly of all sensation. My companion urged me to speak, wept over me, and in agony called for "Help, help, Charles is

killed, Charles is killed." I heard all but could not reply. I made every effort to breathe, when at last succeeding, O the pain of returning animation, could not have been exceeded by actual death! I was however enabled to make signs to my companion that I was recovering, and so prevented his running to my Father's house with the alarming intelligence. I considered myself as having been within the jaws of death, and a fourth time rescued from his grasp by the Merciful Providence of a good and gracious God.

Numerous as were the melancholy incidents of this period, all was not pain, gloom, or melancholy. My Father sometimes took me with him to Warrington, when I made little additions to my humble collection of Books. I had my Bow and Arrows, and often imagined I was an Archer, next in skill to Robin Hood or Little John. And at Christmas I had the very great happiness of seeing my dear Brother Samuel from Lancashire, who always spent the first week in January under the parental roof. He was now growing an active, intelligent young man, well dressed, and from his industry enjoyed plenty of money. At the same time we had the visits of Mr. Hamnett and also of Mr. Thomas Barrett, from Northen Etchells, who was my deliverer the second time from drowning, and sometimes my venerable Grandfather Hulbert rode over to pay us a visit. But this delight soon terminated, my beloved, my venerated, my "lofty" Grandmother died, and my affectionate Grandfather deeply sorrowing for her loss, scarcely ever afterwards left home; they were indeed a faithful happy pair.

On the 19th of September, a Pleasure Fair or Wakes is held at Halton, on which occasion good humour and hospitality prevail. The Festivities of Christmas were observed with every attention to neighbourly kindness* and good cheer, but I regret to say that nothing of a religious feeling seemed to pervade or mix with their Christian festival.

At Easter the young people as in Shrewsbury, and other places, remembered the ancient Custom of LIFTING, and I must say, they observed the ceremony without rudeness, or anything calculated to give offence. At this season a very interesting sight often presented itself. A company of pretty clean girls and boys with their little baskets, and a "Pray good Dame an Easter Egg," were seen modestly preferring their petition at their neighbours' doors. The difference in the ob-

---

* In the year 1759, a small book entitled the "Directory and Guide for the City and County of Chester," was published by Mr. W. Cowdroy, a Printer in Chester, whom in after years I well knew as the proprietor of the "Manchester Gazette." From that little volume, the following character of Cheshire Men and Cheshire Customs is extracted.

"Travellers who have visited this county at those seasons of the year when the bounties of Providence are most conspicuous, will candidly confess, that it is excelled by none, and equalled by few, for fertility of soil, and high state of cultivation; a compliment justly due to the industry and ability of the farmers and the possessors of the land. Nor is it less remarkable for salubrity of air, evinced by the frequent instances of longevity in its inhabitants; scarce a village, the residents of which exceed not 100 people, but ten or twelve of them have at least from 70 to 80 Winters each on their heads! and tho' their *heads* represent beautiful balls of *snow*, they carry their *load* of *years* with astonishing ease, many of their *backs* remaining firm and *unbent!*—If the reader doubts this, let him visit only the delightfully-situated village of HALTON, near Frodsham, and the venerable appearance of every fourth or fifth man he meets, will put him in mind of his *grandfather*."

"The *tree of hospitality* is seldom *out of blossom* in Cheshire: but, at those seasons commonly called *Wakes*, and at *Christmas*, on these occasions it is in *full bearing*.—Nothing but eating, drinking, and good-fellowship abound; it is then the lads and lasses assemble in their holiday finery, and, with *hearts* lighter than their *heels*, dance away the *cares* of the year.—The luxuriancy of a *wakes' table* is not easily described: Sirloins, rumps, legs, and in short, solids of every description, and of the best kinds, with a profusion of puddings, pies, tarts, custards, &c. *ad infinitum*, of the richest qualities, present themselves at one view, and during the whole day are exposed to the attacks of every comer! As this is the practice of all houses of respectability, a man must have a *commodious crop* indeed to do any *substantial* justice to the bounty of his friends —rendered the more agreeable by the ungarnished simplicity, plainness and freedom, with which it is offered:—In a word, *Hospitality* may be said to be *caterer—Hearty welcome, cook*,—and *Sincerity, president* of the board—*Ceremony* is not even *second-cousin* to the family!"

"To say more of these "*Chief of Men*," would trench too much upon the limits of this little work; suffice it, that their *hearts* may be compared to their *ale—pure and home-brewed*;—and for the *women*, their *persons* and *dispositions* are in general like their *cheese—universally admired*"

Mr. Timperley in his Dictionary of Printers, &c. thus speaks of Mr. Cowdroy. "He died in 1814, he was a man of rare genius —a poet—a wit—a facetious companion—an unshaken patriot —a kind father—a firm friend—and a truly honest man. As conductor of the *Manchester Gazette*, his light punning paragraphs had no equal. His columns frequently supplied the newspapers with wit and humour on current topics; and many of his old compositions, with changes of name and date, were often revived at intervals of five or six years. At Chester, while he employed himself as editor and compositor, he displayed the singular faculty of composing his paragraphs without writing them; and some of his happiest efforts, in prose and verse were produced in that manner."

servance between this County and Lancashire, will be noticed hereafter.

The situation of Halton is most delightful, and the Inhabitants having now for their Pastors, two such excellent men, as the Rev. Mr. Tweddell and Mr. Higgs, there is not as formerly, a dearth of spiritual instruction. The Grammar School has also a valuable and efficient Master. There was no Sunday School in my time. One is now kept for Girls in the Library, and that for Boys in the Grammar School. It is with delight I pay it a visit, distribute a few small books, and look upon the old benches, which were formerly occupied by myself and a generation now chiefly mingled with the dust.

In passing through the streets, I observed many alterations and improvements; there is now a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel; The Congregation of which I hope are still attached to the Church of England.

I observed the house formerly occupied by my Father, had been taken down and rebuilt by Mr. Bate. and the ancient stable converted into a Draper's Shop, and a comfortable house, and on the site where stood my Father's pig stye, a very small but neat dwelling was erected.—I observed some handsome houses situate at the entrance of the Town from Frodsham, one of which is the residence of a kind patron of my publications, Mr. Rigby, one of the Agents of the Earl of Ellesmere. Rose Cottage, built by my venerable relative Mrs. Blythe, is a very neat and convenient dwelling, giving life to the vicinity in which it is erected. Mr. Fletcher has also erected handsome dwellings, not far from the site, where once stood a humble cottage, inhabited by a poor man, who had the *soubriquet* of Smugg Runcorn; his dwelling being on the waste and very low, he was greatly annoyed by cruel boys throwing stones down the chimney in the night, and sometimes a live goose was dropt into it, when the poor old man believing it was either a man coming down to murder him, or Satan to carry him away, would rise from his bed, fall on his knees, loudly and fervently pray for Divine Deliverance. I am thankful to say, no persuasion could ever induce your Father, my dear Charles, to be one of his tormentors.

There is also a handsome commodious house looking towards the River Mersey and Runcorn, in the occupation of two excellent ladies', daughters of the late Rev. Mr. Jones, the venerable and beloved Vicar of Great Budworth, who have established a highly respectable Boarding School for Young Ladies', and are most deservedly, extensively patronized and supported. In the near vicinity is another neat house, which three years ago, if not now, was the residence of an excellent and dear friend Mr. Scarlett.

Mr. Fletcher previously named is the Grandson of the venerable Mr. Thomas Fletcher, who resided at the Edge, opposite the former Grammar School, I remember him well, and his son, Mr. Thomas Fletcher, the first Auctioneer I ever heard.—I remember Mr. John Fletcher, Originator and Proprietor of the "Chester Chronicle." I remember his visits to his Father's residence, and to my beloved friend, Mr. Joshua Berrington, there being in some way a near family connection. Mr. John Fletcher died, January 7th, 1835, having been Printer and Proprietor of the Chester Chronicle, more than fifty years. I consider the name of Mr. Fletcher an honour to my beloved Halton, and though like Mr. Cowdroy, he entertained views in Politics in direct opposition to my own, I esteem him no less. The following Character was given of him immediately after his death.

"Mr. Fletcher was the architect of his own fortune, and rose, by the force of his genius and talents alone, to considerable eminence among scientific men, and to the distinguished honour of having twice filled the office of chief magistrate of that city. The history of his life is curious and instructive, and furnishes an important practical lesson of the value of temperance, prudence, persevering industry, unsullied probity, and uncompromising integrity, in all the relations of social life. It will suffice to say, that in him, his servants of every degree, and those who were in any way dependent upon him, lost a liberal and considerate master; his fellow-citizens, an upright and intelligent magistrate; the cause of public and private charity, a munificent benefactor; and the community among whom he lived, a kind-hearted and a benevolent man. His frame, long attenuated by many years of severe bodily suffering, was gradually wasted away by his inability to take any nutritious aliment; but his mental faculties continued unimpaired until within a

few moments of dissolution. He departed this life in the eightieth year of his age."

Sir John Cheshyre. Knt., ranks as one of the most distinguished individuals connected with Halton. We know that Hallwood was built by his father, Thomas Cheshyre, Esq. and his residence; but I am unable to state that Sir John was born there, though it is highly probable it was the place of his birth.

On my late visits to Halton, I have been gratified to observe the care which is taken of the Remains of the venerable Castle, by its honoured and beloved proprietor Sir Richard Brooke. I also remarked that portions of Arches, and some little of the Ancient Walls had fallen, or been taken down, within these last twenty-eight years, but so much has been re-built or added, in perfect keeping, that the character is preserved, and its ancient grandeur maintained.

In vain I now look for the initials of my humble name, on stones in the Castle wall, or on the smooth rocks in its vicinity; Time and Weather have completed their obliteration.

Previously speaking of the Castle and Castle Inn, (page 55) by some unaccountable mistake, in some few copies, has been given to the late venerable Landlady, the name of Gresty instead of Askey, which the reader will please to recollect.

At the entrance of the Town from Preston Brook and Stockham, subsequent to my residence in Halton, a delightful drive has been opened to Norton Priory, a neat Lodge erected, &c. In my time the road from Halton to Warrington, was through Sir Richard Brooke's Park. The road now passes more to the left, and is inclosed from the Park, but equally convenient.

Some other improvements might be named, but how vast they would have been had Halton been situated on some great turnpike road, say from Chester through Warrington to Manchester; or through Runcorn over a Chain Bridge to Liverpool. Still I do not desire ever to see its quiet interrupted; the inhabitants are peaceful and happy, and they have my fervent blessing and sincere prayers.

You, my dear Charles, need not to be reminded, that in consequence of the destruction of my former preparation for this Work, I have solely to rely upon memory, often defective and insufficient. After this portion of the volume has been printed off, facts and occurrences may be recollected, of greater interest and importance, than those I have related. The Great Dr. Johnson experienced the same difficulty, and in the Preface to his Dictionary, he thus expresses himself.—"A writer will sometimes be hurried with eager-

HALTON CASTLE, AND CHAPEL, FROM A DRAWING BY C. A. H. IN THE YEAR 1821.

ness to the end; and sometimes faint with weariness under a task; that what was is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present, that slight avocations or conversation will seduce attention; that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled for into his thoughts tomorrow." In continuation he observes. "If in this Work it be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten, that much is performed."

One circumstance is too deeply registered in my mind ever to be forgotten, which happened two months before I left Halton,—was, the information I received from my honoured Father, that he contemplated leaving Halton within a few months, when my education must necessarily cease.—I knew my Parent had suffered severe losses from speculations in Corn, and had entrusted his property into *unfortunate* hands, he had also been engaged in two unsuccessful law-suits. He had found too, that while always welcome and caressed in every company into which he entered, that company keeping did not accord with business keeping, and that the MORE he engaged in the one, and the LESS he attended to the other; the result was, his finally giving up BOTH, and his retiring to a small Market Town in Lancashire, where he commenced business in a *very* humble way, not adequate, alas! to his support. But previous to his taking any decisive steps, he took me on a visit to my Uncle and Aunt Smith, living at the Westwoods, near Worsley, in the parish of Eccles; as I observed before, were prospering in Farming and the manufacture of Cotton Goods, though far from being on a scale of great extent. I can scarcely doubt but my Father having a good opinion of the Cotton Trade, then flourishing, and in great repute, had formed the design of placing me as an apprentice to my Uncle, previous to my knowledge of his affairs.

Sometimes, in speaking of his intention of educating me for the ministry, my Father would point out the small salaries of Curates, and the great profits of Cotton Manufacturers; when I arrived at my Uncle's, and all appeared so comfortable, my Brother happy earning plenty of money, &c. This encouraging state of things my Father instantly pointed out, and urged my immediate consent to return no more to Halton, but remain with my kind Uncle and Aunt, and under the tuition of my Brother, acquire a knowledge of the Cotton Manufacture. Loving my Brother, I consented. But not to say farewell to loved ones in Halton was a deep sorrow.

Before concluding this Letter, my dear Charles, I will take a review of the state of my mind at this period. Doubt and uncertainty had thrown a deep shade over all my future prospects. The never varying purposes of my heart and being, were now to be entirely changed. My hope of rising in the world through the medium of learning, and devout attention to the duties of a Clergyman, were now to be abandoned, all that remained of hope was that my Grandfather Mottershead would remember me in his Will, that I might rise to distinction as a Cotton Manufacturer, and finally acquire property to enable me to complete my education. To such a desirable result, my Father had more than once alluded during the time we were on our journey from Halton to Worsley. I was to preserve all my school-books, and improve myself as much as possible in the Latin Language, &c. To accomplish my final purpose I had *Hope*, but alas without *Prospect*.

Having no Books at Halton suited to my desires, in the absence of any Collection of Poems, I committed to memory many of the verses I found in Almanacs. The following lines from one of them, at this time, and on hundreds of subsequent occasions, contributed to soothe my mind to resignation and contentment.

"Such changing scenes attend this mortal state,
He lives not here, who is always fortunate,
For some their rosy morning has been known
Ere noon's approach, in sable clouds to frown:
And some whose zenith was with storms opprest,
Have in declining years found peace and rest."

Watts's Divine and Moral Songs had furnished me with many a useful and moral lesson. Grateful did I feel to the good Mr. Whittaker, for his precious gift. Many times did I repeat,

"Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven;
Let me read in my *Bible*, believe and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in Heaven."

And while I had few inducements to keep holy the Sabbath day, beyond the conviction that it was my duty, that little sweet Hymn for the Lord's day evening would remind me of the pious assembly at Ringway Chapel, and often I would say with feelings of happy remembrance,

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

A comparison between the ministerial endeavours and qualifications of the Rev. T. Whittaker, and those of the Rev. J. Trimble, was not at that time at all favourable to the latter. No Sunday evening catechizing of the children of the Chapelry of Halton. No enquiry after their moral conduct or their religious knowledge, nor any observation of the conduct of their parents.

At that period, a faithful devoted Minister, or a pious and conscientious Member of the Church of England, were stigmatised as Methodists. What a compliment, my dear Son, to that body of people! Such has been the change within these last forty years, that a careless immoral Clergyman, or a Layman, who distinctly professes himself to be a Member of the Establishment, living in open sin, would be despised by his brethren, as a disgrace to the character of a Christian and a Churchman.

The evils and disadvantages of a careless ministry was sorrowfully manifested in the Parish of Eccles, my next place of residence.

O faithless Pastors! on whose heads will rest
The blood of millions of immortal men:
Where will ye stand, when Judge Omnipotent,
Shall call you to his Bar, AND ASK YOUR DEEDS?

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XII. INCIDENTS, WHILE RESIDENT AT THE WESTWOODS FARM, NEAR WORSLEY, IN THE PARISH OF ECCLES.

"Whoever I am, wherever my lot,
Whatever I happen to be,
Contentment and duty shall hallow the spot,
That Providence orders for me.

I care for no riches that are not my right,
No honour that is not my due;
But stand in my station, by day and by night,
The will of my master to do.

If wealthy I stand, as the steward of my King,
If poor, as the friend of my Lord;
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I'll bring,
If stalwart, my pen or my sword.

And whether my station be lowly or great,
No duty can ever be mean;
The *blithe Cotton Weaver* is right in his state,
As well as a King or a Queen.

Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honour, or sweat, on my face;
This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand like a star, in MY PLACE."

TUPPER.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

MY last Letter announced my arrival at Westwoods Farm, and engagement consequent thereon. The period of my arrival happened to be the day before Whitsunday, 1790. My good Father remained with me the coming week, taking me with him in company with my Brother, and many of my Uncle's Family and establishment, to Kersal Moor Races, which, though to me quite new and exciting, was not at all cheering to my disappointed anticipations, nor the fond recollections of persons, places,

and things I had left behind, the chief thing that pleased me was, I was nearer to Northen Etchells, my first remembered home, and my Brother promised shortly to accompany me thither.

I had now a new home, and new employment, but I understood that my position was changed; I therefore with all the cheerfulness I could command, willingly attended to the instruction of my beloved Brother and Uncle, and within the first year, I had learned to wind pins, to spin and to weave; and by industry, I was enabled to exceed my task, and to receive wages accordingly. Finding my knowledge of accounts so much in arrear, I placed myself under the teaching of a Mr. Thomas Royle of Barton, and lastly under the tuition of Mr. Hill of Eccles; and as I advanced in proficiency as a *workman*, my task was more easily performed, and a greater portion of time was my own, which I either spent in reading and improvement, or in extra labour to assist as far as I was able, my honoured Father and his increasing family. —Never did a lover convey a present to his mistress with more delight, than I travelled eight miles, in all weathers, to lay my surplus earnings at the feet of my beloved Father, and my *now* most affectionate Stepmother.

This period I consider to be that of humiliation and discipline, but the practical knowledge I acquired of the weaving, spinning, and general manufacture of Cotton Goods, laid the foundation for my after success in life.

The visit to my Grandfather's took place immediately after the conclusion of my Uncle's hay harvest; for note my dear Charles, all the family at the Westwoods were engaged in some way or other during the season of Hay and Corn Harvest, so that at the end of four years, I was not only a Cotton Manufacturer, but in a limited sense, a Practical *Agriculturist*.

The happy day arrived, and my Brother and Cousin George Smith set out with me on foot; but when we came to Brownley Green, walking was too slow a pace for my ardent spirit, and leaving my Brother and Cousin to follow me, I soon reached the Hayhead, where to my great surprise and sorrow, I found the Green entirely inclosed and cultivated; so was the whole of Shadow Moss. My Grandfather, as a Freeholder, had in the division, a small INTACK (in take) allotted to him. Passing it by, I arrived at the revered cottage, first saw my beloved Grandmother, who was near the entrance door. With energy, I enquired, Grandmother how do you do? and expected a thousand caresses, when lo! I received the cold observation, "You are coming from school." Wounded by the apparent coldness of her manner, I hastened into the house, found my honoured Grandfather seated in his arm chair as formerly. Approaching with my heart full of affection I said, Grandfather, how do you do? like the eyes of the good Patriarch, his were become dim, and he answered, "Who is this that calls me Grandfather?" I am Charles, I am Charles I replied: pulling me to his breast, he then at the very top of his voice exclaimed "Mary, Mary, here's little Charles." My astonished Grandmother hastened her best to see and receive the stranger, when she welcomed me with caresses and tears of joy. The apparent coldness of her manner was soon explained; she had not had the slightest intimation of my location in Lancashire, nor the most distant idea of such a visitor, and when I addressed her as Grandmother, she did not perfectly hear me, and she thought me the son of a neighbour about the same age who often called to see them in the evening when returning from school.—I could not but observe the marked change in the appearance of each, Time had told a tale; the faculties of mind and body seemed greatly impaired, but they were, if possible, still more dear to my affections, especially when I learned that grief for the death of my poor Uncle Jasper, and my removal from them had preyed deeply on their minds, and their health had been gradually sinking with the advance of years.

The venerable pair then joined in admiration of my growth, dress, and improved manners, and added: well my dear Charles, your absence has been painful, but your schooling has not been thrown away: scarcely had these words been uttered, than my Brother and Cousin arrived, Their welcome was very hearty, especially as they had brought "Little Charles."—In the evening my Uncle Samuel returned home from Stockport Market, when his surprise was scarcely less, nor the manifestation of his affection, less ardent than that of his parents.

The next and two following days my

Brother and Cousin remained with us, visiting all the scenes and objects which remained of venerated remembrance, but every thing had undergone a change, my little garden had been neglected, my Uncle had made some alterations about the house. The garden in front he had converted into a grass plot, with little gravel walks and knots of flowers. The gravel walk, on which I first commenced *pedestrianism* alone, remained. The youthful villagers, many of them were either grown out of recollection, removed by death, or to situations. The middle-aged alone were but little altered, but those bending under the weight of years when I left, had mostly been gathered to the home of their Fathers. My own appearance had undergone no less a change. I greatly longed for the arrival of the Sabbath, that I might with holy fervent feeling, worship my God in Ringway Chapel, where I imagined my heart would be as much affected, as when I left, and that I should be sure to take my seat exactly in my old place. With this intent I entered the sacred door, when to my surprise and sorrow, none of the old seats remained. The Chapel had been entirely new pewed, the whole of its internal arrangement was completely changed. Mr. Whittaker conducted the service in his usual solemn manner, and his was the only evangelical sermon I had heard since last I had been within those sacred walls. After service my Uncle took me to my venerated Pastor, who received me with much christian affection, thanked my Uncle for bringing me, and sweetly smiling said to him, "Well Mr. Mottershead, I hope you will not wait for another visit from your Nephew, before you come again." Alas! my Uncle was a *warm* Churchman, but too seldom attended Church.

A good portion of my time was afterwards spent in relating the occurrences of my residence in Halton: my poor Grandmother and Grandfather were much affected when I told them that every hour of the day they were in my thoughts, that I was never more happy than when a sight of them was presented in my sleep. Yet they could not but smile at my simplicity,* when I informed them, that at one time having formed the design of constructing a pair of wings, all the money I could save from the weekly pence allowed by my Father, I spent in the purchase of geese wings, that I made two frames in the form of extended wings, crossed them with strings, and intervove the frame with quills and feathers; in the inside of each wing I had two straps, in which to place my arms, with other straps binding the whole to my body. And thus equipped I intended to take my aerial flight to visit my dear and beloved home. The whole of my labour on my imaginary wings, was performed in private, in my general workshop, (a dry cellar belonging to my Father's house) in which I constructed little boats, bird cages, &c. Having completed my wings, I privately abstracted them from the cellar, and as privately ascended the Hill, supposing I could better rise from an eminence than a plain, when as Bishop Wilkins would have recommended, I buckled them on, moved them up and down, and found myself partially borne up, but could not ascend. In this case I was not like the good Mr. Michael Bently, I did not ascribe my failure to the want of *faith*, but of *works*. I imagined my wings had not been properly constructed, and did not immediately abandon the hope of final success. That hope kept the design alive, but it was never afterwards attempted. Simple as the project may appear, the excellent Prelate to whom I have alluded, wrote an Essay on the subject, and expressed it as his opinion, that a time would come, when a man would as frequently call for his wings, as he now does for his boots. I should imagine Railway

*Childish and simple as was the idea of flying through the air by the aid of artificial wings.—*Men* of talent and genius have at various times indulged the same expectation, and who have hitherto been disappointed. When residing at SWINTON, my boyish folly was brought to my recollection by the silly attempt of a very religious *enthusiastic* good man, Michael Bently, who understanding the scriptures literally, believed he had Faith as a grain of mustard seed, and that by the power of this Faith, he could ascend into the air, as did the Prophet Elijah into Heaven. This he announced to his neighbours, and also that on a certain day, from the top of Mr. Baron's pump-tree, he would take his flight. The day came, his friends assembled, and Mr. Baron's pump-yard was filled with company. Michael not without some *effort*, mounted the summit of the pump, offered up many devout ejaculations, looked up to the skies with intense desire, *batted* his arms as birds do their wings, and making the final effort to rise, he ascended about twelve inches, when he dropt to the ground: finding himself on *terra firma*, he exclaimed, "O brethren, my faith failed me."

Wings will for ever prevent the Bishop's aerial scheme from being attempted.

The time too soon arrived when I had to take leave of my ever venerated Grand-Parents, and all that remained of earliest friends and former scenes.

" Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."
BURNS.

I left the dear home loaded with presents and blessings.

I returned to the Westwoods refreshed and cheered by my visit; and with glee related to my beloved Aunt the particulars relative to her Parents, Brothers, and friends. My life was at this time of great uniformity and peace, I had the happiness to acquire the love and approbation of all my relatives and neighbours. But even here I had my afflictions, I was assailed first by the small-pox very severely, secondly by the ague sixteen weeks.

On each occasion, my beloved Aunt was a tender affectionate nurse, often with tears expressing her sympathy and sorrow.

" My fears and pains she hushed to rest,
Fond kisses on my lips she prest,
Her arms my sinking form carest,
And tenderest care bestowed;
When sickness threw its venomed dart,
My pillow was her aching heart,
Her gentle looks would joy impart,
With angel love they glowed.

The world is but a troubled sea,
Its billows rude have frowned on me,
Yet my frail bark must shipwrecked be,
Ere I forget such friend."

My natural desire after knowledge and books continued with increase. My Uncle had some, and my Brother a few of an historical and biographical character, which I read many times over. A kind friend and neighbour Mr. John Lingard, lent me all his collection, and with my own sent from Halton, Goldsmith's, Pope's, and Parnell's Poems, and others which I occasionally purchased from stalls in Manchester, my appetite was supplied, but my real taste remained ungratified.

The French Revolution and the War consequent thereon, excited my feelings and attention. My Uncle, my Brother, and Mr. Lingard became politicians, and every week we had two newspapers, " Wheeler's Manchester Chronicle," and " Falkner's Manchester Herald. The politics of the latter not according with our views, on the causes and progress of the war, it was dismissed, and "Harrop's Mercury" adopted in its stead. From those papers I gained much information. Tom Paine was my detestation, and the Duke of York my gallant hero. A dashing engraved Portrait of his Royal Highness on a fine prancing horse, which my friend Mr. Lingard had lent me, was my constant admiration. With great diligence and with some art, I contrived to copy it, as I did other venerated engravings and drawings, which by vivid colouring, were made to appear, in my dear Aunt's opinion, deserving of notice.

Westwood Farm belonging to his Grace the Duke of Bridgwater, and being near Worsley, on the banks of the Canal, the Noble Duke and his faithful steward Mr. Gilbert would occasionally call at my Uncle's, freely and cheerfully converse, particularly with my Aunt, when His Grace happening to pay some attention to a Drawing I had copied of Barton Aqueduct,* my Aunt with becoming modesty addressing His Grace, said, " my Nephew," then by his Grace's side, " though self-instructed, is very clever for his years, and almost every Picture on the walls he has drawn or copied." " Very clever, very clever indeed," said His Grace with great cheerfulness, at the same time extending his right hand to the head of

* This Aqueduct was at that time, and had been since its first erection, though far surpassed by that of Marple, an object of attraction; under one of its arches I remember to have seen in existence a floor across, which had been often employed by the villagers for the enjoyment of rustic dancing. The height of the Aqueduct is 39 feet above the surface of the Irwell, it was designed and constructed under the talented Jas. Brindley, its erection commenced in Sept. 1760, and the first Boat passed over July 17th, 1761. When Mr. Brindley first mentioned his design it met with great opposition, but not from his Noble employer. An eminent Engineer to whom the proposal was submitted, being brought to the spot, he treated it with ridicule, " I have often" said he " heard of building castles in the air, but never before was shewn where they were to be erected." What would he now think, were he alive, of the Menai Bridge and Railway Viaducts?

But to whom are we most probably indebted for the erection of these splendid, wonderful *Viaducts?* To the humble self-taught, the talented James Brindley, born in the county of Derby, apprenticed to a Millwright near Macclesfield. He died of Hectic Fever, brought on by intense application, September 27th, 1772.

the humble youthful Artist, "Who knows but that he may live to be a greater man than the Duke of Bridgwater!" Time, alas! has held out no indications of such ever being my fortune. But if I can only draw the portrait of my Saviour in my own heart, I hope I may yet be a prince in the kingdom of heaven.

The sight of the Duke of Bridgwater* was always animating to my mind. He was the soul of every thing in that vicinity: he who could obtain a situation or a farm under His Grace, was considered a fortunate man. I see him even now in my imagination, standing on a summer evening in the bow of his Canal Yacht, the late Duke of Sutherland, (then Lord Gower) and Mr. Gilbert standing by him. The party seemed quite happy, and

* Within the compass of a brief note, it will be impossible in any degree to do justice to the character of so illustrious an individual as Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgwater. The sound of whose name has reached every country, and almost every intelligent man, where a Navigable Canal has been introduced. This great benefactor of his country, its trade, manufactures and commerce, was born in 1736, was the youngest son of Scroop, fourth Earl and first Duke of Bridgwater. He succeeded his brother, the second Duke, in 1748. He was the heir of the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in the sixth degree of descent. One of the estates which he inherited, situated at Worsley, contained a rich bed of coal, but it was comparatively of little value, in consequence of the heavy expense of land carriage, and the inadequate means of communication afforded by the Irwell. In deliberating on the best means of supplying Manchester with coal from the pits of Worsley, the obstacles were so great as to lead him to consider a great variety of expedients for overcoming them. At length he fixed upon the expedient of constructing a navigable canal; and in the 32nd George II. (1758-9) he obtained, though not without some difficulty, the act of parliament which enabled him to commence the first navigable canal constructed in Great Britain in modern times. From this circumstance he is frequently styled 'the Father of British Inland Navigation.' It was the Duke of Bridgwater's determination to render his canal as perfect as possible, and to adopt a line which should render it unnecessary to have recourse to locks. The duke was rewarded for his enterprising spirit and confidence, by the successful completion of the work.

The whole of the canal from Worsley to Manchester, with the subterraneous works at the coal-mines at Worsley, was executed under two acts of parliament; the underground canals and tunnels at Worsley are said to have cost £168,000, and to be 18 miles in length. In 1762 a third application was made to parliament, and the necessary powers were obtained for opening an artificial water communication with Liverpool by the Mersey. Subsequent acts enabled the duke to complete his designs. The length of the main line is above 27 miles, all on the same level, which has rendered great embankments necessary, as the canal crosses several depressions. From Preston Brook, in the parish of Runcorn, the course of the canal is at first N. W. and afterwards due W. until it enters the tideway of the Mersey at Runcorn by ten locks, which have a fall at low water of nearly 83 feet. At Preston Brook the Grand Trunk Canal (the name by which the navigation is familiarly known in the country) joins the Duke of Bridgwater's Canal, which thus connects it with the Trent, and with Birmingham and London, and with Bristol. With the exception of that part between Worsley and Leigh, every part of the canal was executed, under the direction of Brindley, in about five years. The aqueduct at Barton was opened July 17th, 1761, and soon afterwards the whole line. It cannot be computed what the whole expense incurred by the Duke of Bridgwater in completing this great undertaking amounted to. The duke's canal however has done as much to promote the public prosperity, as to increase the wealth of the noble projector's heirs. Before its construction coals were retailed to the poor at Manchester at 7d. per cwt., but after its completion they were sold at about 3d. and six score were given to the cwt. The carriage by water from Manchester to Liverpool was 12s. per ton; by land it was as high as 40s.; on the duke's canal the charge was 6s. per ton. The wealth which he was the means of creating was thus diffused among every class of his countrymen. The Duke was also one of the most zealous promoters of the Grand Trunk Navigation, and his brother-in-law, the first Marquis of Stafford, being at its head, they mutually aided each other. In the construction of his great work he had exhausted his credit to the utmost; he could not raise £500 on his bill in the city of London, and his agent, Mr. Gilbert, had frequently to ride over the counties of Cheshire and Lancashire, from door to door, to raise sums, from £10 and upwards, to enable him to pay the Saturday night's demand. At the same time the duke restricted himself to the simplest fare, and lived with scarcely a servant to attend upon him. His great estates at Ellesmere, which he held in fee simple, were quite unencumbered, but no persuasion would induce him to resort to the easy method of relieving himself from difficulties by borrowing money upon them. When in London he would not undertake the trouble of keeping house; he therefore made an allowance of £2000 to a friend of his, (Mr. Carvill.) with whom he dined, when not otherwise engaged, and to whose table he had the privilege of inviting his particular friends.

The Duke of Bridgwater never took an active part in politics; he was a decided friend to the Pitt Administration, and a large contributor to the Loyalty Loan. He died March 8th, 1803, and never having been married, his great wealth was distributed among the collateral branches of his family. The canal property, with the Lancashire, Cheshire, and Brackley Estates he left to his nephew, the late Duke of Sutherland. They are now in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, late Lord Francis Egerton."

My recollection of the Noble Duke is, that he was above the middle stature, corpulent, but very active; had a noble princely countenance, wore generally a dark brown coat with gold buttons. His hair tied in the club fashion, with a handsome knot of ribbon on the band: he appeared to be plainly but most respectably attired. When at Worsley Hall he was never weary in superintending the Works in progress or commencing. Scarcely ever any attendants except Mr. Gilbert, Mr. John Gilbert, or Mr. Southern. At Worsley there was a Draw Bridge, or rather a strong plank turned on a pivot, opposite to the Iron Foundry or rather Forge, connecting the hauling or travelling side of the canal with the timber and boat-building yards. Here His Grace was often seen. I recollect standing with my back against the Foundry wall, being very much amused, and in some degree interested. Though no one but persons connected with the establishment, had a right to make use of the bridge, yet the kindness of the Duke permitted persons to cross the yard from the Manchester turnpike-road to the canal side, and thence to Monton Green, Eccles, &c. On the occasion above-named, a female was pass-

so they were, for they knew that they enjoyed the honour, love and esteem of every individual within the vicinity, the eye that saw them, blessed them. Happy were the inhabitants of Worsley in those days, with no want of employment or money. The Colliers of Walkden Moor employed by His Grace, on the occasion of a marriage would pass the Westwoods along the canal side, it being the best and nearest way to Eccles Church, in companies of several hundreds. Fidlers playing, ribbons flying, and all rejoicing. Their funerals were no less numerously attended, though there was no such thing as an invitation known in the parish of Eccles, except among the higher classes. Friends came for miles round, and all were welcome, and it was always considered that numbers gave proof that the deceased was in high esteem. I regret to state that intoxication too frequently prevailed, both at the marriages and funerals. Such was the state of Eccles parish at that period, that intoxication was considered no disgrace,

With sorrow I record, that one good-natured Curate, for whom I had great personal esteem, would often be seduced by the love of liquor, to become intoxicated, and sometimes in low company. Yet this said Curate had the good will of his parishioners. In after years the good feeling of all denominations was put to the test. The Curate had unfortunately been a witness to a drunken fray in Martha Gregory's, a public house in the village, at a very late hour. When one of the combatants lost an eye, for which an action was brought against the offender at the County Assizes, at Lancaster, in 1803, and the Curate was subpœnaed as a witness. On hearing his evidence, the Judge became very much agitated; and after its conclusion, his Lordship remarked, "So you the Rev.—, were at a public house on a Saturday night, mixing with low company, very unfit preparation for the duties of the approaching day. I will instantly write to your Dioecesan, and take care that the Rev.——— — shall no longer officiate as a Clergyman of the Church of England," and he received his dismissal accordingly.

Great was the sorrow felt by every denomination and grade of his parishioners. A petition was instantly got up, signed by almost every one in the parish, who saw it and could write their names, whether Churchmen, Methodists, or Dissenters; for by this time there were many Wesleyans and Dissenters; at which the Bishop was greatly astonished, and being assured of his penitence, kindly reinstated him in his office with a suitable admonition, and also impressive counsel.

Happening to be on a visit at the house of the late Thomas Cooke, Esq. of Pendlebury, (father of the present) who with high honour and distinction had often filled the office of Churchwarden, when the petition was brought for his signature, and that of his Sons and Family; in hope that the Judge's censure would not be lost on the Curate, and remembering his good and cheerful disposition, and his large family, I instantly annexed my poor signature, and prayed that the petition might succeed, and the offender become a new man. I have been informed that a great change did take place after the circumstance related. He continued Curate until the time of his death, which happened December 1st, 1816, aged 59; having held that responsible situation nearly 35 years.

I remember the venerable Mr. Crookhall, the Vicar of Eccles, who at that period had nearly, if not entirely, lost his sight. With the aid of some one to read the Psalms and Lessons, he would go through the service with astonishing exactness, and with considerable ability address his congregation, then not very religious or learned. He was a shrewd man and of keen wit. An anecdote was re-

---

ing through with a large bundle of Cotton Cardings on her head, open at each end; when the duke was standing in the yard near the bridge, observing some workmen, she rudely passed him so close, that her cardings came in contact with His Grace's hat, club, and coat: they were covered completely. How eagerly did I long to have crossed the bridge and assisted the Duke, to have picked the cardings from his attire, but the woman at the same time crossing the plank, without pushing her into the canal I could not pass also, and which I felt almost inclined to have done; but in an instant, workmen from every part of the yard were seen running at full speed to render their assistance. This was the most amusing part of the little incident, to see the Noble Duke greatly excited, attempting to clear his attire of the obnoxious adhesion, and the men in reverence laying their hats down on the ground, the picking off the wool, puffing and blowing as if to set a fist of oil. The woman at the same time continuing her way, toss'd her head and enjoyed the scene, but who at that time was probably unconscious of the rank of the individual whom she had thus annoyed. This event led to the closing of the path to all females with burdens.

lated of him, that he went to the stall of Butcher Booth in Eccles, and purchased meat for the household, at which time he observed some bones on the stall, when laying his hand upon them, he said, 'I will have these Mr. Booth, but I must *owe* you for them,' smiling at the same time. "Very well," said the Butcher. Christmas came round, and a bill sent in, including the bones, which Mr. Crookhall observing, very humourously remarked, "Why I see Mr. Booth you have charged for the bones, you must recollect I was to *owe* for these, if I pay you I break the bargain."

This anecdote, Mr. John Hindley of Swinton, informed me, to his great astonishment he heard related in a Tavern in New York. Query. Had the Vicar given a thousand pounds to the poor, would it have travelled as far?

I remember with reverence that worthy Magistrate, Chairman of the Salford Quarter Sessions, Thomas Butterworth Bayley, Esq. The first charity sermon for a Sunday School that I ever heard, was at Eccles Church, when the Justice bareheaded took his place at the Church door with his box in his hand, repeatedly soliciting the congregation as it passed him, "To remember the Poor," "*Do remember the Poor.*" To this day a portion of one of the Hymns sung by the Children on the occasion, is repeated with a feeling of happy recollection.

"Parent of Good to Thee we owe,
Whatever we enjoy;
Our every blessing here below,
Our hopes beyond the sky.

The duties of our little sphere,
Assist us to fulfil;
And marked let ev'ry act appear,
With rev'rence to Thy will."

To my delighted soul the voices of the little scholars were perfect music, and from that moment I felt a love for Sunday Schools, and a desire to be a Teacher; which love has never ceased. My first engagement in that capacity was at Dales brow School, about the year 1794.

On the 19th of August, 1849, a Sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Marsden, Vicar of St. John's, Chester, for the Eccles Sunday Schools, including my venerated Dales brow, (formerly Deans brow) School. From Hymns for the occasion, I select one verse from that sung by the Dales brow Scholars.

"Oh ye, who know your Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove;
Your friendly, timely aid, afford,
That we may early serve the Lord!"

At the time of my residence near Eccles, there was living in a mud cottage, built on the waste ground in the centre of the village, one Joseph Owen, who kept Donkeys, by the employment of which he obtained a living both for himself and daughter. This old man was probably the most wicked profane person living in Eccles. He was an infidel and blasphemer. In his latter days his legs became fearfully ulcerated, and appeared to be rotting off, the stench was almost intolerable to persons near him. It was believed that the affliction was a judgment from God* in answer to his repeated curses and blasting of his limbs. His conduct on the day of his death was most horrible, too horrible to be related; his daughter having no one to bear her company. About twelve o'clock at night in fright and agony, she left her father and wandered in the street; returning, she found him removed from his bed, which was in the only room they had, and his head laid on the door sill, perfectly dead; how he could in the state he was in, remove himself from his bed to that situation, no one could conjec-

---

*Numerous instances are recorded of wicked blasphemers, and imprecators drawing down the vengeance of God upon themselves, gradually as in the above instance, and sometimes instantaneously, as in the case of a Shropshire Militiaman, about the year 1797, who called upon God to blast his limbs, if the story he was relating to two of his Comrades was not true. God heard his prayer, his limbs were blasted, and he fell down, saying, "Comrades, I was telling lies."

"In the Market-place of Devises, Wiltshire, is a Cross, on which is an inscription recording a remarkable instance of the Divine punishment instantly inflicted on a woman who called God to witness the truth of what she asserted; though it was a falsehood, she solemnly affirmed that she had paid money for some corn she had bought, wishing God would strike her dead if she had not, she dropped lifeless, and the money was found in her hand."—*Melksham Guide.*

About 40 years ago, a circumstance very similar to that recorded on the Cross at Devises, happened at Wellington in the county of Salop. A person of the name of Ann Swift, had the privilege, with others, of retailing beer during the time of the fair. In order to repress the disorders occasioned by excessive drinking, or the assembling of riotous company, the late ever beloved, and lamented Vicar, the Rev. John Eyton went through the town at a late hour; finding the house of

ture. The credulous supposed that his old friend from the lower regions had been his assistant. In passing by his door I have often been shocked by his groans and blasphemy, and though my zeal for religion was on the decay for want of spiritual companions and a gospel ministry, I greatly desired to have entered his dwelling, and to have offered my sincere assistance and humble prayers for his repentance and salvation, but I checked myself, considering my youth and unfitness for so important a mission. In all the time of his dreadful situation and state, I never heard of one minister or pious believer ever paying him a visit..

There are persons no doubt living in Eccles who will remember all I relate, and in many things could render me valuable assistance. At this distance of time, events only of a striking character, or those in which I was personally interested can be remembered.

In the early part of my residence at the the Westwoods, and while a night scholar at Barton school, the country was all excitement, in consequence of a Scotchman's Pack having been stolen from a public-house at Peel Green in that neighbourhood. The circumstances were peculiar, a very respectable family of the name of Barrow, at that time resided at Fox Hill, a considerable farm, not very distant from the place where the robbery was committed. Mr. John Barrow, and a poor man of the name of Thomas Moss were the last persons in the public-house, and some suspicion fell upon them both; to repel this suspicion, a horse was saddled in Mr. Barrow's stable, as if ready to be mounted; for the Pack being just stolen, thieves were reported to be seen on the premises, and that while endeavouring to make their escape, Mr. John Barrow fired his gun as the rogues fled: a bundle was left by the robbers containing goods abstracted from the Pack, blood was traced at some distance on the turnpike road, and in the opinion of the projectors and actors the deception was complete. But what should have been Mr. Barrow's exculpation, became his condemnation; it was proved that the blood was not human blood, and that it was coagulated when sprinkled on the ground. John Barrow and Thomas Moss were arrested, taken to the New Bailey Prison, Moss was acquitted, and Barrow was transported to the Hulks.

Great diversity of opinion prevailed as to the guilt of Mr. Barrow, he made no confession, and numbers continued to believe him to be an innocent injured man. And this continued to be rather a prevailing opinion, when about four years afterwards, Mr. Thomas his brother was committed to Lancaster Castle on the charge of stealing a Cow. Never was surprise greater, the character of Mr. T. Barrow, was above all suspicion, he was however proved guilty, con-

---

Ann Swift full of disorderly company, he ordered them all to their respective homes, with which they appeared to comply; but shortly after leaving the house they returned again. A shilling being required for their admission up stairs, one of the men paid it, and demanded the right he had purchased, Swift declared he had not given her the money, and called for God to strike her dead if she did not speak the truth: to the consternation and horror of the depraved company, she instantly fell down a lifeless corpse with the shilling grippen in her hand.

The circumstance was improved in a sermon by the Rev. H. Gauntlet, Curate to Mr. Eyton, when a crowded congregation attended.

In a letter, dated September 28th, 1841, received from my long-valued, sincere and beloved Friend, the Rev. William Morgan, B.D. Incumbent of Christ Church, Bradford, Yorkshire, referring to the awful death of Ann Swift, he says, 'Are you aware that Mr. Eyton and myself, often warned her husband of his impiety, and that he always laughed at us. He married the second time a woman as bad as his first wife. One day they were walking to Shrewsbury, and before they arrived at Hay Gate, he called to his wife who was on the other side of the road.' my dear I feel poorly, let me lay hold of your arm. 'whilst he was crossing the road to her, and she crossing to him, before they came to each other he fell down a lifeless corpse. I buried him, and preached to a crowded congregation, on 'There is but a step between me and death.' Much good was by God's blessing done by Mr. Gauntlet's Sermon. and I humbly trust by mine also. I have indeed often mentioned these circumstances of both their awful deaths with advantage to many."

More recently, among the numbers of cases of which we read, March 28th, 1849, Martha Edwards was struck dead in Shrewsbury Market-place, while holding a dispute with Martha Kay, from whom she had purchased some Potatoes. Martha Edwards vehemently asserted they were not just weight, and called for vengeance on herself if that was not the case, when dreadful to relate, she instantly fell down a lifeless corpse into the arms of Martha Kay.

Henry Keate, Esq. an eminent surgeon of the town, after making a post mortem examination, declared that he could not say what was the cause of death, it might be appoplexy. Why could he not be certain? The death was no doubt *really* by the Visitation of God.

If it be asked, how the Divine Governor of the Universe suffers so many similar blasphemies to go unpunished?—I would answer: was the infliction of temporal judgments in all similar cases to be resorted to, it would destroy the freedom of human action, and supersede the necessity of future punishment. If Divine punishments were never inflicted in this world, the wicked would more daringly persevere in saying 'there is no God,'—therefore, that man may be free on the one hand, and cautioned by examples on the other, the just judgments of God are not general, but mercifully restrained to occasional instances, and particular cases.

demned and executed. After condemnation he confessed that his brother and himself had committed the robbery, and that the Pack was then concealed at the bottom of a saw-pit on his farm. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood hastened to make the search, soon discovered the Pack, and quickly emptied it of its contents which had then become perished and of no value. Gimp from the Pack was worn round the hats of the youth of Barton and vicinity, as if the affair was one of triumph, instead of lamentation and regret, that members of a family so respectable and respected, should thus have fallen by crime into ruin and disgrace.

What awful reflections does this melancholy transaction supply. Here was a family living in the high esteem of all their neighbours and the country round, honoured for their probity, sobriety, and respectable demeanour, by yielding to some avaricious feeling and wicked desire, plunged into the deepest disgrace. They had for sometime been inattentive to public worship, and the sabbath-day, and in some other respects less consistent in their conduct than formerly; one degree of crime succeeds another, until an ignominious fate generally ends the career of iniquity.*

At this time I constantly attended the Parish Church of Eccles, but do not recollect a single sermon, that even in the slightest degree affected my heart. As before intimated, the good people of Eccles had not the advantage of an Evangelical Ministry, for the successor of Mr. Crookhall wanted that fervour of feeling in his ministrations, which, accompanied with real holiness, can alone affect the heart of a sinner, or strengthen the faith of a weak believer.

No wonder then, if the great prosperity in business, and of all trades at that period was rather an evil than a good, affording to the dissolute and the extravagant, more ample means of attending to low sports, and habits of intoxication. Yet there were many exceptions, numbers by industry and sobriety raised themselves to independence and distinction, but even these thought little of that important question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The principal employment of the working population of Eccles and vicinity at that time, was the manufacture of Cotton Goods on the home or domestic plan. There were not then, according to my present recollection, more than two Spinning Manufactories in Manchester, Arkwright's with its lofty chimney, and Douglas's extensive Works, on the river Irwell, near the Broken bank. I remember Mr. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas being at Halton, for the benefit of the Lady's health, but, alas! a fine salubrious air, and the first medical skill in the kingdom could not save her life. I had the happiness to receive from her lips, no little encouragement to persevere in my attention to reading, and not a few kind presents from her friendly hand.

At the period of my first residence in Eccles Parish, I believe the above Mills chiefly supplied the Weavers of Eccles and other parishes with twist for warps, which were purchased by the Master Manufacturers. A warp with a suitable quantity of cotton wool was delivered out by the master to the weaver; this he took home, his wife or one of the females of the family, would BAT it, that is, prepare it for carding, which was done sometimes by a Hand Engine at home, or by an Engine moved by water power, as at Dry wood, near Worsley, and the carding paid for. The next process was to rove or slub it on a hand machine of twenty or thirty spindles, the rovings or slubbings were afterwards spun on a hand jenny of twenty to forty spindles, of the fineness of the thread required by the master, and this depended on the description of goods for which it was intended; whether a pillow fustian, a velveret, velveteen, thick-set Queen's cord, or Genoa cord, which governed the fineness or texture. The weft so spun was delivered to a youthful or aged member of the family, to wind into pins, and thence and lastly delivered to the father of

* Almost every perpetrator of murder, robbery, or other villainy, ascribes the commencement of his wickedness to the neglect of Public Worship, and the duties of the Sabbath, or to reading infidel and loose publications. Even at this moment, while I am writing, we have the above statement confirmed by the confession of Fredrick George Manning, who with his wife Maria, were the murderers of their friend Patrick O'Connor, and paid the penalty of death, on the gallows, Horsemonger-lane Gaol, London, November 12th, 1849.

It is a remarkable fact, that before they committed the horrid crime, they had prepared a *grave* for their victim in their back kitchen, over which he walked a few moments before his murder. Maria Manning and her husband walked over *their own* graves a few minutes before their execution.

the family, sons and apprentices, to be woven into the description of fabric required by the Master. Numbers were in this manner constantly employed at their own homes. Pieces being woven were returned to the employer, wages paid, and fresh warps and wool delivered out. The profits of the MasterManufacturer were almost equal in amount to the price of the same character of goods at the present time. The wages of weavers were liberal, three pounds or even four pounds would be the weekly earnings of a family. At that time the larger the family the better. The Father or Master Weaver was as happy, and independent as a prince.* He loved his employer, and his employer loved him, their interests were mutual. The increase of Manufactories, and the employment of steam power in a great degree put an end to this happy state of things. Steam Looms about this time began to be employed, but not very successfully. They were hated and dreaded by the poor hand loom weavers, and yet their ignorance and prejudice was such, that I have heard them triumphantly exclaim, "Never, until they can make a Loom to talk and think, can they invent one to weave by steam." Time, alas! has taught them the difference, and the Hand Weavers of Lancashire, are probably the poorest and most miserable of men. Sixty years ago they were the most happy. Those Weavers* now employed in steam loom Manufactories are in much happier circumstances than the hand loom weavers, yet in no degree equal to the plenty and independence of their forefathers of former times. At the same time it must be admitted, that if all the operatives in the world were employed to do the work now accomplished by steam, they would fail in the endeavour.

But to return to the Weavers of Eccles Parish, viz: Barton, Monton, Swinton, &c.— They were ingenious and generally industrious. In harvest ready with their sickles or their scythes. Almost every sober steady man had his HOBBY, that is, was a grower of Auriculas, and Polyanthuses, cultivator of Tulips, Carnations, and Ranuncluses. Improver of the breeds of Apples, Goosberries and other fruits; or a breeder of Canaries,† amusing himself, and contributing to the benefit and happiness of his fellow creatures. Never shall I forget the delight I have felt in visiting their pretty little cultivated gardens, miniature orchards, and their melodious birds of song. Nor can I forget, when at the age of seventeen, my name appeared in an advertisement as the Steward of an important Auricula and Polyanthus Meeting. Happy days, but ye are gone by for ever!

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

* Many families by their industry, then lived happily and dressed genteely, perhaps much above their station. Hair Powder was worn by every one making any pretensions to gentility, and so prevalent was the custom, that I have seen it on the heads of well dressed Weavers, Fustian Cutters, Tailors and Shoemakers, and they could not be distinguished from real gentlemen. I remember when living at my Uncle Smith's, about the year 1792, one Sunday evening standing with the youth of the family, near my Uncle's gate, on the banks of the canal, two well dressed gentlemen, with long watch chains, and heads loaded with powder, commenced a rude and silly attack on my Aunt's servant maid, which was instantly resented by the whole party, and a neighbour John Stephenson, secured the fellows, with an intent to deliver them to a constable, when demanding their names and profession, they declared themselves to be two journeymen Calanderers, from Manchester, and made a suitable apology. This foolish custom of making their heads like Cauliflowers, was long the criterion by which a lady or gentleman was to be distinguished, and no one was thought genteel unless he had as much flour on his head as would make a ploughman's dumpling. This silly practice originated with a Ballad Singer in Paris, who to obtain notice, powdered his hair. The Government Tax and the good sense of the country, have nearly, if not altogether, extinguished the absurd distinction.

* I particularly allude to the Manufactories of Mr. Hobson and of Messrs. Chadwick, in Eccles, and also the extensive Steam Loom Establishment of Messrs. Bowers and Yates, in Swinton. In the month of November, 1849, Mr. Bowers very politely conducted me through his Works, when I had the gratification of hearing the young female hands employed in one of the rooms, to join in singing a very sweet Hymn or Psalm. I could not but drop a tear, the circumstance bringing to my recollection, my own late Establishment on the banks of the Severn, Coleham, Shrewsbury; where Hymns and Psalms *alone* were sung by the young people in my employment.

† Canary shows were not then I rather think in existence, although there were many breeders of that elegant little warbler, they now are frequent. Various are the Prizes offered for Competition. Not only Floricultural, but Horticultural and Vegetable Shows are encouraged and delighted in. But the poor hand loom weavers compete under many disadvantages. It affords me great happiness in the recollection, that to my humble recommendation and efforts, in union with the late Mr. Smith, High Street, Mr. Pugh, Abbey Foregate, and others; that the first Floricultural Meeting held in Shrewsbury, was held at the Crown Inn, under our management.

# LETTER XIII. THE PARISH OF ECCLES, ITS ANCIENT CHURCH, MONUMENTS, AND CHURCH-YARD; BOWDEN CHURCH, MONUMENTS AND GRAVES; INCIDENTS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PERIOD, PERSONAL HISTORY, DANGEROUS ILLNESS, &c. &c.

"Memory oft, with sweet constraining force,
Her spells upon the spirit loves to cast;
And till the sweet, but brief illusion ends,
She can unfold the chambers of the tomb;
Can call forth forms of long-departed friends,
Clad in her former light, and life, and bloom:
And while the heart to her enchantment yields,
She can pourtray the cherished home of youth;
Whether midst cities or the quiet fields,
It greets the fancy with the force of truth."

*Sketches of Character, &c. by* ANNA H. POTTS.

My Dear Charles,

Having briefly introduced you to the state and character of the Parish of Eccles at the time of my first becoming one of its Inhabitants, I will endeavour to give you some account of that important, and to myself, most interesting Parish.

The Village of Eccles is situated about four miles from Manchester, and fourteen from Warrington, on the once great thoroughfare between those important commercial Towns. Since the completion of the Manchesster and Liverpool Railway, not a single Stage Coach passes through the village. The whole parish contains five townships, viz: Barton-upon-Irwell, Clifton, Pendlebury, Pendleton, and Worsley, extending from East to West nine miles, from North to South four miles. In the year 1790 the population of the whole parish was only 12,430 persons; in 1821, 23,831; in 1841, 33,792, being an increase of 21,362 souls in fifty years. The first improvement which I remember, was the building of King Street, in which Mr. Hill, my last instructor, resided, and kept School. Eccles School as it was designated, adjoined the Church-yard, but was far from being popular or well conducted. Eccles has no township of its own name; it is merely a portion of the township of Barton. There are not, that I remember, any particular Antiquities in or near Eccles, except the Monk's Hall, an ancient timber and brick house, from which it was traditionally asserted, there was in the times before the Dissolution of the Monasteries, an underground passage to the Church. A Stone Cross is still standing in the village. Eccles has at the present time, a remarkably clean and comfortable appearance. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway passes within less than a hundred yards of the Parish Church; but does not enter the ancient limits of the village, and it was at the Vicarage, then the residence of the Rev. Thomas Blackburn, that Mr. Huskisson,* the first Martyr to Railway conveyance on that

* I remember the deep sensation of regret which this melancholy event occasioned my noble and revered friend, the late General Lord Viscount Hill, who was among the number of noble and distinguished personages who were of the illustrious company that attended the opening of this important Railway, and were consequently present when the melancholy occurrence took place.

The Opening was one of the most brilliant description. A splendid state carriage had been prepared for the illustrious passengers, and on the 15th September, 1830, the trains crowded to excess with passengers, some paying as high as five guineas each for a passage, were started in due order. The car which contained the illustrious personages, was started on the second line, and stopped to take in water at Parkside. The company here availed themselves of the opportunity of alighting. Every person seemed delighted, and to enjoy this

line, was unfortunately killed. On the 21st of the following month, Mr. Henry Hunter of Eccles, brother to the Rev. John Hunter of Ashton-upon-Mersey, was killed by the upsetting of the engine, and several others wounded. These accidents, though melancholy and disastrous, may have been the original incentive to that watchfulness and care for which this line of Railway is so justly celebrated. There is a very handsome Station within 300 yards of the Parish Church of Eccles. I observed that the Station keeper and attendants were attentive, rendering every information and assistance in their power; no less obliging were the attendants at Chester and Manchester, and I think, my dear Charles, you are particularly fortunate at Slaithwaite, the business of that Station seems to me to be admirably conducted.

The populous Townships of Barton, and Worsley, and even Eccles itself, in a less degree, have the advantage also of Canal and River Conveyance, extensively and most beneficially promoted by the Noble Earl of Ellesmere, the sole proprietor of each. The establishment of Cotton Factories, Silk Mills, Iron Foundries, Coal Works, &c. extensively in the parish, is daily contributing to increase its population.

In the centre of the Village of Eccles is a spacious open Market-place, formerly the arena for furious Men fights, and barbarous Bull-baitings.* The Market day is Saturday, and a Fair was for the first time held for Cattle, &c. on the 16th, (but in future to be held on the 15th) of November, 1849.

From the Church-yard gates proceeds a spacious street, now called St. Mary's, formerly the only one in the Village, it contains handsome shops† filled with goods and lighted with gas, including Printers and Booksellers, Drapers, Grocers, Provision Dealers, Bakers, Druggists, Ironmongers, and Eccles Cake Manufacturers, a delicious pastry first manufactured here, and for which Eccles is justly celebrated all over the kingdom.

The Bull's Head, Duke of York, Hare and Hounds, the Grapes, and the White Horse, are some of the principal Inns. Opposite the Bull's Head, in the Market-place, is one of the best houses in the town, and which in my youthful days was highly valued as a station, from the windows of which, the humours of the Annual Wakes, (last week in August) could be witnessed to complete advantage. The

---

novel mode of travelling, which enterprise and invention had provided for them, when an awful calamity took place, turning smiles into sadness, and mirth into mourning. It appeared that immediately after the stoppage took place of the train at Parkside, just beyond Newton, the Duke of Wellington, who stood in front of the car, recognised Mr. Huskisson, and cordially shook hands with him. Mr. Huskisson then alighted from the carriage in which he sat; but on returning to speak to Mrs. Huskisson, he stood on the step holding the door in his hand; at this moment, the bugle of the guard of the Rocket announced the approach of that engine, which caused some confusion amongst the company on the line: all the gentlemen succeeded in getting into their carriages, with the exception of Mr. Huskisson, who being nervous from illness, became flurried and lost his presence of mind. He fell, or as it has been asserted, threw himself off the step on which he stood to avoid the danger. The driver being unable to stop the engine, it came on with terrific speed, and passed over Mr. Huskisson's leg and thigh; a scream from Mrs. Huskisson, and a sorrowful murmur ran through the company, announcing to those behind that some untoward event had occurred. Mr. Littleton, M. P. for Staffordshire, raised the unfortunate gentleman from the ground, who exclaimed, "This is the death of me." Mr. Littleton said, "I hope not, sir." Mr. Huskisson replied, "Yes, it is." A board was then procured on which the hapless gentleman was placed; he was then conveyed in the musicians' carriage to the nearest house, Eccles Vicarage, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, now of the Rev. W. Marsden, where he received every attention.

On the occurrence of the accident the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, and some others were anxious to return to Liverpool, but the rest of the company appeared desirous of proceeding to Manchester, to prevent disappointment. In a field near Eccles, a wretchedly dressed mechanic was seen working his loom, other demonstrations of the alarm felt by the lower orders were also visible. The trains returning left Manchester at five o'clock, and arrived in Liverpool at seven o'clock. Mr. Huskisson expired at nine o'clock at night, being about nine hours after the accident took place; during this period he made his will and received the sacrament, conversing occasionally with the clergyman attending him, and the Earl of Wilton, who never left his side one moment from the time of the melancholy occurrence until he breathed his last. The mournful tidings were received in Liverpool next morning, and spread a gloom over the whole community. Mr. Huskisson, by the request of the inhabitants, was interred in the Mount Cemetery. Upwards of 40,000 persons it is supposed were spectators of the funeral procession.

W

---

* Bull-baiting, that cruel sport, thanks be to education and religion, is almost unknown. It had its origin at Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, "In the reign of King John. William, Earl Warren, then Lord of the Town, observing two Bulls in the Castle meadow fighting for a Cow, and that all the Butchers' dogs were alarmed at their bellowing, ran out and singled out one of them, which they pursued through the Town. This Earl was so pleased with the diversion, that he gave all the meadows for a common, to the Butchers' of the Town, on condition that they should present a Mad Bull, six weeks before every Christmas, for the continuance of that sport, from which arose that proverb, "As Mad as the Bull of Stamford."—*England's Gazetteer.*

† For the names of many respectable and intelligent tradesmen in each the departments named, see my List of Subscribers to this Volume, in Eccles Parish.

[illegible] the Tomb was removed, and the grave opened, when the faces of the entombed were observed to have their perfectly natural countenance, and the hair of the lady's head a fine flaxen colour, but, on being exposed to the air, they crumbled into dust.

---

* The Parish Church of Bowden very much resembles that of Eccles, and in the Carrington Chancel is an Altar Tomb, perfectly in character with that in Eccles Church, as above described. On the Tomb rest full length figures of William Brereton of Ashley, and his Wife Jane Warburton; there are seven kneeling figures beneath representing children, the third holding in its hand a scroll,—an infant in swaddling clothes is introduced between the fifth and sixth figures, underneath on a Tablet is a long Latin inscripton, stating in conclusion, that Jane died on the 2nd of March, 1627, aged 63 years. William on the 29th of August, 1630, aged also 63. No doubt William Brereton of Ashton, was a relative of Richard Brereton of Worsley.

[illegible] we the interesting Monuments within the venerable [illegible] of Bowden, particularly those relating to the Noble Family of Booth, Earls of Stamford and Warrington. One to the illustrious Henry Booth, Earl of Warrington, and Baron Delamere, who for his strong adherence to the religion, and the liberties of his country was twice imprisoned in the Tower of London. Tried for his life, but honourably acquitted by his Peers, on the 16th of January 1685. He greatly promoted the Revolution and the Protestant interest in 1688, and died at Dunham Massey Jan. 1693-4, in the 62nd year of his age.

Another Monument to the memory of two of his younger sons, states that they were upon their return pilgrimage on the [illegible], and finished their course in the 60th year of their respective ages. It appears that these generations have passed away without a monument to their memory.

I remember the 3rd of November, 1848, that in company with a respected friend William Wood, Esq. now resident in Bowden, but [illegible] visited this respected Bowden Church and Church-yard.

In the examination of the monuments, I happily met with that of the memory of my first beloved Pastor, the Rev. T. Wilkinson, mentioned in this volume.) The inscription is on a white marble Tablet, at the foot of the stairs leading to the west gallery, and gives a most true and faithful character.

It is entitled "To the Memory of the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, [illegible] Perpetual Curate of Ringway in this parish. Near to this spot as a Sinner he desired not to be here recorded, even as one of a number of whom none ought ever to be but a remembrance; and whom those that revered him as a guide or counsellor, and a friend, are no more, yet this humble memorial may now diligently be instructed the young, earnestly [illegible] counsel the neglected, comforted the afflicted, and, as united to all the doctrine of his God and Saviour, which he constantly exhibited, which his life adorned, and whose promises he enjoyed in his last hours. He died [illegible] years."

"[illegible] that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." —Gal. vi. 14.

I was most anxious in getting the inscription in full length. I shall at all times cherish the name of my first beloved Christian Pastor.

But to myself and family the most interesting remembrances in Bowden and churches, as mentioned in former pages [illegible] are on a range of 3 grave stones lying 12 yards from the Church Porch. The inscription on the flag nearest the gate is the Porch, accords with other particulars, that Samuel son of Samuel and Damaris Hulbert, died May 28th, 1781, aged 24 years. That Lois their daughter died July 25, 1784, aged 24 years. That Ann Hulbert (their daughter-in-law, my honoured mother) died September 2nd 1788, aged 39 years. That Thomas their son, husband of the above, and my honoured father died March 5th, 1805, aged 60 years, and is buried at Leigh in Lancashire. That Damaris Hulbert, (my grandmother) died June 26th, 1789, aged 80 years. That Samuel Hulbert, (my grandfather) died August 27th, 1800, aged 88 years. How few of the 19 children of my grandparents sleep with them in the family grave. Thomas, (my little brother) lies there though not named. Some of the

I was glad to observe a plain but expressive Tablet to the Memory of Thomas Butterworth Bayley, Esq. the Magistrate I have previously mentioned, and a just character recorded. He died June 24th, 1802, aged 57 years.

The Organ erected in the Western Gallery, and opened April, 1813, is said to be an excellent instrument, and I should suppose it to be a very heavy one, for the mere carriage of it from London, by Dickins & Co. Carriers, cost the Parishioners £34 19s. 4d. Query. How long was it in the transit?

Since the period, my dear Charles, when your Father formed one of the congregation of Eccles Church, it has been very much improved, and rendered every way worthy of its numerous and respectable congregation.

Many are the things which please me in the Church, but I regret to have to state, that immediately over the Communion Table is suspended a Painting of "Balaam and his Ass."—A subject but little in unison with the nature of that Sacrament solemnized before it. Should it happen, and so it must happen, that a communicant while commemorating the sufferings and death of his Crucified Redeemer, should cast his eyes on the Picture, all his holy feelings would immediately be dissipated, and the abhorrence of the man disobeying the commands of his God, and was rebuked for his iniquity, would alone fill his mind. I observed at the same time, a far more suitable Picture leaning against the north side wall of the Chancel, representing the Agony of the Saviour in the Garden, under a sense of his approaching suffering, by death on the cross, for the sins and iniquities of mankind! Except a Crucifixion, what subject could be more appropriate. I sincerely hope that on my next visit to Eccles Church, I may have the gratification to find, that the suggestion has met with acceptance by the Clergy and pious Communicants, if not, I also hope the hint will be excused and kindly received.

Formerly the Church-yard was more confined. I recollect its enlargement: prior to that period it abounded with head stones, some with ludicrous inscriptions, one over the remains of John and Jane Holden, who had lived near the Church, read

"Here lies Jone's wife Jane,
As it is very plain,
And after will come Jone,
As sure as this is a stone."

Another informed us that Dennis, Son of Dennis and Agnes Mac Bridge, died June 31st,* which to the schoolboys and others, afforded no small degree of merriment. The chisel of the Sexton has obliterated both the inscriptions.

Standing in a good position this Church-

---

nineteen children are known to have emigrated to America, and their descendants are now of some distinction. One son or more rests in Alderley Church-yard, and I have a very kind letter now before me, from the LORD STANLEY, OF ALDERLEY PARK, dated November 3rd, 1848, in which his Lordship says, "It will give Lord Stanley much pleasure to see Mr. Hulbert at Alderley Park, should he find himself in the neighbourhood. Lord Stanley is the oldest inhabitant of Alderley, at present living, being in his 82 year, and would much like to talk with Mr. Hulbert of old times and old inhabitants. He had a tenant of the name of Hulbert many years ago, but there is none of the family living in Alderley at present." With great kindness the venerable, beloved and enlightened Nobleman orders two copies of this Work, and also my Cheshire Antiquities.

The Church-yard is most desirable as a resting place, being gently elevated. The Epitaphs are numerous, and generally modest and expressive. One or two, said to have been written by the present excellent Vicar, are equal to the best I ever read.

Some years ago being at Bowden, looking over the range of graves belonging to our own and collateral branches of the Family, I found two of the most ancient grave stones had been stolen or appropriated to other persons. I remember the date of one of them was in the 16th century, and the age of a female of the family, 103. I had a plan of the graves, with the Names, &c. inscribed on each stone, but it perished on the fatal 7th of January! Those stones which have been removed were shorter than any remaining. As previously noticed, until the last and present generation agreed to adopt the softer mode of spelling, namely *Hulbert*, the Cheshire branch had previously preferred the harder spelling *Hurlbut*. See note, page 21 of this volume.

To any one of the family of a religious sensitive mind, the noble Church of Bowden must be an object of high veneration. On entering the solemn Christian Temple on the day previously named, my feelings were sweetly affected, and I found I could not better express them than my Son had done in his own inimitable verses, entitled 'The Church of our Fathers,' I select two therefrom, and regret that space will not allow me to give the whole.

"I love the venerable dome,
Where still their ashes lie;
The saint's abode, the martyr's home,
The portals of the sky.

Here constant in their well-lov'd place,
Each sabbath saw them throng;
With reverent step, and serious face,
The sounding aisles along."

---

* Near the baptismal font in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, is a monument with this inscription.—"Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq. only *surviving* son of Admiral Vernon—died 25th of July, 1752.

yard, and that of Bowden, all the grave stones being laid down, they appear like fields of graves. How many, my dear Charles, of our kindred and blood lie in each these Cemeteries in peaceful obscurity, their precious dust mingling with the native earth, and waiting for the resurrection of the just.

How much do I admire those beautiful lines of Bernard Barton, entitled "THE DEAD," from which the following verses are extracted.

"YET, though unseen of human eye
Their reliques slumber in the earth,
The boon of immortality
To them was given with vital breath.

They WERE: and, having been, they ARE!
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust,
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With ours must rise to meet the just.

We know not but they hover near,
Witness of every secret deed,
Which, shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed.

An awful thought it is to think
The viewless dead out-number all
Who, bound by life's connecting link,
Now share with us this earthly ball.

It is a thought so dread and high,
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who *live* must *die*,
THE DEAD! THE DEAD are *living still*."

On Sunday the 4th of November, 1849, I had the happiness to attend Eccles Church. The venerable Vicar read the Liturgy with true feeling and pathos, and the Curate delivered an excellent Sermon. The singing was conducted with animated pious feeling. The Clerk read the Responses well, and without affectation; the congregation numerous and devout. I thought how changed is the public worship, of my still venerated Eccles Church, compared with the time when Mr. Thomas Shaw, son of Mr. Jonathan Shaw, the venerable Parish Clerk, would on his Father pronouncing the last Amen in the Evening Service, hasten to the steps of the Sun Dial, then fronting the Church Porch, and as the congregation departed from their devotions, he announced in an audible voice,

"To be Sold by Auction, on Wednesday next, by Richard Jackson, Auctioneer, at the house of &c."

"And also by the said Richard Jackson, at the Bull's Head Inn, Swinton, &c."

"Lost on Tuesday the Seventh instant, from a Field belonging to Mr. Higginson, of Urmston, in the Parish of Flixton, a Black and White Heifer, &c."

"And to-morrow morning at Martha Gregory's, a large drove of Shropshire Swine and Storings."

"God save the King."

Then followed a rude laugh, and other tokens of derangement of heart. This custom is happily superseded by the circulation of Advertisements from the Press; but you will recollect, my beloved Son, that when we were together at Kirk Michael in the Isle of Man, the scene of the former labours of the Apostolic Bishop Wilson, in the year 1825, we witnessed a similar scene after divine service on a Sunday morning.

Not only does Eccles Church-yard possess a peculiar interest from what I knew of it in former years, but from the circumstance that on the 15th of October, 1849, such was the dangerous state of my health, that for a short period, I expected to have been added to the sleeping number which crowd that Church-yard, or that of Bowden. The circumstances are well known to you, my dear Charles, and it does seem almost unnecessary to repeat them. But the sickness to which I allude having excited the friendly enquiries of so many Friends and Subscribers to my Memoirs in Shropshire, who knowing that I had been on a visit to your happy Parsonage, wondered to see me so reduced in person. One gentleman on being assured that the change took place during a sickness of two days, desired me to write him the particulars of the case, adding, "You now remind me of what you were thirty-five years ago, with the exception that your hair assumes the character of age, in other respects your personal appearance is nearly the same;" subsequently I addressed to him the following Letter.

Providence Grove, December 1st, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU desire to possess some particulars of the nature of my sudden seizure by English Cholera, in its nearest approach to the Asiatic, I will endeavour to satisfy your desire as briefly as possible.

On Saturday evening, the 13th of October, on my way from affectionate and kind-hearted

Slaithwaite‡ to venerated Bowden, to visit the graves of my beloved Mother, Grandparents, &c. on the Father's side. I arrived at Eccles, where also rest the remains of my Mother's Sister, Mrs. Mary Smith, her Husband, and my Brother Samuel, whom I think you knew when he resided in Shrewsbury; his end was peace and joy. About a fortnight before my then visit, we had committed also to the same grave the remains of his venerable and pious widow. From having lived some years with my Uncle and Aunt Smith at the Westwoods Farm, in the parish of Eccles, a visit to revered scenes was what my heart had long delighted to contemplate, and which induced me to take Eccles in my way to Bowden. Happily for me I stopt at the Head Inn, sign of the Bull's Head, kept by Mr. Wheelhouse, under the management of his attentive and obliging daughter Miss Wheelhouse; where there was the best accommodation, servants, &c. On the opposite side of the street resided a very clever, attentive and experienced Surgeon, Richard Roe, Esq. and in the vicinity lived a clever and experienced nurse, Mrs. Wroe. I state these particulars, for to these fortunate circumstances under God, I believe I am indebted for my speedy recovery. The narrative of my affliction will now be brief. About three o'clock in the morning after my arrival on October 14th, I was seized with sickness and diarrhea, accompanied with shivering, melancholy and distressed feelings, in a degree I had never previously experienced. The servants of the Inn rose very early, kindly and promptly attended to my wants, made a fire instantly, but my sense of coldness was scarcely to be endured. One of the servants hastened across the street, aroused Mr. Roe, who as promptly as possible was with me, bringing also the aforesaid nurse. Mr. Roe's address and courteous manners instantly won my confidence. My sickness and diarrhea kept increasing, I was assisted into bed. The Rev. Mr. Marsden kindly came to see me, and wrote to my Son and my Wife instantly. In a few hours my feebleness was such, I had to be assisted in and out of bed, my colour changed to dark yellow, spasms in my chest, indicated to my own mind that I was under the influence of ASIATIC CHOLERA. Mustard Plaisters were applied to my stomach, my thirst was insupportable. I became slightly convulsed and greatly agitated. Medicines by direction of Mr. Roe, were unceasingly administered. That gentleman's attention is beyond all praise; the nurse also was most attentive to Mr. Roe's orders, my feebleness and anxiety were indescribable, and I kept sinking fast, I had then little hope of surviving the attack. Without help I could not move myself in bed, nor bear a moment up; death appeared to me as certain. I had left Slaithwaite where Asiatic Cholera existed, I had passed through streets in Manchester where it prevailed, and after leaving Slaithwaite had experienced all the premonitory symptoms of that terrific disease, which confirmed me in the conviction that mine was Asiatic Cholera, nor has the impression ever been erased. Notwithstanding I was as comfortable as it was possible to be, alone, and among strangers, for although I had a tender affectionate Wife, the best of Sons, and the best of Daughters, none were there to soothe my sufferings, or shed a tear at the peril of my situation. I had no hope of ever again seeing them in this mortal state. But here came the power of Faith to my aid, not only did I look for a re-union in another and more exalted state of being, but I believed I should soon be in the blessed society of my angel mother and departed children, relatives and friends, and in union with that angelic parent become the guardian angel of all my surviving dear ones on earth.

As well as I could I made my feelings known to Mr. Thomas Henshaw, who had watched the progress of my affliction, and only contemplated a fatal termination. I was then within three hundred yards of the grave which contained the ashes of my Aunt Smith, my Brother, Sister-in-law, and other relatives, only 8 or 9 miles from Bowden, the nearest places where I had the command of a grave. If the complaint be Asiatic Cholera, I thought it will not be prudent to take me to Slaithwaite, and impossible to take me to Hadnal or Shrewsbury; it was therefore concluded that I should rest with my Mother and Grand-parents in Bowden Churchyard. Blessed be the all-supporting power of religion, I was never permitted for a moment to lose my confidence. I felt persuaded, "That if this earthly house of my tabernacle was dissolved, I had a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens." But that blessed Being, to whom belongs all power in heaven and in earth, said to the disorder, "thus far shalt thou go and no further," the dangerous symptoms abated—perspiration became profuse, and in the evening, I took some nourishment, and had a little sleep. But oh! how much reduced in person from what I was when I entered the Inn. On Tuesday, two Posts, by each of which intelligence had been expected, brought no communi-

‡ The five weeks I spent at Slaithwaite, and in visiting the surrounding district, were five weeks of real parental and friendly enjoyment, religious and social happiness; every encouragement was generously given to my former Publications, and to the 'MEMOIRS,' of which this page forms a portion. No fewer than fifty new Subscribers to the Work precedes those of Eccles: and I believe I have not only their names, but as the Father of their faithful Minister, their affectionate esteem; my own heart is most gratefully respondent to all their kind feelings and conduct.

cation of any kind; my fears almost drove me to distraction.—Just before I left Slaithwaite, as previously noticed, several fatal cases of Asiatic Cholera had occurred, two within 100 yards of the Parsonage, one or two others within a quarter of a mile, which had been attentively visited by my Son. "Oh," I said, "the Cholera has entered the Parsonage. They are all dead, or from the power of the disease are unable to write, or all have forgotten me!" This was the climax of all my afflictions. I slept only a few minutes all night. On Wednesday I was so far recovered, that I rose from my bed, and had determined, that whatever was the consequence to myself, with the assistance and protection of Mr. Thomas Henshaw, or a relative Mr. Samuel Hulbert of Swinton, I would on Thursday morning set out by Railway to Slaithwaite, and ascertain the real facts of the case. Just as I had come to this conclusion, and sitting alone in a parlour at the Inn, my generous kind-hearted Son presented himself before me, an angel from heaven could not have been more welcome!

As I have before stated, that a letter was addressed to him on the morning of my seizure, desiring his presence immediately, you will wonder what could occasion the delay. I knew that he would be at Scarborough on the Sunday preaching Sermons for the Additional Curate's Society, the Rev. Mr. Marsden addressed him as so engaged in that town, the letter arrived duly on the Monday morning, but not before my Son had left to attend a Meeting at Ripon, after dining with the Lord Bishop at the Palace, he stayed all night to visit Studley Park, and Fountains Abbey the next day, by the kind attention of the Rev. Mr. Atkins; he was consequently ignorant of his Father's state and sufferings. With great care and affection he conducted me from the Inn to the Railway Station at Eccles, and thence to Slaithwaite, where we arrived the same evening,—and there my spirits were cheered, and my health improved by the kindness of my beloved Wife, and beloved Daughter-in-law, and every member of my Son's happy household.

Afterwards Mrs. H and myself remained at Slaithwaite about 9 days, when we thought of returning home to Providence Grove: the Manchester and Liverpool Railway which passes Eccles, presented the easiest and best medium of transit: we took the Train from Manchester, and arrived at Eccles safely, but continued attacks of diarrhea prevented our finally leaving that village for three weeks. Yet I do not regret the delay, as I visited my beloved Halton and Norton Priory, and also my revered Bowden, and inspected many portions of Eccles Parish, but, the best of all, we made many friends, and my literary designs were most kindly promoted by some whose names we gratefully remember.

I have now, my dear Friend, related three times as much as I had intended to do when I first took up my pen; and if I have been too tedious or prolix, remember I am now arrived at that period of life. when most men delight in recounting their adventures, and even their afflictions and sorrows. But I do assure you, I had a more powerful feeling than that attendant on years.

You will no doubt remember many conversations we have had on Death and Futurity, and happy shall I be, if the relation of my christian confidence on the preceding occasion, has disarmed your fears, or allayed your terrors. If taking courage from the feelings of one poor humble believer in the merits of a Saviour's sufferings and death, you can meet with calmness the terrific conqueror, permit me most affectionately to offer for your further encouragement, the reading of a few verses, in which more than 50 years ago, my hopes and anticipations were first feebly expressed. The lines are indeed humble, and were written while partially a resident in the Parish of Eccles.

Come, ye faithful friends of Jesus,
Ev'ry heart in concert join;
Your Saviour claims your highest praises,
And your every song divine.

With hymns of grateful adoration,
Swell th' angelic choirs above!
Hark! heaven echoes with salvation,
And the praise of Jesu's love!

Thro' faith, behold the radiant glory
Of the new Jerusalem!
See what crowns prepared for you,
If you never forfeit them!

See, what crowds prepar'd to meet you!
See your friends, they yonder stand!
How they'll welcome! how they'll greet you,
When you reach that blissful land!

Behold the myriads now adoring,
Prostrate bow'd before the throne!
Behold your Saviour, from his glory,
Thro' the raptur'd host looks down!

Hear his godlike invitation,
He invites you all to come!
"My Father's bless'd, of ev'ry nation,
"Enter your eternal home."

Then haste, believers, heaven's before ye,
Faith can liveliest prospects give;
Anticipate your future glory,
See Jehovah's face, and live.

I remain, with truest friendship,

Your's affectionately,

C. H.

I must now, my dear Charles, again return to my general Narrative, thanking all the kind-hearted Inhabitants of Eccles Parish for the respect and affection they manifested during the time we remained amongst them.

Remembering, also my ever dear Charles, your own abundant kindness, and dutiful attention,

I remain, with grateful feelings,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XIV. THE PARISH OF ECCLES CONTINUED,

HISTORICAL NOTICES, INTERESTING INCIDENTS, &c.

"When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

ADDISON.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I regret extremely, that while at Eccles, by some mis-chance, I lost many pages of the manuscript I had prepared at home, and you had seen, relative to that prosperous Village, its Townships, and Inhabitants.—I have therefore, a third time, undertaken the same task. My first description, by far the most extensive, perished with the whole preparation for this work, on the fatal 7th of January, 1839. On the present occasion, I will first briefly enumerate the Townships of the Parish, their distances from Manchester, &c. and then select those Townships or Hamlets with which I was more particularly connected.

BARTON-UPON-IRWELL, including ECCLES, 5 miles W. S. W. from Manchester.

CLIFTON, 5 miles N. W. from Manchester.

PENDLEBURY, 4 miles S. W. of Manchester.

PENDLETON, a very populous Township, adjoining to Salford, on the N. W.

I will first speak of Barton, the most populous, and the most extensive of the Townships; it extends the whole length of the Parish, skirted mostly by the River Irwell, and crossed by the Bridgwater Canal. It is also that Township familiar to my earliest recollection of the Parish, in it, under very happy circumstances, I attended the Night School of Mr. Thomas Royle, whose cheerful manner of conversing and conveying instruction, made him a general favourite—nor was he ever averse to a jug of my Aunt Smith's good Ale, whenever he called to see his Pupil, who had the honour to be considered one of the first in rank, and not the last in general knowledge of any in his School. The Westwoods so often named, was in this Township, adjoining Worsley. The Farm-house in which my Uncle resided was built entirely of brick, pretty extensive, and the apartments well arranged. The land extended on one side nearly to Worsley, on the opposite to Winton, while other fields were skirted by Monton Green and Slack Lane. How many cheerful and happy hours were mine, when the toils of the day being

ended, I rambled, in company with my beloved Brother, and my Cousin George Smith, through verdant fields, on the banks of the canal, or along the brook side; sometimes in winter with our humble Fowling Pieces,* and in summer to the silvery canal and other still waters with Rod and Line,† and patient mind. We worked hard, we enjoyed our sports, we slept well and rose early.

On winter nights all were amused with your Father's reading, rhyming, and sometimes singing his own verses. "Tummus and Meary," or the Lancashire Dialect, I had committed to memory before my arrival in Lancashire, which enabled me to understand the Dialect of the good people of the vicinity, some of whom would say, "He tawks so fine we connawt understond him." Though I had lived in Cheshire, and was conversant with its Dialect,‡ I had not been permitted by my parents to converse in it.

In my Cheshire Antiquities, pages 54 and 55, I have introduced a short Essay, and a brief Dialogue by way of illustration, of the apparent analogy, and the distinctive difference in the Provincial Dialects of the two Counties, which I will here transcribe.

Of the Cheshire and Lancashire dialects, I can speak experimentally, having from so many years residence in each county, a practical knowledge of their respective peculiarities.

The chief distinction in the dialects of the two counties which I have observed, are, viz. in the former county, Cheshire, the *How* in House is pronounced *Aye* very hard, as in the adverb Aye, being, *Aye-ee*. In Lancashire the same is pronounced *Heawse*, the *How* being pronounced *Heaw*. A like difference occurs in *Cow*, *Now*, *How*, &c.

---

* But it has so happened, that most of my enjoyments, except those of religion; have, from some imprudence or other, been attended with loss, sorrow, or disappointment; so it happened with my juvenile attachment to Fishing and Shooting. One severe winter's day, my Uncle Smith kindly lent me his gun, which was noted as a re-bounder when discharging. I had several times shot and missed my birds, I consequently concluded it was from under-charging, I therefore loaded deep, met with game, and fired at the bird—it fell, and so did the Sportsman; the rebound had floored me, and deprived me of the use of my right arm. I returned home, made no complaint, although my sufferings were most distracting. I retired to bed, but not to sleep; next morning I feigned extreme illness, but it was soon discovered that my arm had receded from its socket, and that in fact my shoulder was dislocated. I was then obliged to acknowledge my imprudence, and was taken to Dr. Holme of Stretford, who with great skill and tact, and not without inflicting *some* pain, replaced the dislocation, and I returned home a drone for a time, and perfectly useless.

† My Fishing excursions were not unfrequently attended with some accident or ludicrous adventure. There being reason to suppose that one of the pits in a field near Monton Green, and belonging to my Uncle's farm, contained a great many fish, the servants in his employ agreed to empty it of its liquid contents, and seize upon all the finny inhabitants as their own lawful prey. This they accomplished on a Saturday evening, lading the contents from a larger into a smaller pit, which filling speedily, the water overflowed its banks, and found its way into the ditches, leaving cart loads of mud. The morning following was Eccles Wakes Sunday, all our family were full of glee, presents of fish were sent to our merry-hearted neighbours, &c.

Speedily all were dressed in their very best, in hope of captivating *hearts* instead of fish. I had myself that day, put on an entire new suit of clothes, consisting of a beautiful blue cloth coat, with plated silver buttons; a waistcoat, like Joseph's coat, of many showy colours; bottle-green kersey-mere small clothes, white cotton stockings, plated silver buckles to my shoes; white lawn neckerchief with lace at the corners, &c. Thus equipped, I started to church a little after the rest of the family, and coming to Monton Green, my wicked heart would have a look at the pits, I hesitated, thinking I might be too late for service, so I passed on a few yards, when I thought, I will have one look, there may be a fish struggling in the mud, so in an evil moment I turned back, saw a noble Eel rolling in the mire, and seemed approaching the bank on which I stood. I waited for a few moments for its nearer approach, but becoming impatient, I advanced a little towards it, I made a dash, caught it in my hand, it slipped through with the utmost ease and rolled from me. I had by this time sunk knee deep in the mud, my shining buckles and snow white hose were immersed in the blackest mire; disappointed and mortified, instead of retreating, I made a determined rush at my slippery tempter, I gained my prize, but my whole attire was loaded from head to foot with the mud of 50 years. I crawled out of the pit, and as Tim Bobbin would have said; "Mooar like a dreawnt meawse than a mon."

To express the shame I felt on returning to the Westwoods, would be impossible. It did so happen that only a good servant maid Jane Cookson, and my good Aunt Smith were at home, to them I confessed all my folly in attempting to take the Eel, and my wickedness in not going to church. Notwithstanding the great pity expressed by my Aunt and her Maid, I saw clearly they enjoyed the joke, and I knew when my Uncle, Brother and Cousins, and also the other servants returned, I should not know where to hide myself. I however was so great a favourite with them all, that I do believe every one sympathized with me. In the washing, my outside garments lost their colour and freshness, and my mortification continued until I had earned another new suit.

How like to a sinner's progress in sin, was my progress from the side to the centre of the pit, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire, each movement onward rendered it more and more difficult to return. So it is with all vice and sinful indulgence. Youth think they will only turn from the path of virtue for a moment, when by some unforeseen event, they are almost compelled to continue their course, sinking deeper and deeper in vice, until they make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; and unless the all-powerful grace of God, the watchfulness and care of parents; the counsel, warning and exhortation of their appointed Minister prevent the consequences, THEY SINK TO RISE NO MORE.

In the vicinity of Hulton, *Cows* are called *Keigh*, or *Keye*, whereas they are *Keaws* in Lancashire: in pronouncing Calves, *Kawves*. they both agree; so in Head, *Yed;* Hand, *Hond;* Belly, *Bally;* Rightly, *Gratheley;* Aching, *Wartching;* Water, *Weyter;* Father, *Feyther*, &c. &c. Their customs at Easter, Christmas, Marling-time, Wakes, &c. very nearly resemble each other, exhibiting much of the Saxon character, notwithstanding the great Norman influence, which for ages existed, especially in the county of Chester.

The following short dialogue between a farmer's servant maid, a native of Cheshire, and a young man, her fellow servant, but a native of Lancashire, will more particularly illustrate the distinction which exists, and also the very considerable distance each particular dialect appears to be from the present English language. But all these Provincialisms, and remains of Antiquity, are fast hastening to oblivion; education will eventually destroy the ancient distinctive character in the dialects and habits of the two counties. All who have seen, or known but a little, of the lower orders in each, must have observed that a considerable degree of archness, or rustic wit, is prevalent among the labouring classes in Cheshire and Lancashire, and also in all the adjoining counties: seldom is conversation continued without some joking, or quizzing, relative to courtship and marriage.

DIALOGUE.

*Servant Maid.*—Hey, hey, Dick, where arr e gooink e sitch o hurry, wot connot e stop a minnit. Aye, yone bin ayet oth Hayce aw neet, cooarting Meg Midgley, au con see beh yor een.

*Servant Man.*—Neaw, I anno bin eawt oth Heawse afore neaw,—aum gooink after the Keaws an Kawves, that an brocken into eawer messters kurn feelt. Theaw may cut my yed off, if e ha put my hond on Pegg o Midgley, sin aw clipt thee.

*Servant Maid.*—That's lung sin—au seen o better mon than thee,—thaygh thinks Megg's feythur has Keigh and Kawves, so tha shannot tutch me ogen,—gooa after the Keigh.

In the near vicinity of the Westwoods Farm, was Monton Green, a hamlet in the township of Barton. It was then, and still remains, last in point of improvement or prosperity of any in the vicinity of Worsley. It had little or no traffic, all were Cotton Workers or Farmers. There was a good Provision Store near the canal bridge, kept by Mr. Peter Hall, afterwards by his handsome talented widow. and now by their son Henry, whose enterprise and industry have procured him wealth, and his liberality and integrity, esteem.

At that time, and I believe at the present period, there is not any public Day School, nor any place of Public Worship in Monton, except the Unitarian Chapel, formerly Presbyterian, and had been destroyed by a riotous mob from Manchester, in 1714 or 1715.

My dear Uncle Smith was much prejudiced against these Dissenters, chiefly on account of their politics. The Monton Green congregation were the advocates of the writings and principles of Thomas Paine. These he abhorred, and so he instructed his family, and I have never heard of one who forgot or forsook his counsel.

The venerable good man, sitting in an evening in his arm chair, a small jug of ale on the iron stand before the fire, he would say, "now Charles, you must read for us, or repeat some of your verses,; and here, take a sup with me." Nay Uncle, let us have one of your own stories, sometimes he would relate the following.

"About forty years ago, lads, the Presbyterians of the Chapel yonder had a most terrible fright: one Sunday morning during Divine Service, the sounding board over the pulpit in the Chapel gave a loud crack; all the congregation supposed the roof was falling on them: a general rush was made by the congregation to the doors, when it so happened the roof of the chapel being under repair, a workman had left a light ladder leaning against the eaves of the building, exactly in front of the smallest entrance door, One of the family of the Royles of Winton, thinking only of his own safety, in escaping through the door, ran his head into the ladder, and which without staying to disentangle himself, he ran with it on his neck over the Green, to the surprise and great amusement of all who escaped before him, and had courage enough to look behind them."

My open-hearted honest Uncle would then condescend to give us the history of some of

his early love adventures, and would always end his story by saying, "I never loved any one as I love my Mary!" And now Samuel, give us a song, or a tune on the violin. Then my Brother would play, and afterwards others would sing, sometimes 'Mary's Dream,' 'Maid of the Mill,' 'Through the Wood, Laddie,' 'Jockey to the Fair,' 'The Despairing Maiden,' or 'Bonnie Jem of Aberdeen,' &c.

On another evening he would say, "Now Charles, you have told us many a nice story, do sing us a song composed by yourself."—"O yes, do, do, do," then said my Brother and Cousins. Well, you all know I was in love when I came here, and am so still; I will therefore endeavour to sing you my first love song.

THE ROSE OF THE HILL.

How sweet is the rose on the side of the hill,
So lovely, so fragrant, and gay;
Its fragrance the wide spreading zephyrs can fill,
Though far be its distance away.

Each night in my dreams when to rest I retire,
The damask and lilly white hue:
And a stem more enchanting no heart could desire,
Appears in full radiance to view.

No lass in proud Eccles can e'er change my love,
It is fixed on the Halton sweet flower;
And times latest course shall constancy prove,
And ages but show its fixed power.

My song being ended, pardon my vanity in saying, all expressed a kind opinion, my youthful open-hearted Cousin, Mary Smith, very innocently exclaimed, "O that I was the Rose of the Hill."

Never was a more happy or united family, but where there is no religion, how uncertain is the duration of happiness. William Burgess, my Uncle's Waggoner, a fine handsome gay young man, and of considerable wit and talent, becomes tired of our peaceful evening enjoyments, and prevails upon my Brother to accompany him to Inns, Wakes, Merry Nights, &c. coming home late at night, or rather in the morning, and disturbing the peace of the family. This greatly annoyed my Uncle, and overwhelmed with grief, was my poor dear Aunt and myself; all remonstrances were vain, and my Uncle declared, that 'Notwithstanding my Brother had long faithfully discharged the duties of his situation, and much as he loved him, without instant reform he should no longer remain under his roof." William Burgess was the son of a neighbour of my Grand-parents Mottershead and Hulbert, hence we loved him also.

The young men expressed no contrition, but took their revenge. One enlisted in the 3rd Dragoon Guards; and the other, my Brother, into the Foot Guards. Oh the grief and the sorrow now felt at the once happy Westwoods. My dear Aunt was distracted; Samuel was to her as her eldest Son, he had been with her from the death of her beloved Sister, my Mother; he was to me, not only as a Brother, but a Father. The Regiment was ordered for Flanders—there he might fall, and we should see him no more. I pleaded with him one whole sorrowful day in our own bed-room, and begged of him in the strongest terms of affection, to pay the smart money and be free: to my great joy he at length consented: but my Uncle was not reconciled for some time. William Burgess chose rather to take the oath, joined the Regiment and went abroad, was in many a bloody conflict, and I believe eventually fell at the Battle of Waterloo.

No poor sinner was ever nearer to the verge of complete destruction than my poor Brother, but he gave up his gay companions, and determined to marry a prudent virtuous female, and settle in life. This he told me in confidence, and asked me with tears if I would go to live with him, and leave the Westwoods. This was a trial, but the dread of separation, and having been on its brink, had proved my affection to be fixed and inviolable. Yet I had deep sorrow, my Uncle and my Cousins, the servants and neighbours were all dear to me, but it was agreed before the marriage, that wherever my Brother went to live, I must always, if I chose, spend the sabbath at the Westwoods.

My Brother had very wisely fixed upon the eldest daughter of Mr. James Henshaw, a member of the Wesleyan Society, and she herself was truly pious. The marriage took place at Eccles, and was attended by a number of friends; though I approved of the marriage, my heart was too full to attend the ceremony, so I went to visit my honoured Father and Step-mother, my little Brother and Sisters: returning on the second day of rejoicing. My Brother had engaged a very comfortable cottage in Swinton, little more than a mile from the Westwoods.

The venerated Westwoods House is now no more, a modern erection has arisen on its site, which I have never seen, nor do I wish ever to see it; it seems that Mr. Counsellor Wilkins, who so ably defended Man-

ning, lately resided there. I should like to have seen the *old* happy dwelling once more before its demolition. Old beloved faces, and old venerated scenes have never failing charms in my imagination.

While in a manner taking leave of this portion of the Parish of Eccles, my mind reverts to Chatmoss, and to one extraordinary character, who spent a great part of his time in traversing its swamps and dismal wilds—The ECCENTRIC JONATHAN HULME.

Poor Jonathan imagined he had a commission from Heaven to destroy all the serpents and vipers who had made their dens in this desolate region. It was his expressed opinion, that God raised him up to kill these vipers, or the vipers would have destroyed all the people in the parish of Eccles. He would have it, the serpents God sent among the Children of Israel, that destroyed such numbers, were of the same species as those which infested Chatmoss. No actual derangement of intellect was perceptible in Jonathan, excepting on the subject of viper killing,—hence he assumed the title of 'GeneralViperKiller.' Many were the visits he paid to my Aunt's *second* kitchen fire-side, and there he was always hospitably entertained; he professed to be a relation of Dr Hulme of Stretford, but of that I know nothing. Often has he amused all our family with the stories of the ferocity of these serpents, the dangers he escaped, and the victories he had won. St. George himself could not have manifested more courage and daring in the Destruction of the Dragon of the Lake of SYLENE, than he did in the slaughter of the vipers of this dreadful MORASS of Lancashire. His habits and attire were all in perfect keeping; he had a girdle of viper skins around his loins, and a band of the same round his hat: in each hand he carried a staff or spear, armed at the points with sharp knives, and a clasp for catching and keeping hold of the serpents when he did not desire immediately to destroy them.

At that time there was certainly great danger in traversing the Moss, and Jonathan may have been the means of saving lives, for it is said that the bite of the viper is death.

My Uncle Smith as tenant of the Duke of Bridgewater, had a right of Turbary on the Moss, and every summer, Turf was provided against winter. On one occasion when a neighbour, Mr. John Lingard, and my Uncle's servants were cutting Turf; at a distance of twelve feet from the surface, to which depth the Moss strata were quite perfect, they met with a leather shoe, quite sound and perfect, evidently that of the right foot of a female: the shoe was one entire piece of leather, laced from toe to instep, and had parts of laces and lace holes, as if it had been tied round the ancle. This relique of Noah's Flood, as it was believed to be, was presented to your Father, in whose possession it remained until its destruction by fire, on the fatal day so often alluded to.

Chatmoss, once wild and dreary, having a compass of 6,000 acres, totally uncultivated, was in my time all dismal bogs and swamps, just like Plynlimmon Mountain, it is now under the hand of the skilful cultivator, and in passing over it by Railway from Eccles to Liverpool, I beheld corn fields, meadows, pasture fields, plantations, farm houses and good dwellings; and one of the most extensive Steam Loom Manufactories I had ever seen, with handsome cottages for the servants and work people.

Several of my early friends still living, have desired to have printed in my Memoirs, Rhymes and Verses, which, though in those days, and to their apprehension were poetry, yet at the present period will I fear be little esteemed. I would however rather expose myself as a Poet, than disappoint any one who still bears a friendly affection for me. At the same time it may be necessary to remark, that few only of the Pieces most esteemed, escaped that Destructive Fire, over which my heart continues to bleed. With sorrow also I state the belief, that of all the dear relatives, affectionate servants and work people who loved me, and honoured me at the Westwoods, none remain to read my History.

The following verses, preserved in memory, may not be altogether unacceptable to present Readers, entitled "POOR JEMMY FRITH AND SUKEY LEE," or the Legend of the Brook, *a Tale of the Westwoods.*

TO know mankind and wisdom learn,
We need not wealth or state,
Nor splendid hall, nor royal court,
The teaching's at our gate.

True love and virtue oft abound
In minds of lowly birth;
And in the cottage may be found,
Men vile as on the earth.

That this is true, alas! "too true,"
My story soon will prove,
The basest passions also show,
And purest, faithful love.

Young Jemmy Frith a pony had,
And gaily he would ride,
As sportsmen do o'er heath and moor,
And happiness enjoyed.

And Jemmy Frith a greyhound had,
The first in ev'ry race,
Yet if a hare should cross his path,
He durst not give it chace.

His Uncle George was tenant then,
To Francis the great Duke;
Whose steward,* coursing had forbid,
And fishing in the brook.

This brook a furious current was,
And swell'd with angry strife;
And where it cross'd the hollow way,
Jem Henshaw lost his life.

Now Jemmy Frith he lov'd a lass,
Who lived beyond a mile,
He loved, he said, her bonny face,
But better loved her smile.

So Jemmy Frith a courting went,
And wrote to pretty Sue,
The girl had love for Jemmy Frith,
And *lov'd* his *money* too.

Now Jemmy Frith could talk of wealth,
And heaps of gold in store,
And these, fair Sue, shall all be thine,
When Jemmy is no more.

The time for IRLAM wakes came rouad,
And Jemmy Frith would go;
How little does the morning's joy,
Foretell the evening's woe?

He met with Sukey on the green,
And gaily she was dressed;
He thought no mortal e'er had been,
Like him so richly blest.

But there was poison in the cup,
For envious Ned could see
More love there was, in Jemmy's breast,
Than Sukey's there could be.

And as the sun was hast'ning down,
When games and sports would end;
Says Jemmy to his lovely Sue,
Now homeward we will bend.

I'll take you by a quiet path,
And nearer to the mill;
I promised, love, to see you home,
That promise I'll fulfil.

His horse he led along the way,
And walked by Sukey's side,
And often said with anxious air,
"Perchance we both may ride."

When soon to Worsley Brook they came,
Its waters overflowed;
And deluged many a neighbouring field,
And covered all the road.

A trembling came o'er Jemmy straight,
Though not to fear inclined,
Now Sukey, I will take my seat,
And lift you up behind.

We'll venture onward through the flood,
As I have done before,
Sure footed is my faithful nag,
And yonder is the shore.

They deeper, and still deeper went,
'Till Sue no hold could keep,
And breathless from the horse she fell,
And sank into the deep.

That moment rushing through the stream,
Ned Collier caught the maid:
I'll bear thee safely—trust my arm—
Keep firm, be not afraid.

He said, and kissed her trembling lips,
Now I have saved thy life,
Sure never more you will refuse,
To be a soldier's wife.

No plea of Jemmy's could prevail,
Ned vow'd with all his might
He'd have the maid and keep her too,
His true and purchased right.

Deserted, Jemmy reached his home,
And lay upon his bed,
While sorrow's flood o'erwhelm'd his heart;
And fever turned his head.

Poor Jemmy Frith, he raved of Sue,
But Sue had pity none,
Her heart was steeled by villain's craft,
And love she said was gone.

While Jemmy's life was ebbing fast,
And sank his shiv'ring frame,
His love was true to Sukey Lee,
She filled his dying dream.

* * * *

To ruin Ned had Sukey brought,
And cared not for her fate,
She called him brave, but little thought;
His *love* was all *deceit*.

She gave him all she had to give,
He scorned and spurned her grief,
Nor could her dying anguish bring,
The wretch to her relief.

She smote upon her throbbing breast,
And penitently cried;
"O let me in yon church-yard rest
By faithful Jemmy's side!!"

---

* For a long time the Duke of Bridgewater and his stewards were very indifferent about the game on the Worsley estate, and men were permitted almost, to trespass without controul; in the end they became so extremely troublesome, that Mr. Gilbert caused notice to be given, that all trespassers, after fish or game, would be prosecuted. Mr. Gilbert, jun. was also become a young man, and fond of Coursing and Shooting, consequently felt a great interest in preserving the game.

John Gilbert, Esq. sen. the faithful steward of the illustrious Francis Egerton, died May 6th, 1795, and as I can testify, honoured, beloved and lamented by an almost illimitable circle of friends, and particularly by his noble master.—His wife Lydia, or Madam Gilbert, as she was generally designated, died November 25th, 1797, at Barton. They are both buried at Eccles. Mr. John Gilbert, their son, a mild amiable gentleman, established an extensive Manufactory of Black Lead Pencils, at Worsley and Patricroft. He afterwards took up his residence in Staffordshire, since which period, I have not been acquainted with his history.

Mr. Bradshaw became the confidential adviser and TRUSTEE of the Duke of Bridgewater, *but he was not a John Gilbert!*

In order to be further instructed in the Manufacture of Cotton Goods, and to complete a verbal agreement with my dear Brother, I consented to reside at Swinton; yet my memory and affections lingered at the Westwoods, the proposal of a Sunday home alone relieved me, and for ten years there was always a warm hearth, a plentiful table, and a cheerful bedroom for "ever dear Charles."

I think it was the Christmas before I left my Uncle's that I happened to hear the following rather curious relation. I must however premise, that Christmas was a plentiful season at the Westwoods: my good Aunt would always preparatory, brew a choice barrel of Ale, also a little cask of home-made Wine, and make many dozens of good Mince Pies; a choice fattened Pig had also to yield to the knife. On this occasion the butcher who usually performed the office, was sent for, he came in the morning about eleven o'clock, and coming into the kitchen where the greatest portion of the family were assembled, in great agitation he addressed us, "I have seen such a sight this morning as I never saw in my life. I have been at Old Peggy Orred's to cut up a Pig in the kitchen, and while I was doing it, a cream mug full of cream which stood near me rose up from the floor of itself, a whole yard high, and then fell down again, broke to pieces, and all the cream flowed upon the floor. I was terribly frightened, and I said, How's that? How's that? "Hold your noise, be quiet," said Mrs. Orred, "say nothing about it, we will gather the cream up and all will be right." "Now" said the old man, "I am sure nobody touched the cream mug." "Oh" said my Uncle Smith, "that's no new thing, we hear of disturbances there every day." I listened very attentively, made no remarks, and for that time dismissed the consideration of the ghostly subject.

Before I proceed further with my Personal Narrative, I will give you a brief description of Worsley, the Township adjoining Barton Township, and within half a mile of the Westwoods. It is situated 6 miles from Manchester, on the turnpike road leading to Leigh.

Sir Elias de Workedsley was Lord of the Manor of Worsley in the time of William the First, the family remaining till the end of Edward the First's reign. The chief branch of the family is settled at Harringham in Yorkshire; another branch had its seat and principal estates at Appuldurcumbe, Isle of Wight.

To give the history and description of this flourishing and important Township, would require the introduction of a full history of the late Duke of Bridgewater's Canal. The late WORSLEY HALL, a spacious Building of brick, formerly the residence of His Grace when at Worsley Mills, as it was generally called, was a noble mansion, seen for a considerable distance, and always a pleasing object in the view. The Mills were very extensive and most respectably employed by Mr. Burgess and family, and afterwards by Mr. Walton, each of them greatly esteemed by their neighbours. Mr. Osbaldiston kept the Inn, with credit to himself and advantage to the vicinity, There was no place of Worship at that time nearer than Ellenbrooke Chapel, except a large room belonging to the Mill, occupied by the Wesleyan Methodists, who have now erected a handsome Chapel. I could relate some humorous anecdotes of Mr. Foster, the Curate of Ellenbrooke, but from respect for the honour of the Clergy, now so generally improved in zeal and correctness of moral conduct, I forbear. I may just observe, that like his Brother Curate of Eccles, he could not resist the power of Sir John Barleycorn. Worsley is now a thriving, healthful and delightful place. The Noble Countess of Ellesmere supports and personally visits three very flourishing Schools,

The Earl, (late Lord Francis Egerton,) has erected within a short distance of the Duke's ancient mansion, a splendid residence, which you will recollect elicited our admiration, when we passed through Worsley together in 1844. In the near vicinity of the mansion on the slope of this fine eminence, stands a recently-built elegant Gothic Church, erected at the entire expense of the Noble Earl. A Christian Temple wherever seen, is in my esteem, an object of veneration and delight. Worsley New Church, overlooking the now populous village of Worsley, seems to smile on the happy inhabitants in full employment and content, the canal, the richly cultivated fields, and the whole region beneath it.

I regret deeply I had not strength to ascend

even so gentle an eminence, but a kind intelligent friend in Eccles communicated the following information. "The exterior and interior are richly ornamented with gothic work. The floor of the Church is tesselated Pavement, the Pulpit is composed of curious ancient carved oak, comprising rich specimens of foreign and domestic carving, many of them very rare; a portion of the Screen before the steps leading to the Pulpit is profusely carved, and was brought by the Countess from the Holy Land.* The Pew occupied by the illustrious pair is however perfectly plain. All the sittings are free,"

The living is of course a Donative, in the Incumbency of the Rev. C. Cameron, and I much desired to know, but could not obtain the information, if he was the Son of the beloved, pious, and evangelical Rector of Swaby, Lincolnshire, and Perpetual Curate of Wombridge, in our County, whom I have long known and esteemed. The Church was consecrated by Dr. Sumner, then Bishop of Chester, now Archbishop of Canterbury, July 9th, 1846. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, Curate.

But the Worsley of 1799, and the Worsley of 1849, are very different places. Half a century of years have in their course introduced continual improvements.

One of the greatest blessings to a vicinity, is the residence of a wealthy proprietor of the land, provided he has an intelligent mind, a noble, generous, and philanthropic spirit, then he will do good, all in connection with him will prosper, and the country will be blessed. This has evidently been the case since the present Noble Proprietor of Worsley the Bridgewater Works and Estate came into possession—not only do Schools for the rising generation attract your delighted observation, but order, neatness, comfort, and improvement every where meet your view.

It was on the 8th of Nov. 1849, while labouring under extreme debility from the dangerous attack of indisposition at Eccles, that I visited Worsley, being on foot, my attention was excited by the Infant School, under the conduct of Miss Nicholson. I had a great desire to have visited the Church, but I felt completely exhausted, and was obliged instantly to return. This was a source of deep regret, as I had a hope of being enabled to have had a short interview with the Noble Earl and his illustrious Countess. On my way to Eccles, passing Patricroft Bridge, I had met the Noble Pair and younger branches of the family, in their Yacht, which at the moment, to my mind, indicated disappointment. Every where their praises resounded with expressions of the deepest veneration. I instantly said, Nobleness, Goodness and Benevolence are the characteristics of the illustrious family of Trentham and Lilleshall, and heaven has given them ability most generously to exercise those noble virtues, so graciously bestowed by our common Almighty benefactor. In my own County, Lilleshall, Ketley, Donnington Wood, and surrounding vicinity, bear testimony to the character given them, where the Noble Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, are the great patrons and supporters, of every thing calculated to promote the prosperity and happiness of every deserving individual on their vast thickly populated Lordships and Estates, comprehending the principal portion of the great Iron Works of Shropshire. In these respects, how much do these munificent Brothers and Sisters Sutherland† and Ellesmere resemble each other.

---

* I have never been able to meet with a Copy of her Ladyship's Tour in that land, which of all others, it has been through life, my desire to visit.

Prior to my Disastrous Fire at Providence Grove, I had the happiness to possess a small bottle full of Water from the River Jordan; a Pebble from the Brook Kedron; a little Silk from Tyre, and a Paper Cutting the shape of the impression of a Foot on the Mount of Olives, said to be that of Our Lord, made on his ascending into Heaven. This Paper was carried away by the terrific hurricane which prevailed on the morning of the disaster, across some fields a mile distant, and uninjured, picked up with my own hand, and is now before me (Feb 12, 1850.) The whole were kindly presented to me by Miss Thweng, (now Mrs. Phillips,) whose Brother brought them from the Holy Land.

† The piety and genuine urbanity of each of the families are equally eminent. I remember being in company with the late Mr. Williams, Iron Master of Ketley, when we had much conversation relative to His Grace of Sutherland. One anecdote he related will not be out of place in this note. On the occasion of the Opening of the New Church at Ketley, erected by the Duke, His Grace took his seat on one of the benches by the side of an aged female. Mr. Williams full of astonishment sent a kind message to request His Grace would accept his (Mr. W's) seat or pew.—"No, no," said the Duke, and continued in the place he had selected. Service being ended, Mr. W. hastened to His Grace, and in a very feeling

**Never was there a more enthusiastic demonstration of real feeling towards an illustrious Family, than was lately manifested in the County of Salop, particularly Newport, and vicinities surrounding Lilleshall, on the attainment of the majority of the Marquis of**

manner expressed his regret at seeing him so humbly seated. With great gentleness, replied the Duke, "I shall be very happy to take my seat in the kingdom of heaven in the lowest place, and by the side of the most humble individual: then why should I be ashamed of a seat near a pious one on earth. But I wished to learn whether the seats were comfortable for the poor, and if they could hear well."

Of the personal kindness of His Grace to myself, I may also be permitted to speak. In the first note I received from the Duke, (then Lord Gower,) and residing at Lilleshall, he desired to become a Subscriber to my then announced History of the Town and County of Salop. Fragments of that note are now before me, spared by that distressing Fire, public sympathy was exerted to relieve, His Grace was a prompt contributor, and in a most kind and feeling manner, sent Mr. Smith from Lilleshall with a beautiful Medal of his illustrious Duchess in Bronze, and a letter which I most highly value. His Grace afterwards orders all my various Publications, and added, "I shall be happy to be informed of any of your Works before you publish them, that I may have the pleasure of subscribing for them."—In a subsequent letter on my having expressed my regret that ill health had prevented me attending the Rejoicings at Newport, on account of the Marquis of Stafford having attained half his majority, His Grace with still greater kindness and condescension writes, "I should have been extremely sorry if you had come at the risk of your life, which I hope will be long preserved to continue meritorious labours." Not less would I speak of the Noble Duchess of Sutherland. The kind manner in which Her Grace did me the honour to present a copy of my History of the County of Salop, to Her Most Gracious Majesty, is one of those for which my heart is truly grateful, and for the communication that the gift was most graciously accepted.

Her Majesty had previously conferred on her humble subject a like honour through the medium of the good Lord Hill, by most graciously accepting a copy of my Museum of the World, the Religions of Britain, and the Royal Biography, all of which had our best attention in binding. These were also most graciously accepted, and the same honour conferred by her Royal Mother, the Duchess of Kent.

A few days ago, while anxiously examining fragments of papers preserved from the Providence Grove Fire, and subsequent to writing the above, I met with the following copies of letters I had the honour to address to their Royal Highnesses fortunately preserved from destruction; which as containing the expression of my feelings on the occasion, with no inconsiderable degree of diffidence, I venture to present to my readers. The letter of thanks and gracious acknowledgment, by Sir John Conroy, their Royal Highnesses' Secretary, was entirely consumed.

Providence Grove, near Shrewsbury,
August 29th, 1833.

*Illustrious Princess,*

A sincerely loyal heart desires to offer to your Royal Highness a Tribute of dutiful affection, to lay at your feet my very humble efforts as Author and Printer of the little volumes which accompany this.

Let me assure your Royal Highness, that I shall consider it the highest honour to which I can aspire, to know that some of the productions of my Pen and Press have a place in the Library of the future Queen of the British Dominions.

Probably little of novelty will be presented to your Royal Highness in any of these publications, especially in that entitled "Royal Biography," but should you deign to glance over the little "Shrewsbury Annual," "Pitchford Chase" may bring to view the interest and devotion felt by the Juvenile Authoress of those simple lines,—and in which every heart surrounding my fireside most ardently partakes.

To say that our Gracious Sovereign the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family, are constantly remembered at *our* Family Altar, is saying little,—they have the united prayers of all the loyal and the good, throughout the most extensive Empire that ever existed.

I remain,
With the greatest respect,
Illustrious Princess,
Your Royal Highness'
Most obedient and devoted humble servant,
CHARLES HULBERT, sen.

*To Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.*

Providence Grove, near Shrewsbury,
August 28th, 1833.

*Madam,*

With the most loyal and dutiful affection, the Author and Printer of the accompanying humble volumes, craves for them the distinguished honour of your Royal Highness' acceptance.

Many months have I withheld the offering, from the conviction that not anything the production of my feeble efforts of mind and art, could possibly be of sufficient value to attain a place in the Library or Boudoir of the illustrious Mother of the Heir Presumptive of the British Throne.

I may indeed repeat, humble is the Offering, having little to recommend it, except the loyal and unfeigned devotion with which it is presented. Humble too is the individual who thus presumes to occupy the attention of your Royal Highness, he can only plead to obtain that candour and forgiveness he needs, that while engaged in writing and compiling his various publications, he was also incessantly employed in business for the support of his family, and that his hours of writing and study were consequently those usually devoted to rest and retirement.

He however derives some satisfaction from the reflection, that he never wrote a sentence or a line calculated to lessen the respect due to dignities, or that would tend in the slightest degree to loosen those ties which bind together the various classes of the community, and every class to religion and virtue.

To promote the general happiness of mankind, to uphold the Altar and the Throne, have been, according to my limited ability, the object of my ceaseless endeavour. For success I look to a Power above all human—to that Power I fervently commend your Royal Highness, and pray that the choicest the richest of his blessings, may ever rest upon you.

I remain, with the greatest respect,
Madam,
Your Royal Highness'
Most obedient and devoted servant,
CHARLES HULBERT, sen.

*To Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.*

Stafford, George Grenville William, born December 19th, 1828, Heir apparent of the House of Sutherland. Long, under the blessing of Heaven may it exist, descending in full vigour and honour to the latest posterity, in which sincere prayer, I know, my dear Charles, your own heart, with those of thousands of Salopians and Sons of Scotia most fervently unite with

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XV. THE PARISH OF ECCLES CONTINUED.

VILLAGE OF SWINTON, TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS, EMINENT INDIVIDUALS, INCIDENTS, &c.

"Oh, fair to the *aged* may rise the *old* faces
That smile on his slumbers and light up his dreams,—
The lost and the parted, who leave their lone traces
In memory mirrored, as stars in deep streams;
Yet are there not hours when the march of existence
Grows faint with a vain and a voiceless regret
For scenes which the pilgrim still marks in the distance,
More bright with the glances of some we have met?

How few are the memories of life's many meetings!—
How seldom they come that are pined for so sore!
There was light in their smiles, there was joy in their greetings,
But the stream bore us on, and we saw them no more:—
Yet many bright steps of our after-sojourning,
And many true records of love's blessed debt,
Oh! never, like "bread on the waters," returning,
Have been but in memory of some we have met!"

Frances Brown.

My Dear Charles,

You will wonder why it is that I linger so long on early and beloved scenes, friends and adventures. A modern writer on the Bliss of Memory beautifully observes, "It is difficult to discover what are the exact sources from which spring the thrilling feelings of joy and satisfaction with which we look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters not, or at least very little, what are the pleasures we have enjoyed in later years, what are the delights which surround us, what are the blessings which heaven has cast upon our lot. What though some mortal tears will mix those delights?—What though the flesh must suffer, and the evil one will tempt? Yet the allotted pleasures have a zest which not even novelty alone could give, and an imperishable purity in their nature which makes their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and speaks their origin from heaven. I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. Thus it is, I suppose, and for these causes, that in looking back upon the days of my youth—though those days were not as happy and as bright as they are to many—I feel a secret satisfaction which I knew not at the time. Yet those hours indeed, as one who gives a diamond to a child, bestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not, till many a year had passed away."

I am now about to enter on the relation of the events of a period in my humble existence, which may be said to have had an influence on every subsequent event of my life. I shall soon engage in descriptions and histories connected with individuals and families, still living, in which case—if I speak freely I may expose myself to frequent discussions; if I do not, many events must lose much of their interest, and the Narrative will

suffer. I feel my great difficulty and tremble to approach it.

But to go on with my more particular History—I removed with my Brother to his humble but neat dwelling in Swinton. His Wife, my new Sister, was a truly pious, amiable and affectionate young woman.

The village of SWINTON, 2 miles from Worsley, and the same from Eccles, had nothing then in my estimation to recommend it, being a mere hamlet; but rising in importance, a Chapel of Ease had recently been erected, and an excellent Minister the Rev. William Nuttall, presented to the Incumbency, who eventually proved my zealous patron and my friend. Patronage in the Vicar of Eccles for the time being.

Swinton Church as it is now called, has been greatly enlarged and improved since the time I worshipped within its walls. It is now spacious and handsome. I attended Divine Service there November 4th, 1849. The Rev. Robert Broadley the Incumbent officiated. The singing, by a choir of probably 200 youths of both sexes, accompanied by the harmonious swelling notes of the lively Organ, was to my mind next to enchanting.

The Description and History of Swinton can be of little consequence to the general reader, but as connected with my Personal History, is important. It is certain there was a place named Swinton before the time of the Great Rebellion, for we read in Hollingworth's History of Manchester, that the King's Troops assembled at Swinton Moor, which created alarm to Manchester. It is now a very populous thriving Village. A great number of neat and comfortable dwellings have been erected, Cotton Manufactories are increasing, the working classes and little tradesmen at present appear in comfortable circumstances.

But Swinton will hereafter be considered a place of importance, in consequence of the Manchester Union Schools of Industry, erected there in 1842, and of which you have a particular description contained in the Minutes of the Committee of Council of Education for 1844. They are a very handsome and commodious range of Buildings in the Tudor Style, and are calculated to receive nearly 2,000 Children. Here they are taught useful trades, or prepared for service. Their religious instruction is attended to by the Chaplain, a Clergyman of the Church of England, and a Catholic Priest, each instructing those of his own denomination.

How little did so stupendous an undertaking enter into the minds of the inhabitants of Swinton fifty years ago! But it is one of the happiest features of the age, that all classes are now exerting themselves to promote the cause of sound religious and secular education. That which I laboured to promote forty years ago at Shrewsbury* as a Manufacturer, with no encouragement from the Clergy, whom I then solicited in vain; it is now the great business of the life of yourself and others to forward with the happiest success. I will not now dwell on what I have witnessed in your own Parish; but rejoice that "Schools of Industry" are spreading around you; and that Swinton, the scene of my youthful hours, now affords even to the Pauper Child, the advantages which in those days, the most substantial Ratepayer could not afford to his children. I cannot refrain a passing tribute to my feelings, with regard to the merits of a gentleman, who in your own neighbourhood has been so eminent in promoting Schools of Farming Industry, and other Institutions, by his Publications connected with Spade Husbandry, —your valued friend John Nowell, Esq. of Farnley Wood, near Huddersfield,† by whose great kindness I am permitted to insert a correspondence which has passed between us, while this Letter was in preparation, as being expressive of our mutual feelings and correspondent sentiments.

Farnley Wood, Huddersfield, Jan. 7, 1850.

My dear Sir,

Your letter of the 28th ult. arrived in due course of post, and gave me great pleasure; excuse me for not acknowledging its receipt immediately, as I have not been in my usual health or spirits. I hope the Third Number of your Memoirs will soon be published: for, I don't know how it is, reminiscences like these touch a chord within me, and excite pleasurable youthful recollections. The early reminiscences of Southey, lately published by his Son, have also given me much pleasure, for, like you, he relates minute circum-

* Particulars of Coleham Manufactory Sunday School, will be given hereafter.

† Mr. Nowell's Manual of Spade Husbandry, and Tract on Industrial Schools, and other Publications, have tended to attract attention to the subject throughout the United Kingdom.

stances, describes youthful feelings, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears common to our nature, and hence sympathetic.

I was truly sorry that it was not in my power to meet you at Woodsome, on your late visit to Yorkshire, which I was invited to do by our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. W———— I had formerly the pleasure of becoming acquainted with your excellent daughter Mrs. Potts of Cambridge, in that Ancient Hall, which afterwards led to a friendly intercourse (through my dear friend your Son) between your amiable and talented relatives there, and my Son, an Undergraduate, and my Nephew, a Scholar of Emmanual College, much to the advantage of the latter. I think all the rest and much more, but must not express all I feel.

In our labours to introduce Spade Husbandry into this part of England, we have been indeed very successful. but we have had to encounter great opposition; to your Son's endeavours the greatest praise is due; his talents, energy, and zeal, have prevailed in his section of our district, and I trust that I have not altogether laboured in vain in the place where I reside, my only regret is that I have done so little: I have had much opposition to contend against, but on all occasions the generous and all-powerful support of the really noble and benevolent Earl of Dartmouth, and his excellent Agent, Frederick Thynne, Esq, without which, my humble efforts would have been made in vain.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. are really a fine couple, mentally and physically; the more I know, the better I like them; kinder neighbours no Bookish man could desire.

I shall pay your Son for the Two Numbers of the Memoirs, and for the succeeding ones as they appear, or will remit direct as may be agreeable. In conclusion, permit me, my dear Sir, to express my hopes that your valuable life may long be spared, which, indeed, like the lives of all good and useful men, has been a chequered one—so it is ordered by kind Providence—we must not complain, but endure, and hope for a future reward. With kindest and best wishes to Mrs. Hulbert, whom I was gratified by meeting once, but for too short a time.

Believe me to remain,

Yours most respectfully,

JOHN NOWELL.

To Charles Hulbert, Esq. Providence Grove.

Providence Grove, Feb. 20, 1850.

My dear Sir,

I received your very kind and encouraging letter with feelings and emotions I will not at present attempt to describe, but beg to tender you my best and sincerest thanks—at the same time, if an apology was needed for delay in your case, many apologies will be needed in mine, for I have delayed a reply a much longer time, and beg your kind forgiveness. I grieve to find your health and spirits were not at the time you wrote your excellent and highly valued letter, so good as when we saw each other at your happy and delightful residence, I hope ere this the Bow is unstrung, and your feelings have regained their usual elasticity, if reflections on a well-spent and useful life can cheer them, your feelings will not be long I trust uncheered. Look to Heaven my dear Sir, for the great reward. As it respects my humble Memoirs, nothing else could have cheered me as your letter has done, there had met me some complaints, that incidents of too trifling a character were sometimes introduced. The sentiments expressed in your kind and valuable communication have completely relieved me from the unpleasant sensations I had previously experieneed.

I thank you most gratefully for the expression of your most valuable opinion of my beloved Son at Slaithwaite, and his Sister, my beloved Daughter A. H. P. I pray God they may each ever merit your continued good opinion, as may also the humble individual now addressing "the able and devoted promoter of the Allotment System and Spade Husbandry."* I honour and venerate the character you have so justly obtained, and I, join with you most cordially in giving honour to the illustrious Nobleman, and his Noble son, the great Patrons of the system, upheld by yourself, and supported by my beloved son, and which I beg leave to add, with all due humility, strenuously advocated by his now aged Sire.

It was among my greatest desires when recently in Yorkshire, to have visited Farnley Tyas, to have spent some hours in your own improving society, and that of our beloved excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. W———— but circumstances you have kindly explained, and others on my part, prevented the accomplishment of the purpose of my heart.

Not only have I the strongest hope of the final success of the Spade Husbandry System on Small Allotments, but I remember the profitable manner in which I have seen small plots of Land, often enclosures from Commons, cultivated by weavers in Cheshire and Lancashire, and other operatives in Shropshire, and which first impressed me with the conviction, that the system as now promoted by yourself, my son, and others in Yorkshire. would be highly beneficial to the industrious labourer and mechanic, to society generally, and greatly promote the prosperity and happiness of the nation. Having for 50 years, as previously stated, assiduously promoted the system, I am delighted to find my hearts desire so ably carried out, so encouraged and promoted on the estate of the Noble Earl of Dartmouth, in the Parish of Huddersfield. And it is my humble, perhaps a solitary opinion, that if the Government would by proper means possess themselves of the cultivatable Waste Grounds of the United Kingom, it might employ all suitable Convicts upon them, and sell or give Allotments to industrious deserving individuals, instead of at such an enormous expense, carrying them to distant uncultivated lands, wastes and wilds, far from religious privileges and moral advantages, their friends and their country.

If the farmer thinks that by thus increasing the power of production in his own country he will aid foreign competition in reducing the value of produce, let him remember, that if we keep our population at home, and employ them as suggested, they will continue to consume the PRODUCE of the plough, the spade and the loom, of this we are certain.

Nor would it be a small benefit obtained, if the Convicts produced only an amount of necessaries equal to their own consumption. Anxious that every thing may be done to promote the happiness of even the most vile and wretched,

I remain, with sincere affectionate esteem,

My dear Sir, yours &c.

C. HULBERT.

To John Nowell, Esq.

---

*For perfect satisfaction on the subject of Spade Husbandry, Allotment Farms, Industrial Schools, &c. I would refer the reader to the six Annual Reports of Meetings at Slaithwaite, Farnley Tyas, Kirk Burton, &c. and to the speeches on those occasions, delivered by highly respectable individuals, by the little Allotment Farmers. Weavers, &c.

On the 19th November, 1849, Meeting at Slaithwaite, the Rev. C. A. Hulbert, Chairman. The Rev. C. Wardroper read the Report of the Farnley Tyas Association, "of which John Nowell, Esq. is the able and devoted Secretary, from which it appeared that eight hundred cottage gardens had sprung into existence in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, in consequence of the labours of these Associations, on the property and under the patronage of the Noble Earl, and averaging the produce at five pounds each, realized £4,000 per annum, and benefitted 800 families proportionab'y—many of them keeping one and some two pigs, &c. on the produce."

Before concluding my descriptions of portions of Eccles Parish, I will briefly observe that in Little Houghton, seperated from Swinton by a narrow stream, is the Dale's brow Sunday School. At the period, and during my attendance there for a short time as a Teacher, the School was a rude dismal place, the upper room of a Smithy. The scholars were chiefly collected from the Folley Lane and Moor Lane. I rejoice to think that it is still maintained, and conducted under far more favourable circumstances. Mr. Abraham Williamson in my time was principal conductor. That good man, alas! is dead; but perhaps some of the Teachers and Scholars who then attended, may still live to read this remembrance.

In accordance with the arrangement of my volume, I may here briefly revert to to a Tradition and some Customs current in Swinton and adjoining Townships. The description of the customs I shall adopt is nearly the same as originally written by me more than 25 years ago, and then published in my Museum of the World, vol. iv. page 383, &c.

The Tradition to which I refer is the following.

At some distance from Worsley, on a portion of the Earl of Ellesmere's estate, stands Wardley Hall, an ancient timber mansion, now a farm house in the occupation of Mr. P. Nightingale: formerly in that of the present Mr. Goodier of Eccles, who, in conversation brought to my recollection a story I had often heard, that the skull of a man sent down from London, said to have been executed about the year 1614, was still preserved there; that a good many years ago it was removed from the situation it had long occupied, and taken from the premises, but in consequence of supernatural noises and disturbances which immediately commenced, it was restored to its situation, when the disturbances instantly ceased. This I now well remember having often heard related.

My Uncle Smith of the Westwoods, had a brother Mr. Henry Smith, a very considerable farmer, and then living at Peel Hall, but which place, though often invited, I never had the pleasure to visit. I cannot now say how far the farm was from Bolton or Leigh, but at no great distance from either. Stopping all night at the Westwoods as he often did, Mr. H. Smith sometimes amused us by relating a somewhat similar story, which was this. About two and a half miles from Bolton was Smithill's Hall. "In this ancient building" he said, "was a room called the great chamber, famous for being the place where George Marsh the celebrated Protestant Martyr was examined before Sir Roger Burton, and very cruelly insulted and falsely accused; and being provoked by taunts and accusations, on descending the stairs from the chamber he stamped with his foot upon a stone, and looking up to heaven appealed to God for the justness of his cause, and from that time it is said, there has remained the print of a man's foot, which no scouring or washing can remove. About the beginning of the last century, three young men removed the stone from its situation into a wood, but on retiring to bed at night, strange and unusual noises were heard, which alarmed the young men, who on being questioned, confessed what they had done, and the stone being replaced, the noises ceased."

With feelings of indescribable pleasure, I still call to my remembrance various customs and scenes familiar to my early years. Still present is the delight with which I hailed the approach of May-day morning, when a select company of the musical Rustics of Worsley, Swinton and Eccles, would assemble at midnight to commence the grateful task of saluting their neighbours with the sound of the Clarionet, Hautboy, German Flute, Violin, and the melody of twenty voices. On this occasion the leader of the band would commence his song under the window or before the outer door of the family "he delighted to honour" with

"O rise up Master of this House, all in your chain of gold,
For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
I hope you'll not be angry at us for being so bold,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

O rise up Mistress of this House, all in your gown of green,
For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
Your countenance so lovely, you are fitting for a Queen,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

O rise up Master Hulbert, and take your pen in hand,
For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
For you are a famous scholar as we do understand,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up Miss Mary ——, so beautiful and fair,
For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
The beauty of Fair Rosamond cannot with you compare,
Drawing near to the merry month of May."

In this strain, including some encomiums or happy allusion to the various qualifications of all the other branches of the family the whole were saluted: after which a purse of silver or a few mugs of good ale were distributed among the company; thus they proceeded from house to house, filling the air with their music and happy voices, till six o'clock in the morning.

Another custom was for the lads of the villages on May-day-eve, to compliment their sweethearts, and lasses whom they knew, by decorating their doors or the eaves of their dwellings with May flowers or boughs of trees emblematical of affection, or some good quality the lady was supposed to possess; for instance, a Birch for a pretty girl, an Oak for the lover of a joke or a merry lass, &c. Sometimes these compliments were of a rougher cast, as the Hazel Nut for a dirty slut, the Alder (pronounced Owler) for a scolder, or the Willow Green for a forsaken queen. Much amusement was derived from the bustle the lasses would make to have any unwelcome emblems removed from their dwelling, before the neighbourhood was apprized of the supposed degradation.

One of the most laughable and amusing customs was observed at Easter, when the young men and young women would disguise themselves in the most fantastic and ridiculous habits, and go from house to house a "Peace Egging" or begging eggs; the most respectable farmers' sons and daughters would indulge in this custom, and very often no mean display of humour and wit was to be met with among these masked rustics. All spirits flowed buoyantly and in unison, while a good song was frequently given in return for the convivial glass of the generous farmer.

Various other customs I could revert to as peculiar to that part of the country; many of them now in total disuse: partly occasioned by the depression of trade during the late war, and the consequent poverty of the Lancashire hand-loom weavers and other artizans, by which their native energies, cheerfulness, and happiness, were nearly annihilated.

Eccles though an extensive Parish, has not been distinguished as the birth-place of many eminent literary or political characters. At the commencement of the 16th century, Hollingworth briefly records that a Dr. John White was *Vicar* of Eccles, he does not say native, and that he was a Fellow of Manchester College, a learned and laborious preacher, and asserter of the reformed religion, he wrote several Treatises on Religious Subjects, as "The way to the True Church," &c. which being opposed by some Popish Priests were ably defended by his learned Brother Dr. Francis White, the Bishop of Ely.

ROBERT AINSWORTH, a celebrated Grammarian, and Author of the Latin Dictionary which goes under his name, was a native of the Parish, born in 1660, probably in the Township of Worsley. The first edition of his valuable Dictionary was published in 1736. I conjecture he may have been born within the limits of the Township of Worsley, as we learn he received his education at Lever's Grammar School in Bolton, to the mastership of which he afterwards succeeded. After pursuing in different places the labour of tuition till he had acquired a decent competency, he retired from business and amused himself by searching the shops of brokers for old coins and other valuable curiosities, which he purchased at a small expense. In addition to the work above mentioned, he wrote a treatise on Grammar, and a few specimens of Latin Poetry, and died in April, 1743. The following is a translation of a Latin inscription written by himself, and engraved on his tomb at Poplar:—

Here Robert Ainsworth and his wife
Put off the worn-out vest of life,
Hoping the morn will soon appear,
When they a brighter robe shall wear.
To thy reflection, mortal friend,
The advice of Moses I commend,
Be wise, and meditate thy end!

Before passing on to my Personal Narrative, I had a desire to have given a list kindly furnished by Mr. Gorse, Parish Clerk of Eccles, of the first founders and contributors to the Eccles Sunday School. I had also prepared some remarks on their Annual Wakes, and their more desirable Eccles Cakes and their present manufacturers, Mrs. Birch and Mrs. Bradburn, but the present description of the Parish has exceeded all due limits.

I am, your's &c.

C. H.

## LETTER XVI. DEATH OF MY GRANDFATHER, VISIT TO HALTON, DISAPPOINTMENTS, REMARKABLE DREAM AND FULFILMENT, MOST POWERFUL RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS, CHANGE OF HEART AND LIFE, BALLOTED FOR THE MILITIA, &c. &c.

Those Facts and Circumstances, however singular, which under a Divine Power, have been the means of establishing the Author's entire Faith in the Holy Scriptures, he will fearlessly relate, and with the sincere belief, that many of his readers will thereby receive no less favourable impressions.

At the same time, he enters upon his task with feelings of diffidence he cannot controul; he is aware the events of his early life, cannot possibly be of very general interest: yet the watchful care of a Divine Providence will be found most distinctly manifested in some occurrences, affecting to the enlightened heart of pious sensibility, and others no less singular and amusing.

ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS TO THIS WORK.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

HAVING dwelt for so many pages on the History and Topography of the Parish of Eccles, I must, however reluctantly, enter upon scenes and descriptions, which though of no uncommon character, yet may appear extraordinary to some, not any of which will be new to you.

The industry and application I had been taught at the Westwoods, I brought with me to Swinton, Trade was good for a short period, generally alternating as our allies and armies conquered or were unsuccessful.

At the Westwoods the work was heavy, my Uncle attending to the manufacture of strong Cords, &c. only. But my Brother now adopted every improvement in weaving, and became very clever in the manufacture of light goods. Dimities, BalloonCords, Nankeens, &c. in the latter I became so expert, I could with my own hands earn a shilling in an hour. The period of my engagement with my Brother now expired, and I was consequently cast on my own resources and labour entirely, but being indefatigable in my exertions, my own hand not only supplied all my wants but I had ample funds for books and genteel clothes. Still living as a boarder in my Brother's happy dwelling. Finding myself thus my own master, and passing through my 17th year, I formed the determination to visit my beloved Halton, and open my mind to the "Rose of the Hill." One fine summer's morn, with gay but anxious mind, attired in my very best vestments, and with my song, the "Rose of the Hill," (see pages 70, 71 & 98,) in my pocket, and my heart burning with the fire of love; for five long years of absence had only tended to increase the flame; and I can truly say, that no other female during the whole period had for a moment engaged my attention or desire. I arrived at Halton, waited on Mrs. Blythe my honoured relative, and enquired if Miss Eaton was single and disengaged. "Yes" she said "I believe she is, and with her Father is now living in the house formerly occupied by myself, which you remember." My mind was made up, I would go and tell her all my heart, I would buy of her Father a small portion of a field through which ran a stream of water. On it, with the fortune I might receive on marriage, and what I might receive in case of my Grandfather's death, my own savings, &c. build a small Cotton Manufactory, rise by industry, and eventually prove myself not undeserving the preference I intended to solicit.

Impressed with these sentiments, with trembling steps and agitated frame, I tapped at the door, it was instantly opened by the venerated Sire of the object of my affections. Well Mr. Eaton, I said, How do you do? "Walk in Sir, walk in," replied the worthy man, "but you have really the advantage of me, may I be permitted to enquire your name?" I am Charles Hulbert. "Are you indeed? do sit down," speaking not a little complimentary of my growth and personal appearance, he kindly added, "you were always a good boy, How does your Father and family do? Why thank you Sir, I am not with them, but I know they are well, and will feel obliged by your kind enquiries after them. And pray how is Mr. Thomas Eaton? "O he is very well." And then with faltering lips.

I inquired, and how is Miss Eaton? He replied, "she is also very well I thank you, she is up stairs," when instantly and very pleasantly calling her by name, he announced that of the stranger. I heard her steps descending, O that was the moment of sensations never to be described. An Angel was to present herself to my longing anxious sight, But alas! the disappointment to my recollection and imagination, she was no longer the same, the roses had faded, the stem had never risen to perfection, and I could not trace one feature of the lovely image I had so long and faithfully adored. The shock was almost beyond my power of concealment. I made no remarks, but with a sighing sorrowful heart, and disappointed hopes, I left the dwelling never to see the once adorable object any more. Yet in this I did her no injury, I had not raised hopes in her mind only to disappoint them, the disappointment and the folly were my own.

I related the circumstance to my venerated kind relative, who begged of me never to make known the circumstance to Miss Eaton, as no doubt it would fill her with grief and disappointment, and I took her counsel.

I returned home to Swinton, the hopes I had cherished for so many years were now for ever dissipated. I could not love an object no longer the same. Had I lived near her, or seen her often, the change would have been gradual, and my affections I believe would have continued, as they also would in case we had been married, and the same had happened: but in my then case, no interview or correspondence had taken place. Miss E. married, and herself, parents, &c. have long been resting in the silent grave.

The gloom hereby occasioned gradually wore away, and I began to behold others whom I thought fair with less indifference, and my character for industry, &c. being established, its influence on parents and daughters of my own rank, and even much higher, could not be mistaken. I had invitations to pastimes, to parties, to marriages, which alas! at that time, too well suited my volatile feelings, and I had nearly been carried down the stream of perdition, had not Divine Providence interfered, first by a dream in the night, and secondly by a most extraordinary exercise of his Almighty Grace. Each of which circumstances I will relate.

Being comfortably asleep in bed one night, I dreamed, or saw most distinctly in my sleep, myself seated in my Brother's arm chair in the kitchen, quiet and comfortable, Kitty the servant maid appeared to be laying coals on the fire and preparing for breakfast, when a gentle knocking was heard at the door, and the form of George Hardy, the father of John, (see page 47) appeared to present himself: taking off his hat, he instantly commenced rolling the brim in his hand, and delivered the following message, "I am come to tell you that your Grandfather Mottershead is dead." In the morning I related my dream to my Brother and Sister, and afterwards to my Uncle and Aunt at the Westwoods.

As no one had heard of my Grandfather being at all indisposed, my dream was considered a mere sleeping fancy, and no more thought of. Within less than three weeks I came down stairs as had been presented in my dream, I seated myself in my Brother's arm chair, in the very place I had seen in my sleep, Kitty had kindled a fire and was throwing on some coals, when there was a tapping at the door, which she instantly opened, when George Hardy presented himself, taking off his hat and rolling the brim as he had appeared to do in my dream, and delivered the message, "I am come to tell you that your Grandfather Mottershead is dead." So exact a verification filled my heart with the most perfect astonishment, and for some time absorbed my feelings so intensely, that the grief I should otherwise have felt was thereby greatly diminished. My honoured Grandfather died in perfect peace, and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, though nearly 80 years of age; his departure happened on February 18, his Grandson's natal day, and as mentioned (page 19) was buried in Prestbury Churchyard. His Will was read, and contained a Bequest as anticipated, but not quite equal in amount to what I had been led to expect, but which might have been had I visited him at the time a monition was given me in my dream. His property was to be divided, but not in equal proportions, after the decease of his venerable widow.

The death of my honoured and beloved Grandfather, added to the dream, for a time gave a degree of seriousness to my character; but youthful bewitching company soon again

stilled every serious emotion. I attended village wakes on the Lord's day, but, still remembering the case of my now deceased Grandfather, who was never intoxicated, I turned from the poisonous draught; yet in other respects I was as gay as the gayest, and no one can tell to what lengths of gaity I might have been carried, had not Divine Power met me in the way, and stayed me in my wild unthinking career. The manner of my conversion, my dear Charles, yourself and hundreds more have often heard me relate, but, I will hereput it on record, (whatever levity in some it may occasion,) as the most important event in my life.

I believe it was on the second Sunday of January, the early part of which I had spent very irreverently, and the evening in light and foolish conversation and jesting with youthful companions in a kind neighbour's house. I returned home after my Brother and Sister had retired to rest, and went directly into my own room. Careless and hardened as I had become, I seldom neglected the repetition of my Mother's prayers, but which were hurried over without devotion, or the idea that I was addressing the Great God of heaven and earth; and on this occasion, full of thoughts resulting from the conversation and foolish observations to which I had been a party. As the night was cold I thought I would hurry over my prayers with unusual rapidity,—so I began, "Our Father which art in heaven," when in an instant conviction rushed into my mind, Oh this is not prayer, this is mocking God; I have never prayed since I left Halton, and the private well in Joshua Berrington's field—all the sins of my life rushed into my remembrance, the bottomless pit seemed ready to receive me; my conviction, my horror, and my repentance were beyond description. I durst not so much as lift up my eyes to heaven, and say "God be merciful to me a sinner." Like David, I wept for the disquietude of my soul. I stretched myself on the floor and said, well if I perish, I will perish at his feet.

It is a remarkable fact, that offences against my parents which I had never considered sins, foolish thoughts, idle words, all appeared in array against me, nothing seemed to be forgotten; and now the multitude of my offences appeared beyond forgiveness. I however again placed myself on my knees, and began to pray in reality, O God, I said, do forgive me—O Saviour do forgive me—I am a sinner, but oh save me. I believe these petitions were a hundred times repeated; when in a moment, an indescribable, unexpected sensation of joy rushed into my soul, my sins were gone, and nothing but love and gratitude remained. Oh! I said, what does this mean? Why am I thus happy? Did any other person ever experience the same? Are my sins forgiven? I lay down on my bed but durst not not sleep, lest I should lose the happiness I felt. I did however at length venture to close my eyes, and I awoke in the same happy frame, which continued the following day, when I waited on my relative Joseph Hulbert, and informed him of what had taken place. He burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh! Charles, what a blessing God has conferred upon you, down upon your knees and give praises to Him," so we knelt together, and he prayed and gave thanks, but I said, my dear Joseph, did ever any other person experience the same? "Yes, I have, but not in the extraordinary manner God has been pleased to snatch you as a brand from the burning, my soul was mourning over you, I saw you were sinking into the pit of destruction, but I had not courage to warn you of your danger, God himself has visited you with his salvation. What you have experienced is what is felt by every new-born soul. God through Christ is reconciled to you. Oh! go on, my dear Cousin, and henceforth walk in newness of life." Blessed, holy man, pious, humble, devoted servant of God, I hope to meet thee in heaven!

This joy continuing to dwell in my heart. How did I long for the sabbath, all its duties were in perfect accordance with my changed feelings. I could not walk, but I ran to the Church, its services were all delightful, I wept the whole time; I now understood what was meant in that beautiful Collect in our Liturgy, "Though tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us." God in the pitifulness of his mercy had loosened me from my sins. And how sweet was the concluding benediction of the now venerated Minister, Mr. Nuttall, "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep

your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God," &c. The whole service appeared new to me, and seemed as if it had been compiled to suit my particular case and state. How anxious did I feel to convey this information to all around, like David I was ready to cry out, "Come and hear me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul." The great loss I had sustained in not being educated for the ministry as originally intended, now appeared before me in deplorable review.

Many events recorded in my Manuscript Preparation must here be omited, and various efforts of my humble Muse reserved for some other occasion.

I will however transcribe a few verses, dictated by my religious feelings the same year. Subject, as all believers are, to the variations of christian experience, sometimes on the mount, and sometimes in the valley.

COME, blessed Jesus, Light divine,
And ever in my bosom shine:
When thou art absent from my breast,
My soul's depriv'd of peace and rest.

If thou but hide thy face from me,
How sinks my soul in misery!
But when thy love resumes its place
Then I resume a cheerful face.

The darkness flies like morning dew,
When thou present'st thyself to view;
Each fear's dispell'd, commotions cease,
And all I feel is love and peace.

Dear Saviour, never more depart,
But reign triumphant in my heart:
And o'er each thought ascendant be,
Here, and to all eternity.

I will also offer a few humble lines which had the notice of the Rev. W. Nuttall, who from my constant attendance on his ministry, had invited me to his house, and kindly undertook to supply some defects in my education. The lines are indeed very humble, but the kind feeling he entertained towards me, induced him to give them his cheering approbation: at the same time, expressing deep regret, that my lot was then cast in a rank of life not intended for me, or suited to the genius of my mind.

MY THOUGHTS OF GOD AND INFINITY, IN THE YEAR 1795.

MYRIADS of worlds proclaim his power,
Nor less the sportive fly, and scented flower;
We think of Him as Lord of all,
Angelic legions at his call,
Wing through all space their airy flight,
Midst countless orbs* of flaming light;
O could my spirit with them soar,
Or, with telescopic view explore,
Creation's bounds I ne'er could find,
Nor comprehend th' eternal mind.
The Universe is in his hand,
Vast nature bows to his command:
And dare a mortal disobey,
A worm of earth, a form of clay;
My God, my God, I bow to Thee,
Long as stars roll, or time shall be;
When worlds dissolve, to dust or air,
Almighty King, make me thy care;
Nor, in the wreck of orbs on fire,
Let souls that love thee then expire;
But filled with love, exist with Thee,
Through one vast age, ETERNITY.

I had by the time "MY THOUGHTS" were written, become possessed of a tolerable collection of books, but no good treatise on Astronomy. I had many times lain on my back in the field in front of the Westwoods, musing on the appearance of the Heavenly Bodies, their number, magnitude and distance; and often endeavoured to count them in sections, but always failed. For my first attachment to this important branch of science, I was really indebted to the ignorance of two aged individuals, old John Gatley and Samuel Shawcross. (see page 41.) At this period, and for many years afterwards, I had not a Telescope of any dimensions. Previous to my disastrous Fire, I possessed one, through which I could observe the mountains in the Moon. This instrument I very much valued:—And now, one of the greatest luxuries of life would be to have the use for a few hours of the Earl of Rosse's Giant Telescope, an instrument said to be "calculated to show stars five hundred times farther, or six thousand times more remote than stars of the first magnitude; or, five millions of millions of times, in the infinity of space, beyond those in the milky way. Multitudes succeed to multitudes. All these are worlds of far greater magnitude than ours, blending their glories into a mass infinite in extent to human comprehension. Millions of stars are seen in clusters, whose light would be ages in travelling to our globe, if it ever arrived during the existence of our planet."

Five years had now rolled their onward

* See a Poem entitled "Celestial Musings," by another youthful Author, in vol. ii. of my Museum of the World.

course since I had become an inhabitant of the Parish of Eccles, a period of as few anxieties as ever fell to my lot. I laboured successfully, as previously intimated, to gain and to save money. I rose early, and often worked until midnight and beyond it. I was now enabled to employ Mr. Joseph Collier to make me a handsome Bookcase, which I soon filled with Books. I became Member of a Reading, or rather Purchasing Book Society,* which comprised eighty members, of which John Barrett, Esq. was Secretary; and also member of a Floricultural Society, and a Sick Society, at Bat Inn, near Worsley. I mention these trifles by way of encouragement to other young men, thrown like myself on their own industry and resources, and well it was for me that I had so exerted myself, for the nation being in dreadful conflict with France, not only all the old Regiments of County Militia were called out, but Regiments of Supplementary Militia were raised, the ballot falling very heavily on the labouring and middle classes, it was my ill fortune on this occasion, soon after my attaining my 18th year, to be among those who were balloted to serve. This was quite unexpected, I had no idea of being on the Parish list, or I should have joined some Society for providing Substitutes, as I now advise all young men in like circumstances to do.

The communication of this circumstance to me, was at the time a painful shock, so great a number being wanted, bounties for substitutes in some cases were as high as fifty guineas, and forty no uncommon sum Such sum was beyond my power to raise. Waiting on my honoured Father. he gave me a letter to Colonel Patten, who as Captain, had served in the Lancashire Volunteers with my Parent. I received from the Colonel the most marked attention, and warm encouragement to join the regiment, with the promise of the highest non-commission on its forming, and the almost certainty of a commission eventually—I instantly consented to become a soldier—but from reading an Essay on War, and my own changed religious feelings, I found I could not enter upon a life, in which I might sometime or other be called upon to destroy a fellow creature; so that contrary to my engagement with the Colonel, and the advice of many friends, I felt disposed to abandon all my flattering prospects, and consequently took a tour round the country in search of a substitute. I found some balloted men, unable to raise the bounty, had left the kingdom; the rumour was, that the Militia now raising would have Government Bounty offered them, and be called upon to go abroad. This rumour had an effect on the balloted and on substitutes. I failed in all my efforts, I had but a certain sum of money, and could offer no more. The day of Attestation arrived, and I again reasoned closely with my own heart, my prospects on the one hand seemed brilliant, but then I said, I may lose my religion and my soul—so I perambulated the streets of Salford, and in the vicinity of the New Bailey Court House; but bounties were still beyond my giving, I therefore entered the room where the examination of fitness to serve was commencing, and arranged myself with the

* The intent of this Society was the same as that I had the pleasure to establish among some religious friends in Shrewsbury, many years ago. The outline may be given in a few words.

First to purchase and to read Books, under the management of a Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary and Stewards,

To meet the first Saturday evening in every month for 3 years.

To pay Subscriptions proportionate to the quantity and value of Books desired by a Member, which Books to be the property of the Society for *Reading only*, during the 3 years.

At Monthly Meetings to choose Books in rotation for reading during the month.

Fines for injuring Books, non-Payment of Subscriptions, and non Attendance.

Secretary. to order Books once a month from London, as ordered by Subscribers, such Books being first approved by the Society.

Subscriptions not less than 4s. a month, (if I recollect rightly) and as much more as convenient.

The Books at the end of the three years to be the property of the Subscriber by whom they were ordered. Hour of meeting, seven o'clock in the evening.

I may observe that all Books were ordered by Mr. Barrett, chiefly from Lackington's Catalogue; we had also his Life, which I read: and while I disapproved and condemned his loose principles and the infidel tendencies of his book, I felt a strong desire to commence the business of a Bookseller and Printer in Manchester, and once had nearly engaged a good shop in Salford, to which I was encouraged by the Messrs. Clarke. A preference for a business so likely to gratify and satisfy my love of books, and which had raised a Lackington to eminence and distinction, for a time obtained the ascendancy over my desire of being a Cotton Manufacturer: and latent sparks of that preference, as it will hereafter be seen, were rekindled in after years,—and I believe under the direction of Divine Providence. So we see it was in my life, all the way through, that "man proposes and God disposes."

The attentive reader of these Memoirs, will readily perceive that many of the most trifling incidents of my Early History, were the germ or seeds of more important events in after life, and thus the Narrative would have been imperfect without them.

rest. This was an important era in my life; what I might have been, or where I might have been at this moment no one can tell. By a sudden impulse, I believe, under God, by my Angel Mother, I left the room, determined once more to look out for a substitute. Reaching the verge of the New Bailey Bridge, I met a young man dressed in what is termed shabby genteel, I accosted him with a cheerful air, Young man, do you want to be a soldier? "Why, I care not, what bounty will you give?" I'll give you all the money I have, pulling out my yellow guineas. "What's their count?" So many, naming the sum, "Well" he said, "I am your man." Dropping into his hand one of the glittering coins, come along with me and be attested, and I will give you the rest faithfully; I then led him to the very place I had just left, he passed his examination, was duly attested, received the bounty, and I was free.

O Joseph Partington of Port street, Manchester! whether at this moment living or dead, I revere thy name; I consider thee an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence: the meeting with thee on Salford Bridge, was a happy event in my history, yet sometimes I doubted, and supposed I might have had the good fortune to have risen to rank and eminence as a soldier.

Doubtful and even undesirable as it appeared to me at the time, from what I afterwards learned of Colonel Patten's sincerity and good intentions, *I should not have been neglected or forgotten.* I regret my own ingratitude in return for his noble, generous design, for I saw him no more—but no doubt it was the will of my Heavenly Father, that I should remain his humble follower, and in that rank and station of life to which he had called me, and he blessed me in it, and led me on for many years in prosperity.

I attended constantly the ministry of my beloved friend Mr. Nuttall, and sometimes in company with Mr. Joseph Hulbert, meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists; at that time the best attendants on the services of the Mother Church. These were happy days, industry procured me every thing my heart could desire. I had my gun, garden and my singing birds.* My dear Brother having also the same taste, we had alternately the Song Thrush, the Blackbird, the Linnet, and a room full of Canaries, in the breeding of which my Brother was an adept, and has left behind him a really valuable manuscript, which I possess, on the rearing and training of the varieties of the Canary, which to the Fancy would be a treasure.

Many singular, and some humourous occurrences could here be related, but I prefer leading the reader's attention to the great object of my undertaking to show the certainty of a Future State, and the Watchfulness of a Divine Providence, and also the justice and goodness of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe. I will therefore record two instances, as I conceive them to be illustrative of his care and preservation which happened at this period to myself and one of my young companions, a beloved relative residing with Mr. Joseph Hulbert. We had been out together shooting Fieldfares, &c. and were returning home nearly opposite the

---

* January, 1830, one day during the severe frost, and the snow which then covered the earth, being confined to my study by indisposition, and feeling for the poor Robins that frequented the garden, and seemed starving with hunger and cold, I obtained from the kitchen a few cold boiled potatoes, and took them to the window sill outside my study window, and broke them into small pieces and spread them on the sill, and returned into my study. In a few minutes, a fine bold male Robin made his appearance, and pleasantly partook of the provision. I stood close to the window, within less than a yard from the potatoes; the little fellow having eaten, with many looks of gratitude to his benefactor, he departed; but speedily returned with a shivering hen bird, which I took to be his mate, as I have often observed them in pairs; Robins, Blackbirds, the Song Thrush, &c. frequenting the garden and orchard. The Robins together quietly, and seemingly gratefully, enjoyed their food, and both disappeared. No sooner were they departed than a fine splendid male Blackbird alighted on the sill, Mrs. Hulbert and myself were standing close to the window at the time. Finding that the Robins had left him but little of the provision, he turned towards the window, pecked at the glass to gain our attention, and having attained his object, he opened his beak very wide, gently fluttered with his wings and tail, as young birds do who have left their nest on the approach of their parents; and again and again in all but real words, begged our pity and commiseration, we each wept at the sight. I then pointed to the top of the window, saying, Come in, come in, he sprang to the highest panes, again opened his beak with the same expressive looks; not being able to open the window, I left the room to obtain more potatoes, in the meantime the bird had left. I spread the potatoes on the sill, and returned into the house, in a few minutes the noble affectionate fellow returned, bringing with him a hen bird, which, as in the case of the Robin, I took to be his mate. This was almost too affecting for our sympathies, we watched them to enjoy their meal, and when concluded, both retired. O how ardently I prayed, notwithstanding my knowledge of their attacks on fruit, &c. in my garden, that they might be preserved from the gun of the Fowler.

Westwoods where my Uncle lived, I was carrying my piece across my left arm, which I had just attempted to discharge at a Snipe, and carelessly walking along, when the gun discharged itself; the shot passing close to my companion's head, and at the same time flew out of my hand. We had just before had a like experience of the care of the Divine Being.

Another young relative, of the same name as the former, happening to be on a visit to his Uncle Mr. Joseph Hulbert, then our next neighbour. Early in the morning, before the family were up, this young relative came into the house of my Brother, and finding my fowling-piece in its usual place, he took it into his hand. laid it across his knees, and not knowing that it was charged, drew the trigger, when the gun exploded in the direction of the servant maid, the whole of the shot passing within less than an inch of her legs, fastening her clothes to the wall. Having this in recollection, and the instance we had just experienced, I felt for some time a determination never to use a gun again. There happened to be a religious Meeting on the evening of the first occasion,which we attended with feelings overwhelmed with gratitude for the preservation we experienced.

At this time also, circumstances occurred to other individuals of a different character, indicative of God's aversion to sin, and his judgment on abandoned sinners. In all I have written to you, politics have been little regarded; but the War continuing, great were the efforts made at this time to raise and maintain not only the Militia, but regular Soldiers, for the defence of the nation, and our allies. The principles of Thomas Paine,like the dreadful simoom of the desert, were engulphing young and old of all classes in their ruin and desolation. Yet God did not leave himself without witnesses, and manifestations of his Divine justice as well as mercy.

In my relation of the preceding and following circumstances, my dear Charles, I feel that I am only recording in ink, what you have so often heard me verbally relate; particularly the following, which took place about this period; but having lost my former record, I do not always remember the exact dates of some occurrences, but always near enough to substantiate the relation.

The awful catastrophe to which I refer is that of one Johnson, a weaver, residing in Swinton; he was at one time a sober, steady man: but he lost his good principles and became an infidel and a blasphemer. He had several children whom he taught to weave; his wife was also industrious: by which means at that time, they made a respectable living and appearance. His principles changing, so did his conduct, which finally brought on, as was supposed, the disease which ended in her death. I remember that it was then the custom for the relatives of deceased persons on being accommodated with the bier, by the Parish Clerk of Eccles, (an Innkeeper) to spend a shilling in liquor, as a sort of compensation for the trouble occasioned. Johnson loved liquor too well to allow any one to fetch it but himself; when he probably spent more than a shilling, for he became so intoxicated, that he fell with the bier into the ditch before the wall on the road side of Swinton Chapel-yard or Burying ground. After the death of his wife, Johnson became still more dissolute; at last he enlisted for a soldier; drank and caroused until he had spent the King's Bounty, and received orders to join the recruiting party then at Manchester. The day before he was to join his party, being Sunday, he spent in drunkenness, and blasphemy too horrid to relate. On Monday morning he again resorted to the same place, and was drinking in the alehouse kitchen, when one of the company in the house, having been out of doors returned and said, "Johnson, it rains, thou'lt not go to day;" the wretch in a state of fury said words which I shudder to relate, cursing the rain and Him that sent it. He took his pocket book out, laid it on the table, and being forsaken of his God, he went into the stable belonging to the Bull's Head Inn, and there, with a halter he found in the place, he hurried his soul into the presence of his Judge. Old Abraham, the Ostler, going into the place within less than fifteen minutes from the time that Johnson left the house, beheld the awful spectacle, and as he had heard his blasphemy, was almost overwhelmed with horror. The Coroner held an inquest on his body; the jury returned a verdict of *Felo de se;* and as the Rev. Mr. Nuttall knew his character, and the circumstances of his death, he not only

refused the rites of the Church, but would not allow his corpse to be laid in the Chapel-yard. So a grave was dug in the turnpike road, outside the wall, close to it, and opposite the Inn; and where I suppose, his remains rest at the present time.

This relation will be interesting to, and be remembered by some still living in the vicinity. You will recollect, that when we visited the place in company, nearly five years ago, we found one person, Thomas Valentine, who remembered the circumstance, and expressed great astonishment at the perfection of your Father's memory.

Another circumstance I will name, which, though not of the appalling character of the former, holds out a lesson of profitable warning. About the same time there lived, as waggoner servant to Mr. Barrett of Dry Wood, near Worsley, a young man of the name of Brown. He had been a constant attendant on public worship, and made a profession of religion, but he had made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, and indulged in the vice of drunkenness. One day being in attendance on his waggon, passing near my Brother's in a state of intoxication, he stripped to fight every body, when being met by one Samuel Tyldesley, a strong powerful man, he challenged him; Samuel stimulated more by the desire to defend himself, than to injure the maddened drunkard, struck him only one blow, when he fell at his feet in the agonies of death and instantly expired. Samuel lifted him up saying, "Bill, thou art only making it;" (shamming death) but alas! the vital spark was extinct. Great sorrow was manifested for the melancholy fate of poor Brown; for while religious, a more amiable young man did not exist What a warning, that "He who thinketh he standeth, should take heed lest he fall."

I am aware, my dear Son, that events like the above, are almost of every day occurrence; but I relate each of these in consequence of the effect it had on my own mind, as shewing the awful results of drunkenness and sin, and confirming my faith in the agency of an ever present God. I pray that they may have a like effect upon my readers; they have often been useful, I trust, when related in my Sunday School Lectures, and I am only now in some measure, fulfilling a request made to me above twenty years ago, by the Rev. Horatio Montagu, a relative of the late Bishop Ryder, that I would commit them to print, for the use of the Religious Tract Society. His letter franked by the Earl of Harrowby, is one of those preserved to me, happening to have been in your collection of autographs.

Here, my dear Charles, I would conclude my narrations of what had happened to incorrigible sinners could I satisfy my own conscience by withholding the following anecdote, and the reflections which have arisen in my mind on such occasions.

In the just exercise of his discretion, the Almighty is not confined to means, nor opportunities for the manifestation of his power, in the punishment of attrocious sinners. Sometimes he leaves the blasphemer to himself, when he either plunges headlong into deeper guilt, or destroys his own existence. At other times he directly and instantaneously sends the incorrigible wretch to his doom in another state, (see pages 84 and 85) Nor are such instances confined to our own country. In the month of January, 1847, Galignani's Messenger, cited by that truly excellent Paper, the London Record of March 4th, same year, relates the following appalling judgment on an infidel and blasphemer. "A few days ago, several working men were dining together in a public house at Goupilleres Renfugeres, when one of them gave way to the habit of swearing by God. The master of the house made remonstrances with him which was taken in good part. Another man however named Herrubel, after denying the existence of a God, uttering the most impious language, and at last said in a contemptuous tone, "I will go and sup with your God to night." The words were scarcely pronounced, when the man fell dead upon the ground."

I am well aware, my dearest Son, that some readers will object to these terrific relations, and feel astounded at the view thus given of the character of the Divine Being: shewing him in their opinion, to be a God of vengeance and not of mercy; but let such readers for a moment reflect, that there may be mercy in the terrible judgment, not only as an example to others, but to the individual himself. God who knew the hardness of the sinner's heart, and foresaw that the

longer he lived, and the greater would be the awful amount of his guilt, in MERCY cut him off, and thereby prevented a proportionate degree of punishment in another state, and turned his bad example into an awful warning. Surely the Almighty is a just and terrible, but also a merciful God. Psalm lxii. 12.

As this volume contains also numerous instances of the merciful interposition of Providence in as wonderfully preserving life, Let the doubting or trembling believer reflect on the facts related, and he will no longer indulge his doubts, but will reverence and adore that Eternal Being, who doeth whatsoever he will with the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth. "Knowing therefore the EQUITY of God's judgments, we persuade men."

There are *those* still living, my dear Charles, who formerly attended my Sunday School, and other Lectures on profane swearing, drunkenness, and other vices, who could tell you of the change those Lectures under God, once produced in their lives and character.

"Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power,
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good."

Your's most Affectionately,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XVII. HAPPY INCIDENTS IN CONSEQUENCE OF MY RELIGIOUS CHANGE; ASSAILED BY AN UNBELIEVER; DOUBTS AND FEARS; KINDNESS OF THE REV. W. NUTTALL; ENGAGEMENT TO RESIDE IN MANCHESTER, &c. &c.

"It has been found profitable, both to individuals and communities, to look back at certain periods on their past history, to mark their progress or decline, to express thankfulness for the mercies of God, and sorrow for the errors of man; to gather the ripe fruits of experience, and spring forward with the buoyancy of hope."

SLAITHWAITE CHURCH REPORT, BY THE REV. C. A. HULBERT.

"By hope affected, virtue keeps the road,
That leads to heaven, and gains the blest abode."

MY DEAR CHARLES,

PLEASING are my recollections of many events even of this period. My conversion, as I trust I may call it, had entirely changed nearly all my habits, but in none was the change so much seen, as in my attention to Sabbath and Daily religious duties. The change was noticed by all my youthful companions, and by some deeply regretted. I did not now make my constant Sunday visits to the Westwoods, though I loved them all with greater fervency than ever. This I often repeated: at length I had the great happiness to perceive that a deep impression had been made on the mind of my beloved Cousin George Smith, who became a serious companion, and a true christian, and continued walking steadily and uprightly to the day of his death. This was to me a cause of great rejoicing, yet it was not the first triumph of Divine Grace which my Heavenly Father had awarded me. One of the companions alluded to, Richard Collier, of the family of Tim Bobbin,—who ridiculed my change, and with some wit would raise a

laugh against me—suddenly fell ill of a rapid consumption; aware of his danger, he sent for me, confessed that while he had made me his sport, his conscience reproached him with the deed, and that now he saw that I was right, and if he recovered he would be like me in every respect: "But that is impossible," he added "I am too great a sinner to be pardoned." For the first time in my life, I began to preach the Gospel of the Redemption by Jesus Christ, he listened with streaming eyes, but did not find peace until a short time before his death, while I knelt by his bed side, and lifted up my heart to God for him; imperfect and feeble were my prayers, and only six weeks had elapsed since I had myself been in the same state. God heard our prayers, and peace flowed into his soul, when as I was kneeling he stretched out his arms to draw me to his bosom, saying, "O Charles, I can die in peace," and so he did.

These facts indicated to me that I had made a right choice, for if God continued thus to bless me, I might in time be the humble instrument in his hands of the salvation of many souls, and, I humbly trust I may believe, that God has so honoured the feeble efforts of the most unworthy of all who ever served him. The young relative who had nearly been shot by me, also received serious impressions, and I trust they still remain.

Not long was my love to God and his cause permitted to grow and to flourish without a severe trial. I had formed a friendship with two respectable, intelligenty oung men in Manchester, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Howarth; one was a Baptist and the other a Methodist, but without a particle of bigotry. When they came to visit me at Swinton, they joyfully accompanied me on a Sunday to the Church, and when I visited them on a Sunday they accompanied me to any place of Worship I selected. One Saturday evening, intending to spend the Sabbath as usual I walked over to Manchester and I first met with Mr. Howarth, when after the usual salutations and enquiries after *he*alth, I said, well Mr. H. and where shall we go to-morrow, "To Ringley Wakes" was the answer; at which I smiled, to Ringley Wakes, what on a Sunday! why George we should go to hell! "To hell," he said, "How do you know there is a hell? Where is it?" Why the Bible says so. "The Bible, How do you know that the Bible is true?" Certainly it is God's Word. "God's Word," he said, "Did you ever hear him speak it?" Oh George! I replied, you have lost your reason. "Lost my reason, I never had any reason before; here I will lend you a Book, the 'Age of Reason' which will put you right, we have been Priest-ridden long enough, Charles," and much more. All this was new to me, I had never heard or read a syllable against that blessed book, and when he named the objections of Thomas Paine, I had not a word to say in its defence, only that it taught us our duty, and that there was a future state, that we had souls, and were responsible for our conduct. The idea of a future state, the existence of the soul in happiness or misery, he ridiculed, to use his own rude words, as "perfect humbug." I trembled, and was ready to expire with agitation, I cannot describe the distress of my soul at the time. I took my leave hastily, left his book, and returned home the same night, but I do not believe that I slept a moment. His objections to the Bible I could not repel, and while I doubted, I believed; but as it regarded a future state, the dream of my Grandfather's death, my experience as a christian, the many Providences of God towards myself and others, and some relations of supernatural noises and appearances which I could not doubt the truth of, came to my aid, yet the supposed contradictions, and improbable relations, which had been urged against the Bible by Mr. Howarth, could not be answered by me—and doubts as to its authenticity were consequently engendered. Yet I never confessed it to my young friend, nor ever acquainted any person with the state of my mind; but I went to Manchester, and from Mr. Hopps I purchased a copy of the "Age of Reason," and commenced reading with diligence and attention, but being young in years, ignorant and unwary, I soon found cause to repent of my rashness and folly. I was the infant of Christianity, perfectly unarmed, engaged in fearful combat with the giant of Infidelity, incased in the iron armour of impudence and blasphemy; and had it not been for the evidences to which I have alluded, I must there and then have given up the contest, and all

my hope of heaven and everlasting felicity. I had no book on Christian Evidences, save Addison's contained in the Spectator, and which I had not read with due attention. Agitated—but resolute in my search after truth, I purchased every book I could meet with in defence of the Bible. I soon was enabled to range on my shelves, Dr. Auchincloss's, of Stockport, Answer to Paine, concise but most completely to the point, he gave me the best answer to Paine's objections to several relations in the Books of Moses relative to the Destruction of the Canaanites, &c. and also a Review of the Books written by Paine, their inconsistencies and contradiction of each other. (See my Salopian Magazine.) Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists, but particularly his Four Marks of Matter of Fact, I was enabled to handle on many occasions, with some dexterity, "Paley's Evidences of the Truth of Christianity, 3 vols. 12mo.* enlightened my mind, and gave me new powers in argument. But "Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible," met every objection contained in the "Age of Reason," and exposed the ignorance, the impudence, the blasphemy and the settled malice of its author. I now make these remarks for the advantage of others, particularly the young, whom I have especially in my regard, and shall have much more to say hereafter.

During my controversy with my antagonists, Messrs. Roberts and Howarth, and others, I constantly maintained my integrity, and apparent serenity; yet I received some wounds in the warfare, and was far from being quite happy until I could meet every objection. My general mode of argument will be seen hereafter. I read and prayed, and prayed and read, but my tranquillity was sometimes disturbed.

I continued my attendance on Mr. Nuttall's ministry, and had many pleasing interviews with him, when I opened to him all my worldly prospects, and he encouraged me to accept some situation with a Cotton Manufacturer in Manchester, by way of improvement, and finally preparing me for business as a master; at the same time assuring me, that he should miss me from my place in the Church, at which my heart was affected, and it was agreed that if I met with a situation in the Town, I should return to my Brother's on a Saturday evening as often as I could; leaving my Books, keeping my Garden, and attending the Church as if I still resided in Swinton. I might also occasionally visit the Westwoods on a Saturday night, and walk over to Swinton to Church on the Sunday morning. And soon it pleased God to open the way for me. One Saturday, an advertisement appeared in "Wheeler's Chronicle," announcing that a Cotton Manufacturer was in want of a young man to assist in the business of his warehouse, &c. and to reside with the Proprietor's Family. This advertisement was seen by Mr. Nuttall on the evening of publication, who sent for me, instantly, adding, "It is the very place for you, and I will give you a character, such as you really deserve, and I do believe you will succeed; but remember to agree for the Sunday to be your own." Early on Monday morning, with a light step but fearful heart, I reached the house of Mr. George Piccope, in the vicinity of the New Cross. There had been sixty applications before me, but Providence held the situation in abeyance until the Swinton youth made his appearance, and happened to please my future employer, who being a truly converted Churchman, the letter of Mr. Nuttall completed my acceptance. After terms were arranged, it was agreed that I should enter on the duties of my situation the following Monday morning. I returned home *an inch or two higher in stature* than when I had left in the morning!

I related my success to my friend Mr. Nuttall, who was no less delighted than myself; particularly that I should still be one of his beloved congregation, and under his own pastoral eye.

In my journey through life, how often have I experienced the kind attention and good offices of Clergymen and other Ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—and I would advise all young men who may be desirous of present and future happiness, to love and honour them, as the messengers of heavenly-

* A New Edition of this invaluable Work, with the "Horæ Paulinæ," Notes, Analysis, &c. has lately been published by Robert Potts, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, in one vol. 8vo. beautifully Printed at the University Press.

peace and love; and, where they may have opportunity,to cultivate the friendship of the Pastor of theCongregation among whom their spiritual lot may be cast.

On the Rev. William Nuttall, my heart ever delights to dilate, he was my second Mr. Whittaker, and like that good man,

"With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harsh the precept, yet the Preacher charm'd,
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
He bore his great commission in his look:
Yet sweetly temper'd awe; and soft'ned all he spoke,
He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell;
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal:
But on eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell."

DRYDEN.

How many there are, no doubt, my dear Charles, who feel the same affection for yourself. I have before me this moment, a Copy of Lines containing thirteen verses, expressive of the grateful affectionate breathings of one of your Slaithwaite Congregation, a verse of which is the following.

"Oh may that heavenly hand which brought thee here,
Protect and guide thee in thy future path;
May all the blessings of this earthly sphere
Be thine, bless'd teacher of our Holy Faith."

To the prayer of the humble youthful writer, a Parent's heart most fervently responds, and

I remain,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XVIII. INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF MANCHESTER

### MY NATIVE PLACE, LOCAL AND FAMILY INCIDENTS, ROYAL FAMILY OF STUART, THEIR MISFORTUNES, &c.

"An hour it is when memory wakes, and turns to former years,
And lives along the travell'd line of parted hopes and fears!
A time when buried joys and griefs revive and live again,
Those sober'd in their brighter tints, these soften'd in their pain,
Nor luck these lov'd familiar scenes, their own peculiar ties,
With varying visions of the past, which now before me rise."

BERNARD BARTON.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

NOTWITHSTANDING I had paid great attention to the Manufacture of Cotton Goods, I had some things to learn, with these my kind *unbelieving* friends most readily made me acquainted.

Mr. Thomas Roberts, a considerable Manufacturer, was the Uncle of my young friends Messrs Roberts and Howarth, the former was married and lived in Salford; the latter residing with him, and both were engaged in their Uncle's Warehouse, in the Market Place, Manchester. Their duties being the same as those for which I had engaged with Mr. Piccope. Mr. James Roberts afterwards becoming a partner with his Uncle. All my friends were delighted with the character of Mr. Piccope and his family.

But previous to any description, according to the declared plan of my publication, I will give a brief account of my native Town, and events connected therewith. At the same time apprising my readers, that fearing to extend my Work beyond their wishes—I have reserved my ORIGINAL PREPARATION, being in extent sufficient for a whole volume of no mean dimensions. The matter, original and selected. Should you, my dear Charles, when I am laid in the dust, consider it worthy of publication, you are hereby requested to use your own discretion.

At the same time, I may be permitted again as I have frequently done before, to express my regret that the limits of my volume have been prescribed. For sixty years I have marked the growth of my Native Town, wide like a luxuriant oak, spreading her

vigorous branches in every direction; towering high; rising in wealth, mercantile, manufacturing and moral importance, as the sun rolls his course in the heavens. Within my time a Village—then a Municipal Borough also returning Members to Parliament—now a CITY, a Bishop's See, and the 'Old Church' a CATHEDRAL! I here bear my humble testimony, that the inhabitants of Manchester are worthy of all honour: and may their prosperity be as lasting as the globe on which their City stands.

It is said of Manchester that "it has a wet uncertain climate—is often dark and gloomy, and that clouds of smoke surround and often overshadow it." "That its inhabitants are incessantly absorbed in Trade, Manufactures, and the acquirement of Wealth." Yes! but it has many bright and shining days; and if its inhabitants be absorbed in the industrious acquirement of wealth, they are also as intensely engaged in originating or promoting most blessed Institutions for the relief, education, and happiness of mankind. In Manchester I have also found

"FRIENDSHIP,
Unmoved by interest, and unwarped by fate."

And while I admit that the climate of Manchester is more humid, and its atmosphere less clear and bright than we enjoy in Shropshire; and also that its inhabitants generally speaking, are perhaps too intensely devoted to business, I still say, as I have often said before,

"Manchester! with all thy faults I love thee still."
"And does there live a man with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native *place*."

I can also, my dear Charles, adopt your feeling lines addressed to "Good Old Shrewsbury," your own Native Town, and say

"And while within a British heart I hold,
And to my bosom British precepts fold;
The honoured History of my native Town,
I'll sacred prize, and fondly call my own."

I remember it was in June or July, 1790, when first my active feet wended their way from the Westwoods, to visit the famous Town of Manchester, the place of my Nativity; and although it had been my fortune to leave it, with my beloved Mother and my Brother Samuel for Northen Etchells; when only three months old: yet the circumstance that it was the place of my birth, that in a house in the Long Millgate, not far distant from the now Cathedral Church, I first breathed the vital air, gave an interest, and created an anxious excitement which I never can forget.

The first object discernible at a distance, and which attracted my attention, was the Tower of the venerable Parish Church; within the walls of which Christian Sanctuary, I was introduced by name into the Fold of Christ's Flock, and the place where my baptismal vows were *Confirmed*, Having only left Northen Etchells within four years, the tales of my Grandfather relative to the Scotch Rebels taking Manchester, were strong in my recollection; and events and objects connected therewith, seemed alone worthy of my attention.

My Brother was my companion and conductor. Coming to the Market-place, he pointed out to me, in front of the then Exchange, the spikes on which the heads of Deacon and Syddall, officers in the army of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, had been placed; he also took me to view the Palace in Market street, which of all things in the Town I desired to see. These desires were the consequence of stories related, and impressions made on my mind from the Histories and Traditions of my Grandfather, some of which have been previously related. (See pages 22 and 23) I had also the possession of a copy of "Ray's History of the Rebellion," Printed for the Author by R, Whitworth, Bookseller, Manchester, a rather curious Book, with which my honoured Father had presented me, prior to my leaving Halton. Ray's was the only account I had ever read of my native Town.

For your amusement, my dear Charles, I will transcribe what Ray has written descriptive of the Town, and relative to the proceedings of the Rebels in Manchester; previously apprizing my readers, that the Author was not only a Partizan but a Volunteer in the Royal or Brunswick cause. To his brief description I will prefix a line or two by way of introduction.

MANCHESTER is a place of great Antiquity, is supposed to have been a Station long before the Roman Conquest, when it became a Town. During the Saxon Heptarchy it was the residence of a Saxon Chief.

Its first charter was granted in 1301, by Thomas Grelle, lord of the manor. In the reign of James I. a pestilence raged there, which carried off nearly 1000 persons. During the civil wars this place warmly espoused the cause of the parliament against Charles I. and it was besieged by a strong force under the Earl of Derby; but after several days siege he was obliged to retire.

"MANCHESTER is situated on the banks of the river Irwell, over which is a stately stone Bridge, going into Salford, which village is only separated from Manchester by this river, as the City of London from Southwark by the river Thames. Though this is no City, Corporation, nor so much as a Town strictly speaking; the highest Magistrate being a Constable or Headborough, yet it may be stiled the greatest mere Village in England, and is more populous than York, or most Cities in this Kingdom. The people here, including Salford, are computed to be no less than 50,000. As this Town is very populous, so the inhabitants are very industrious, driving an extraordinary Trade in Fustian Manufactures, and those called Manchester Cottons for Women's wear, which it has been famous for, above one hundred years, very much improved of late, by some inventions of dying and printing, which with the great variety of other Manufactures, known by the name of Manchester Goods, as Tickings, Linens, Checks, Hats, and all kinds of what they call Small Wares, as Threads, Tapes, Filleting, Qualities, &c. which enrich the Town and render the people industrious, resembling those of Holland, the children here being all employed and earn their bread. They export vast quantities of their Goods abroad, as to the West Indies, &c. As an inland Town, it has the best Trade of any in these Northern Parts. I have already said, that this Town is the most populous, and the inhabitants most industrious, to which I may add, that the Buildings are the most sumptuous of any hereabouts. Here is a fine Gothic Church, which is Collegiate, built in 1422, a very large, beautiful, and stately Edifice, with a Choir remarkable for its neat and curious carved work; there belongs to it at present a College, consisting of one Warden, four Fellows, two Chaplains, four Singing Men, and four Choristers. The College was originally founded by Thomas West, brother to the Lord De-la-Were, by the name of St. Mary's, in honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom the Parish Church was before dedicated. It was founded a-new by Queen Elizabeth, in 1578, by the name of Christ's College in Manchester, which Foundation was afterwards confirmed by King Charles the First, in 1636, and incorporated by the same name, the Statutes for it being drawn up by Archbishop Laud. Here is an Hospital, a School, and a large Library well furnished with Books, founded by Humphrey Chetham, Esq. about 100 years ago, where sixty poor Boys are well maintained, cloathed, and instructed in necessary learning, and then put out Apprentices. As the inhabitants increased, in proportion to the increase of their Trade, so a new Parish has been erected, and a new Church built in it, dedicated to St. Ann, and the Town is very much improved, by the building of a very handsome street of stately houses, at the end of which the said Church is erected. Near this Church stands the Presbyterian Meeting House, which was pulled down by the Jacobite Mob at the time of the Rebellion in the year 1715, but was quickly rebuilt, and is now a very stately* Structure, not inferior to any in London. This Town has a spacious Market Place and a modern Exchange, with many other elegant and magnificent Buildings. Here is likewise a small Baptist Meeting House, and a Jacobite, Nonjuring Chapel; I don't know of what number the congregation consists, they not allowing any to come amongst them but those of their

* This "Stately Structure" as designated by Ray, was denominated "St. Plungent's Chapel." My venerated relative, the Rev. Joseph Mottershead, was then the Minister, and had a numerous and highly respectable congregation. The high esteem in which he was held by them, and indeed by the whole Town, gave him great influence, which he nobly exerted in preventing numbers of his fellow Townsmen from being seduced from their allegiance to the Reigning Family; and it is said that not one of his congregation joined the Rebels.—*For other Particulars, refer to the Note at the foot of page 21, this volume.*

own persuasion, who (like the more worshipful Society of Free-Masons) are under an oath not to divulge what is transacted there, except it be to a just and lawful Jacobite, as he or they shall appear to be upon examination."

"In this County the women are generally very handsome, by which they have acquired the name of *Lancashire Witches*, which appellation they really deserve, being very agreeable; but some of the pretty *Jacobite Witches*, chose to distinguish themselves by wearing Plaid Breast-knots, Ribbons, Garters, &c."

"Manchester," says Ray, "was taken by a Serjeant, a Drummer, and a Woman, who rode to the Market Cross on horses with hempen halters on, where they proclaimed their King, beat up for Recruits, and in less than an hour, listed about thirty. They were likewise joined by several persons, some of desperate fortunes, who were formed into what they called the Manchester Regiment; mostly people of the lowest rank, and selfish principles; which occasioned him who called himself the Duke of Perth to say, 'That if Satan had come a recruiting, and profer'd a shilling more than his Prince, they would have preferr'd the former;' which no doubt was a great disappointment to them, for they had flattered themselves with the hopes of a considerable insurrection in their favour."

"On the 29th November, 1745, a considerable body of Rebel Horse entered Manchester, about Ten in the forenoon, and the Bell Man was sent about the Town, requiring all such as had any Public Money in their hands to bring it in. About two in the afternoon, the Pretender, (in an Highland Dress) at the Head of a Party of pick'd Highlanders marched into Manchester; he took up his Quarters at Mr. Dickenson's, in Market street lane, and was Proclaimed in Form. In the evening the Bell-man was again sent round to order the Town to be illuminated, and at night the rear of the Army arrived, where they continued for two days."

Leaving Manchester they continued their route for London as far as Derby, when being alarmed at the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, December 6th, they resolved to return back, and on the 10th about noon they again left Manchester, and continued their march by Pendleton Pole, towards Leigh and Wigan, which last place they reached that evening, and pushed on from thence to Preston the next day, being extremely apprehensive of finding themselves surrounded in that neighbourhood."

Ray gives the following list of English Officers in the Manchester Regiment.

COLONEL.—Francis Townley, of Lancashire.

CAPTAINS.—Peter Moss, James Dawson,* and George Fletcher, of Lancashire; John Saunderson, of Northumberland; and Andrew Blood, of Yorkshire.

LIEUTENANTS.—Thomas Deacon,† Robert Deacon, John Berwick, John Holker, of Lancashire; Thomas Chadwick, of Staffordshire; and Thomas Furnival, of Cheshire.

ENSIGNS.—Charles Deacon, Charles Taylor, James Wielding, John Betts, and William Bradshaw, of Lancashire; John Hunter, of Northumberland; and Samuel Maddox, of Cheshire.

---

* Captain James Dawson was executed on Kennington Common, July 30th, 1746; his fate created a melancholy interest, from the affection manifested by a beautiful young lady to whom he was betrothed, who accompanied him to the place of execution, and saw him die without any apparent emotion, but soon as

"The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd."

The Poet Shenstone has celebrated the mournful event in a Song, of which the above lines are one verse.

The whole of the affecting Ballad I now have in my possession, with an extensive collection of interesting Papers connected with Manchester, kindly presented to me by Joseph Seddon Scholes, Esq. of Slaithwaite, Yorkshire; some of which are introduced into the History of Manchester, as originally prepared for this Work. A Note at the foot of the Ballad states that "Mr. Dawson was about 28 years of age; and born of very respectable parents in Manchester. After going through the exercises of the school, and the classics, his parents placed him as a student in St. John's College, Cambridge. He was as strenuous for the cause of the Chevalier as any one in the Rebel Army; and gave one hundred and fifty pounds to Murray, the Pretender's Secretary, for his Commission as Captain in the Manchester Regiment."

† Thomas Deacon, Robert Deacon, and Charles Deacon, were I believe brothers of Dr. Deacon, the Accoucheur who brought me into the world.

Lieutenant Thomas Deacon, and Adjutant Thomas Syddall, were also executed for High Treason on Kennington Com-

"Adjutant, Thomas Syddall, of Lancashire, son of the famous Tom Syddall, a Mob Captain, who was prisoner in Lancaster Gaol, for the Riot at Manchester, when the Meeting House was pulled down at the time of the Rebellion, in the year 1715, and set at liberty by the Rebels; he was afterwards taken at Preston, and his Head was fixed on the top of a Gibbet at Manchester; as that of his son Tom Syddall, (with Thomas Deacon's) is now fixed on the Exchange, for being concerned in the late Rebellion, on which it is said, his wife can look up with seeming satisfaction, and say, she has another Tom Syddall growing up against the next Rebellion."

The preceding extracts form no portion of the Original Preparation intended for separate Publication, I will however add several other particulars, relative to the Stuart Family, more for their interest as matters of History, then as being connected with my Personal Narrative, or with Manchester my Native Town. In the first place as the Stuart Dynasty is now at an end, we may without any reproach speak of the extinct Family with feelings of sympathy and respect. I will therefore candidly acknowledge that my honoured Grandmother* on the Father's side, (see page 26) was deeply attached to the exiled Family, and the Mottersheads were zealous Brunswickers, and this might be one cause why there was a coolness between the Parents of my Father and Mother, which had never been explained. The Grandfather and Father of my Grandmother Hulbert were warm adherents of King Charles the Martyr, and his son Charles II. Her Grandfather's name was Charles, he had a son Charles; John her Father, had a son Charles; and she herself had a son Charles, and a grandson Charles who writes these memoranda, he has a son Charles, and grandsons Charles.

My Father, as also is his Son, was zealously attached to the Brunswick Family, and the Protestant succession, yet he felt deeply the misfortunes which befel the House of Stuart.

---

mon on September 18th, 1746; their heads were exhibited on spikes on the Manchester Exchange, for a week. This Exchange, a very ugly and almost useless Building, and which had been thus disgraced by the inhuman exhibition, was taken down in 1792. Previous to my lamented Fire, I had in my possession Plaister of Paris Casts taken from the faces of Deacon and Syddall.

I remember a song being referred to, by many in the Parish of Eccles, in which was the following verse.

"My name it is jolly Tom Syddall,
My head you may fix on a pole;
But do what you will with my body,
You never can come nigh my soul."

Mr. Baynes says, that "Prince Charles visited Manchester in 1744, and was entertained for several days at Ancoats Hall, the hospitable mansion of Edward Moseley, Esq." at which period it is stated by Welsh Authorities, that he also visited several families in Wales, and was similarly entertained.

* The following Note was prepared and intended for publication in the early portion of this volume, when mentioning the family and residence of my Grandparents on the Father's side; abandoned on account of the limited pages of the volume, but the History and Description of Manchester being so much condensed, the note is here introduced.

My lofty Grandmother, not without some authority, believed that her own Grandmother, a Scottish Lady of the name of Stuart, was of the Blood Royal of Scotland; on this (real or only credited) descent, my Grandmother would fondly dilate, at which my kind Grandfather would often smile: but being strongly attached to the reigning family, as was also his son Thomas, (my Father) it did not seem to afford to either any particular gratification. They were no less amused with my Grandmother's partiality to the White Rose.—In calling these relations, (often listened to in my early days) to my remembrance, my memory insensibly reverts to the once venerable black and white Timber Building, I will not say Mansion, then my Grandparents habitation, now demolished. (See p.26.) I remember the spacious kitchen, parlour, brewhouse, and all offices; my Grandfather's surgery, wide oak staircase and carvings, ancient bedrooms, especially one room over the brewhouse and dairy, in which, as mentioned in page 26, was an Ancient Suit of Armour, but to whom it belonged we have no history, and conjecture would be vain. Some traces of an Ancient Moat were visible. That portion of the house which fronted the highway was really the rear of the dwelling, though it had an antique porch and entrance. In the *real* front was the garden, under the entire management of my Grandmother; in which was cultivated the choicest flowers of the period, Auriculas, Tulips, Carnations, &c. Of the Auriculas, I now possess two specimens, actually descended from those cultivated by my Grandparents, and thus in succession preserved by my Brother and myself. But the favourite flower of the garden was the White Rose, with which a portion of the walls and porch were covered. On the most considerable portion however of the wall, a Vine flourished, of the fruit of which I had *sometimes* the honour to partake. The garden beds were surrounded with neatly cut box edges—and sweet after a gentle shower was the odour of this little Eden. A capacious Bee-Hive Stand occupied the centre of the garden, and in the farm-yard stood a spacious black and white Pigeon House.

In my last interview with my lofty Grandmother, (page 49) when with so much tenderness she pressed me to her bosom, little did she think that the Motherless Boy she then embraced would live beyond her own years, and then be the Historian of her race, and save it from sinking into apparent oblivion.

I always admired the wonderful preservation of Charles the Second in the Oak at Boscobel House. When I came to reside in Shropshire, one of my first excursions was a Visit to the Royal Oak. I gathered a few Acorns lying beneath the tree, brought them to Shrewsbury, and planted them in a secure place, few only came into leaf; one, the finest plant, has secretly journied with me into every garden I have occupied, until planted more than 22 years ago, where it now grows and flourishes, within sixty yards of my present study.

My Grandmother Hulbert, and my Aunt Mary Smith, the latter newly married, were each on a visit at my Father's at the time of my birth, and the infant being supposed too delicate a plant to live for Public Baptism, agreeably with my Mother's desire, I was Privately Baptized by the name of Thomas, after my Father, but my Grandmother not satisfied, afterwards offered some pecuniary advantages which would have been her son Charles's had he lived, and reiterated all her former loyal reasons for the family name. At the time of Public Baptism, I was Christened Charles, and many have been the sorrows and misfortunes of the latter period of my life. The Stuarts were the most unfortunate Family on earth; and yet no family ever had so many noble, illustrious and devoted friends. History must be consulted to obtain even the slightest view of the many facts in illustration of my statement.

The succeeding extract from 'Mastin's History and Antiquities of Naseby,' will be interesting to many. All particulars relative to the Battle of Naseby are so well known that there needs no repetition; I will merely quote a few passages from the work named, as being singular and not generally known.

"The King went to Daintree with a thorough resolution of fighting. The next day, however, to the surprise of Prince Rupert and all the rest of the army, this design was given up, and the former one of going to the north resumed. The occasion of this alteration was said to be some presages of ill fortune which the King received, and which was related to me by a person of Newark, at that time in his Majesty's horse. About two hours after the King had retired to rest, some of his attendants hearing an uncommon noise in his chamber, went into it, where they found his Majesty sitting up in bed, and much agitated, but nothing which could have produced the noise they fancied they heard. The King, in a trembling voice, enquired after the cause of their alarm, and told them how much he had been agitated in a dream, by thinking he saw the apparition of Lord Strafford, who, after upbraiding him with unkindness, told him he was come to return him good for evil, and that he advised him by no means to fight the parliament army that was at that time quartered at Northampton, for in it was one whom the King could never conquer by arms. Prince Rupert, in whom courage was the predominant quality, rated the King out of his apprehensions the next day, and a resolution was again taken to meet the enemy. The next night, however, the apparition appeared to him a second time, but with looks of anger, assuring him, that would be the last advice he should be permitted to give him, but that if he kept his resolution of fighting, he was undone. If his Majesty had taken the advice of the friendly ghost, and marched northward the next day, where the parliament had few English forces, and where the Scots were becoming very discontented, his affairs might, perhaps, still have had a prosperous issue; or, if he had marched immediately into the west to join the Lord Goreinge, who had there a good body of horse, he might afterwards have fought on more equal terms. But the King fluctuating between the apprehensions from the vision and the reproaches of his courage, remained another whole day at Daintree in a state of inactivity. At length the former got the better, and on the 13th of June he determined to march northward the next day. At night, word was brought him that the enemy were within eight miles. Still, however, keeping his resolution, they marched the next morning, but had not got far before the army under Fairfax was upon their rear. There was now no alternative. The King made a judicious disposition of his little force, but was beat by the intemperate pursuit of a part of the enemies left wing by Prince Rupert. This was called the Battle of Naseby, fought 14th June, 1645, which put a finishing stroke to the King's affairs. After this he could never get together an

army fit to look the enemy in the face. He was often heard to say, that he wished he had taken the warning, and not fought at Naseby; the meaning of which nobody knew, but those to whom he told this appearance at Daintree, and they were afterwards all of them charged to conceal it. After the Battle the Royal forces separated. Doomed to be the sport of fortune, and not knowing where to wander, he turned back, but could not bear the thoughts of seeing Newark, which had been the latest and the cruelest scene of all his troubles. He retired himself, with his guards to Southwell. He sent the Lord Digby and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with one thousand five hundred horse, to force their way into Scotland to Montrose, in hopes his fortunes might there revive in the absence of the Scotch army. The remainder of the troops he ordered back to Newark."

"The day after his Majesty arrived at Southwell, walking about the town, as it was his practice to do, he went into the shop of one James Lee, a shoemaker. Finding his person was not known, he entered into conversation with Crispin, and in the end was measured for a pair of shoes. Lee had no sooner taken his Majesty's foot into his hand to measure him, than eyeing him very attentively, he was suddenly seized with a panic and would not go on. The King, surprised at his behaviour, pressed him to proceed, but Crispin absolutely refused, saying, he was the customer himself had been warned of in his sleep the night before, that he was doomed to destruction, and those would not thrive who worked for him. The forlorn Monarch uttered an ejaculation expressive of his resignation to the will of Providence, and retired to the Palace which was the place of his abode."

Among the numerous instances of fidelity to the Stuart Family, we may refer to the Pendrills of Boscobel, and others connected with the providential preservation of King Charles II. (See my Shropshire History for a full account, page 165, first edition, and page 177, second edition.)

TheBattle of Culloden,so fatal and destructive in its results, and so completely decisive of the pretensions of the exiled family, was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. Prince Charles, was vanquished and disheartened, but in two days after the defeat, 5,000 men promptly assembled to have continued the contest, and whose number in a few days might have amounted to eight or nine thousand at the least; but the Prince refused a second time to hazard the lives of his faithful and brave adherents, in an unequal conflict with old disciplined soldiers and experienced commanders, and advised all his partizans to make their escape, as he did himself, accompanied by a few devoted friends. During the two following months after his defeat, his condition became desperate, and it was only through the devoted attachment of the islanders, who informed him of every movement of the troops, that he was enabled to avoid his enemies, whose post he often passed and repassed during the night, but not without extraordinary hazard. At length he was delivered from the perils which surrounded him by Flora Macdonald, a step-daughter of Macdonald of Armidale, in Skye, who was senior captain of the companies belonging to that island, which were then posted at South Uist. She happened to be at the house of her kinsman, Clanronald, when O'Neil came to him with a message from Charles Edward. Having expressed her earnest desire to befriend the Prince, O'Neil shortly afterwards introduced him to her at a farm-house. Although greatly debilitated, the Prince displayed at this interview, to use his fair deliverer's own words, a cheerfulness, magnanimity, and fortitude remarkably great, and incredible to all but such as then saw him. She was so struck with his forlorn situation, that at once she consented to conduct him to Skye, in the dress of a maid-servant. On his arrival here new hazards awaited him; but the fidelity of his adherents kept him in safety. A most heroic act of self-devotion was performed by Roderick Mackenzie, one of his adherents, and to whom he was supposed to bear some slight resemblance. While reposing in a hut, which he had entered with some of his followers, including Mackenzie, for shelter, the Prince was suddenly roused to be told that no possibility existed of saving himself, the hut being completely surrounded by royal troops. "Then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands," exclaimedCharles

Edward.' "No my Prince," replied Mackenzie, "a resource still remains. I will take your name, and face one of the approaching parties. I know what my fate will be; but while I keep our adversaries employed, your royal highness may find means to escape." He then darted forth, sword in hand, towards the royal troops; and upon falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, "You know not what you have done. I am your Prince!" The soldiers cut off his head, and conveyed it to the Duke of Cumberland, who immediately carried it, packed in his post-chaise, to London, where several persons deposed that its features were, to all appearance, identical with those of the young pretender. The royal troops in Scotland became less vigilant; and Charles Edward, who had contrived to escape from the hut while his enemies were occupied with poor Mackenzie, was, for some time afterwards, in much less danger than he had previously been. At length, on the 13th of September, he received the welcome intelligence that two French frigates had arrived off the coast to convey him to France. Charles Edward and his friends immediately set out for Boradale, which they did not reach until the 29th, as they could travel only by night. The next day he embarked, with about a hundred of his adherents, to whom he had sent notice of his intended departure, and, after a nine days' voyage, landed near Morlaix, in Brittany.

I shall continue my notices of devotion to the Stuart family, by the relation of a fact which happened at the time of the Rebellion in 1715, when Prince Charles's father was the adventurer.

Among other families of distinction in East Lothian, that of Mr. Hepburn, of Keith, was devotedly attached to the interests of the House of Stuart, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost in that cause. He had several sons, with whom, and his servants, he had determined to join a troop to be raised in East Lothian, and commanded by the Earl of Winton. This gentleman being much respected in the county, it was deemed of importance to prevent his shewing an example which was likely to be generally followed. For this purpose, Mr. Hepburn, of Humble, and Dr. Sinclair, of Hermandston, resolved to lay the Laird of Keith under arrest, and proceeded towards the house with a party of the horse-militia, on the morning of the 8th of October, 1715, which happened to be the very morning that Keith had appointed to set forth on his campaign, having made all preparations on the preceding evening. The family had assembled for the last time at the breakfast-table, when it was observed that one of the young ladies looked most sad and disconsolate. Miss Hepburn was easily induced to tell the cause of her fears. She had dreamed she saw her youngest brother shot by a man, whose features were impressed on her recollection, and stretched dead on the floor of the room in which they were then assembled, The men turned the dream into ridicule. The horses were saddled, and let out into the court-yard, when a mounted party was discovered advancing along the Plain of Keith. The gate was shut, and when Dr. Sinclair announced his purpose, and was asked for his warrant, he handed in at the window the commission of the Marquess of Tweeddale, Lord-lieutenant of the county. This, Keith returned with contempt, and announced that he would stand on his defence. The party within mounted their horses, and sallied out, determined to make their way; and Keith charged the Doctor sword-in-hand: the militia then fired, and the youngest of the Hepburns was killed on the spot. The sister, to the end of her life, persisted that the homicide had the features of the person whom she saw in her dream. The corpse was carried into the room where they had lately breakfasted, and laid in the very place and position she had seen in her dream; and Keith after having paid this heavy tax to his loyalty and devotion, rode off with the rest of his party to join the insurgents. Now had the warning given to Miss Hepburn, and communicated to her father and the party been attended to, what destruction and blood might have been spared.

I hope I may not be lessening the interest of the preceding anecdotes by the relation of some particulars relative to Old James Stuart, one of the last of the family. This venerable and extraordinary character was born Dec. 25th, 1728, at Charleston, South Carolina, United States. His father, General

John Stuart, was a near relative of the Pretender, Prince Charles. James Stuart left America when seven years of age, and was a spectator at the battle of Preston Pans, and witnessed the death of Colonel Gardiner and the flight of Johnny Cope. He beheld the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh, and was a spectator at the battle of Culloden. Stuart, when about 20 years of age, enlisted in the 42nd Highlanders, in which regiment he remained about seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the battle of Quebec; after that war he sold his commission, but very soon after he again entered the army, and served during the American war, and was at the battle of Bunker's-hill. After this he entered the navy, and served under Admiral Rodney. He was also for several years a sailor on board of merchant vessels. About sixty years ago he settled in Berwick-upon-Tweed, or rather in Tweedmouth, and during that period he has travelled the borders as a wandering minstrel, scraping upon a wretched violin. He has had five wives and twenty-seven children. Ten of his sons were killed in battle—five in the East Indies, two at Trafalgar, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. Stuart was short in stature, but of remarkable strength; he is said upon one occasion, about 30 years ago, to have gone beneath a cart loaded with hay, and carried it on his back for several yards He was able to follow his wonted avocation until a few months before his death, when he was almost entirely confined to his house. A fund was raised some time since which enabled him to spend the evening of his long and eventful life in comparative ease and comfort He said a few weeks before his death, that he "hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year." His death was caused by a slight accident which he received on the hip joint, from a fall on the Thursday preceding his death. —*Scotch Papers of* 1845.

The following brief particulars relative to two individuals who for so many years survived the Battle of Culloden, may not be less interesting.

When George IV. visited Scotland, in 1822, one of the individuals who came to bid him welcome and kiss his hand. was Patrick Grant, a Braemer Highlander, who had fought against his dynasty at Falkirk and Culloden, and been present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated Chevalier for France. The old man remarked, with a tact worthy of a court, that he was perhaps *the last of his majesty's enemies now alive.* The king gave him a pension, which he enjoyed till his death, in February, 1824, aged 111, when three pipers marshalled him to the grave, playing a tune which had been a favourite with his brother insurgents in 1745.

Andrew Wallace lives, or lately lived, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, at the age of 103. He was born at Inverness in 1730, fought at the battle of Culloden on the side of Prince Charles, and in 1752, emigrated to America. He has since then fought in all the American Wars, and was discharged so lately as 1813, after having been nearly 70 years a soldier. He enjoys a pension of twenty-six cents. per diem from the American government, and has a wife and two children, the youngest about fifteen years of age.

You will, my dear Charles, recollect our being shewn in 1836, by Miss Pigott, of Upton Magna Villa, a beautiful Portrait carved in ivory of Prince Charles's Father, "James III. commonly called the Pretender, which he gave himself to Robert Pigott, Esq. when at Rome, in the year 1720. The Portrait bears a strong resemblance of the Stuart family.—*For additional Particulars, see my History of the County of Salop, page* 152.

I fear in extending my relations of this unprosperous Dynasty, I may have trespassed too extensively on the patience of my readers; but all the particulars I have selected, are certainly interesting, and from the circumstance, that a distant ancestor in one line, was of this unfortunate race, it may be less a fault, my dear Charles, in your Father, than if he had no such feeling as the case must naturally dispose him to entertain. Let several of the events now related be duly considered by the reader. The dreams or visions of Charles I. the dream of Miss Hepburn, and other events, and he will perceive the hand of a watchful Providence variously corroborative of other relations of a similar character contained in this volume.

Your's most Affectionately,

C. H.

# LETTER XIX. HISTORY OF MANCHESTER CONTINUED,

## LOCAL EVENTS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

"Why should I mourn? my native scenes recall,
Full many a fond remembrance—kindness all!"

C. A. H.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

THE digression has indeed been a long one, but I return with delight to a continuance of the History of my native Town.

From the period of the Scotch Rebellion, few events of great importance are recorded to have happened of many years—excepting the occurrence of several riots, in consequence of the scarcity and dearness of provisions. On the 5th of November, 1757, a large body of men from the neighbourhood of Oldham, having rudely armed themselves, met on Newton Heath, and having first destroyed the corn mill at Clayton, they proceeded to the Market at Shude Hill, there refusing to listen to threats and remonstrances, they proceeded to acts of violence and outrage, and were fired upon by the soldiers, when four men were killed, and fifteen wounded.

In 1777, a slight earthquake was felt in Manchester and vicinity, the motion was so great, as to toll the bells of the Collegiate and St. Mary's Churches.

The same year the American war excited the patriotic feeling of the inhabitants, they entered into a subscription, to raise a Regiment for the Public Service, and which afterwards most gallantly distinguished itself during the Siege of Gibraltar. While recruits for the Regiment were raising in the Town, Captain Aytoun, generally called 'Spanking Roger,' was an Officer of great popularity; every recruit hoping to be in his Company, hence the song.

"Bold Captain Aytoun, he is the man,
Who shall rule over us by sea and land."
&c. &c.

Many were the loyal songs* of the period, chiefly by weavers and men in humble life. I will give a verse or two from one of them.

"Our lives and our fortunes we offer our King,
The fame of our town thro' Britain shall ring;
Then to the blue standard let each lad repair,
And merit the name of the brave volunteer.

The bold hearts let us sing of our Manchester men,
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Our corps is nam'd royal, and loyal's our town,
In arms as in arts we have gather'd renown;
The first gallant stir in support of our laws,
From Manchester comes, and all shout her applause.

The bold hearts let us sing, &c.

Let Washington tremble as well as his crew,
We'll take arms in hand, to the cause we are true;
We'll follow our leaders to glory or death,
And our true loyal spirit shall end with our breath.

The bold hearts let us sing, &c."

1778.—The year of my birth, no event of any particular importance appears to have happened in connection with my native Town: elsewhere, we may observe the War with the American Colonies continuing, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh following the example of Manchester, each raised a Corps to aid in the cause of the mother country. The City of London, greatly to the surprise of the King and the nation, refused to do the same.

This year died William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords, with his last breath opposing the dismemberment of the Empire, by the separation of the American Colonies, which two years previously

* An eminent Politician, whose name I do not at present recollect, once said, 'I care not a straw who makes the Laws of a nation, if I may but make the Ballads.' In former times they certainly had great influence.

had declared their Independence,* and which this year was acknowledged by France. The King thereby signing his own death warrant, as appeared from after events.

In 1779, there were riots in Manchester and other parts of the country, in consequence of the introduction of Machinery in the Spinning of Cotton Yarn.

1784.—As the counteracting measure for the correction of the evils arising from congregated masses of young people being engaged in large Manufactories, the merciful Providence of God put into the hearts of good and benevolent men, to institute and establish Sunday Schools. From my recollections of the good Dr. Bayley, of St. James's Church, I feel proud to record, that he was the first individual to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of these blessed Institutions in my Native Place. He it was who drew up the first Address to the inhabitants of the Town, which Address was sanctioned by the Boroughreeve and Constables, Thomas Johnson, John Kearsley, and Henry Norris. Also, Sir J. P. Moseley, Bart. G, Lloyd, James Dinwiddie, and J. Bennet, Esquires.

The Rev. Adam (afterwards Dr.) Clarke, Methodist Minister, being stationed at Manchester, was among the chief promoters of Sunday Schools.

1787.—The following memoranda made this year, by a gentleman who took an interest in the history and localities of his native town, may perhaps also prove interesting to some of the present generation:—"From some questions submitted in writing to the noted JohnShawe,† in 1787, it appears he remembered the then Exchange, and that the site of it was waste land, except a small building adjoining the conduit. From James Barnes' examination it appears that some time prior to 1745, the cheese market was held in Smithy Door. That within twenty years prior to 1787, the then present shambles had been rebuilt. Had known fish and rabbits to be sold on the shambles. Had heard when a boy that Lady Bland, (lady of the manor) would not let any one fix a stall in the market without the consent of the boroughreeve. Benjamin Oldham, aged 83, recollected a market for corn held at the Market Cross, under the rogues' post—remembered corn and potatoes growing in the present St. Ann's Square, which were obliged to be removed the day prior to the Fair, as people had a right to come to hold the fair if they were not removed. Recollects the apple, potatoe, turnip and carrot markets held where the Exchange then stood.—James Moors, aged 75, says the oat market was formerly held on the southerly side of the Exchange, next to St. Ann's Square, and subsequently removed to Fennel-street.—John Broadhurst, aged 72, formerly coachman to Mr. Edward Byron, had, by his direction on a Saturday, at twelve at noon, driven his master's cart round the shambles, 'knocking down all the butchers' blocks with the meat thereon on the south side of such shambles.' His master's reason was 'to preserve a free passage on the Saturday for the inhabitants of Manchester, his Majesty's liege subjects.'—Peter Collins, born in 1696, says there were only two rows of shambles when he first knew them, and had been widened fifty or sixty years since on the side towards Old Millgate. Remembered St. Ann's Square being a field called Acres Field, where corn, potatoes, and hemp grew,

---

* I have in my possession a beautiful Engraving, drawn and engraved by American artists, representing the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776. The figures are numerous, and the whole highly finished portraits. This picture was kindly presented to me by John Lewis, Esq. now of Baltimore, formerly of Shrewsbury.

† "There now resides (1795) in the market place of Manchester, a man of the name of John Shawe, who keeps a common public house, in which a large company of the respectable Manchester tradesmen meet every day after dinner, and the rule is to call for sixpennyworth of punch. Here the news of the town is generally known. The high change at Shawe's is about six; and at eight o'clock every person must quit the house, as no liquor is ever served out after that hour; and should any one be presumptious enough to stop, Mr. Shawe brings out a whip with a long lash, and proclaiming aloud, 'Past eight o'clock, Gentlemen!' soon clears his house."

"For this excellent regulation Mr. Shawe has frequently received the thanks of the ladies of Manchester, and is often toasted; nor is any one a greater favourite with the townsmen than this respectable old man. He is now very far advanced in life, we suppose not much short of 80, and still a strong, stout, hearty man. He has kept strictly to this rule for upwards of fifty years, accompanied by an old woman servant for nearly the same length of time."—*Aikin's Manchester.*

I remember Mr. John Shawe very well, and his venerable and respectable relative Mr. Jonathan Shawe of the Bull's Head Inn, Eccles.

—remembered Lady Ann Bland laying the first stone of St. Ann's Church—also butchers' stalls for the use of the Stockport butchers, were pitched on the side of the Exchange, where stood a conduit with two cocks on each side of it, and these stalls were lodged when they were done with and taken down, in 'the then old Sessions House, which is a part of the long room, and which Sessions House was also the Guard House for the soldiers then quartered in Manchester.'—Isaac Turner, aged 83, remembers toll taken in Toll Lane, for beasts and horses sold at Acres Fair, for that reason called Toll Lane. The toll gatherers administered an oath to the owners of cattle returning without being sold, in order to exempt them from toll. It is stated in some memoranda, that 'there is a report that the town had liberty of turning pigs in Collyhurst Wood, in lieu of which the Lord paid £20 per annum. Some Overseers and Churchwardens can remember this.' Query; is this the origin of the Collyhurst rent charge, to distribute which, officers are appointed at the Court Leet?'

1789.—The first Steam Engine for Spinnig Cotton was erected. In the following year Steam Looms were invented, from which period we may date the fall of the once happy and prosperous Hand-loom Weavers; for some years afterwards their services were sometimes in great request. In thirty-five years after the invention or rather adoption of Steam Looms by Mr. Grimshaw, 20,000 Looms were employed in the Parish of Manchester!

1790.—At this period there was considerable agitation in the Town, in consequence of strenuous efforts being made by the Dissenters and others, to obtain the Abolition of the Test and Corporation Act, as appears by the following Satirical Paper, addressed to the Boroughreeve of Manchester.

"Dear Mr. B——e,

I am an old Fellow who have breathed the air of this Town and Neighbourhood upwards of fourscore years, and I rejoice greatly that a small portion of the spirit, which so *highly* distinguished its Inhabitants about *forty-five* years ago, still remains to support the Good Old Cause.*

Ah! Mr. B——e! had you seen us in those days, when we were assembled at *Old Glentucket's*,† throwing our Wigs into the Fire, and drinking success to the Old Cause on our bare knees!—or on the tenth of June parading the streets with our Plaid Waistcoats, and White Roses!—you must have acknowledged that we were Lads of Spirit, and *true* Friends to our glorious Constitution. —Then our Clergy of the Collegiate Church were all *so loyal*, except my Lord of Chester,‡ that it would have done your heart good to have heard them preach on the thirtieth of January, there was such a mauling of the Presbyterians, and such *high* panegyric on that blessed Saint and Martyr, *Charles the Good*, accompanied with a side glance or two in favour of his *Descendants*. Had you attended our Assemblies about that time, Mr. Boroughreeve, you would have been charmed with our selection of Tunes—'*Over the Water to Charley*'—'*The 29th of May*'—'*The King shall enjoy his own again*'—and many others expressive of our *strong attachment to the House of Brunswick*," &c.

To extend the History of Events connected with the Stuarts, would, I confess, be in accordance with my desire and original design, but I forbear. I will briefly notice a few remains of remembrance of Prince Charles's romantic enterprise, which were in existence in the Parish of Eccles, at the time of my residence in Swinton, particularly Song Tunes, Dances, &c. The first Air I ever learnt on the German Flute, was entitled 'Charley's Dragoons,' some portion of the song to which it was affixed, I perfectly recollect. One verse I will record.

"Charley's Dragoons they are jovial fine fellows,
When they are dressed with their broad-swords in hand;
They vow that none shall them rout,
But they will have the other bout.
None can be compared to Charley's Dragoons."

---

* The Cause of the exiled Family of the Stuarts.

† The name of a notorious Jacobite, who kept a Pot-house where the Heads of the Party met to drink Ale, and talk Treason.

‡ At that time Warden, and a good Whig."

"The White Cockade," "Over the Water to Charley," "The King shall have his own again," &c. &c. were generally remembered and often sung.

1791 gave birth to the 'Stranger's Friend Society,' instituted by Dr. Adam Clarke. The Reports of this Humane and Benevolent Institution furnished abundant proofs of the necessity of its establishment, and the benefit thereby conferred on poor famishing destitute beings. The subscriptions to the Institution did honour to the Town, and the benevolent and highly respectable individuals by whom it was originated and promoted, including persons of almost every grade of political and religious opinion.

The members of the Committee for that year included Mr. Charles Wood, Norfolk-street; Mr. D. Burton, Lever-street; Mr. B. Brierly, Marsden-square; Mr. Charles Rider, Cannon-street; Mr. David Yates, Dale-street; Mr. Richard Barlow, Princess-street; Mr. John Berwick; Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Edward Smith, Treasurer.

1793.—The news of the Murder of the King of the French was received in the Town with horror, even by the most strenuous advocate of the French Revolution. This act was followed by a Declaration of War against the French Republic.

This War was warmly supported and defended by one party in the Town, and as much deplored by another. Residing as previously related, within five miles of the Town, and frequently visiting it, I was not only an observer, but became most warmly interested in the conflict between the parties.

1795.—The Town was very much agitated on account of the continuance of the War with the French Republic. The Inhabitants were generally in favour of the measures of the Government; but a party of no mean consideration warmly opposed them. For the sake of their descendants and the present generation, I subjoin the following Lists. The first of the friends of immediate Peace, and the latter of the Government or Ministry. Copied from advertisements of the day.

Manchester, 19th January, 1795.

*To the Boroughreeve and Constables of Manchester.*

WE whose Names are hereunto subscribed, do request you to call a Public Town's Meeting as early as possible, to consider of the most likely means of procuring an immediate Termination of the present War.

| | |
|---|---|
| Roger Farrand | Joshua Hibbert |
| Wm. Johnson Edensor | Richard Pawsey |
| John Nash | John Wild |
| Charles Rider | John Hibbert |
| W. B. W. Sanderson | Wm. Anderson |
| James Norman | Wm. Martin |
| Ralph Kirkham | John Richardson |
| W. and J. Pilling | John Mellor |
| Simon Fothergill | Titus Hibbert |
| Thomas Pilling | Thomas Faulkner |
| George Hanson | Wm. Pilling |
| John Branch | John Touns |
| Jeremiah Ratcliffe | John Hope |
| James Watkins | James Kirkman |
| James Walker | James Matthewson. |
| Roger Holland | Charles Stanley |
| John Clegg | Thos. Stanley |
| Samuel Marsland | Thomas Oulton |
| Wm. Hanson | George Percival |
| Thomas Frost | John Edwards |
| Will. Loundes | Thomas Swan |
| J. Ablert, jun. | A. Halliday |
| Wm. Buszard | T. Brookes |
| Richard Harding | Law. Buchan |
| Abram Levy | Thomas Preston. |
| Daniel Burton and Son | James Thomson |
| Richard Frost | John Laverack |
| Atkinsons and Darwell | William Edward Gillett |
| Roger Taylor | George Browne |
| William Fell | William Graham |
| Smith and Unsworth | Charles Mounsey |
| Abraham Clegg | John Hopper |
| Jeremiah Clegg | Alexander Ross |
| Arthur Clegg | Daniel Shelmerdine |
| Wm. Lings | Samuel Hyde |
| John Fielding | William Petty |
| Jos. Atkinson | Thomas Lithgow |
| Thomas Sterndale | John Earl |
| Robert Buckley | John Daniel |
| Thomas Percival | John Pooley |
| John Withington | Peter Boond |
| James Hurst | Edward Collier |

—o—

*To the Boroughreeve and Constables of Manchester.*

GENTLEMEN,

CONVINCED of the present necessity of every possible support being given to the *Government* of this Country, upon whose wisdom and sound discretion we firmly rely for the promotion of the real interests and general welfare of the Kingdom. We hear with concern, that some Individuals have been recently solicited to sign a Requisition,

the object of which is, to convene the Inhabitants upon the subject of an Address to the Executive Authority, for the Restoration of Peace, and therefore we beg leave most earnestly to desire that no Meeting may be called in compliance with such Requisition.

We are, with respect, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servants,

John Markland, *Ardwick*
John Leaf, *Ridgefield*
John Kearsley, *King-street*
Henry Farington, *King-street*
R. A. Farington, *Mosley-street*
Nath. Crompton, *St. James's Square*
Henry Barton, *Market-street-lane*
James Ackers, *Lark-hill*
Richard Milnes, *Granby Row*
Thomas Stort, *Deansgate*
William Douglas, *Pendleton*
William Jones, *King-street*
Jos. Hardman, *St. James's Square*
John Baldwen, *Bath-street*
Edw. Cheshyre, *St. Ann's Square*
James Billinge, *North Parade*
John Broome, *Salford*
Benjamin Wilson, *St. Mary's*
John Blackburne, *Princess-street*
James Borron, *Market-street-lane*
Samuel Smith, *St. Ann's Square*
Tho. Borron, *Market street-lane*
Thomas Johnson, *High-street*
John Ford, *Clermont*
Edmund Yates, *Bury*
Edward Turner, *Peel-street*
Richard Yates, *Piccadilly*
William Mayor, *King-stret*,
Joseph Tipping, *Crumpsall*
Thomas Tipping, *Ardwick*
R. Foxley, *Deansgate*
Thos Donnington, *Cannon-street*
D. Locke, *Falkner-street*
Charles Needham, *High-street*
John Barton, *Market-street-lane*
William Barrow, *Deansgate*
Christopher Marriott, *ditto*
William Hodson, *Bellevue*
Jas. Barton, *Ardwick*
John Entwisle, *Norfolk-street*
J. Whittaker, *Norfolk-street*
John Sedgwick, *Deansgate*
John Douglas, *Pendleton*
John Thyer, *Deansgate*
Charles Lawson, M.A.
John Ridings, *Stocks*
John Darbey, *Long Millgate*
John Radcliffe, *College*
John Cowling, *Falkner-street*

John Walker, *Marsden-street*
Thos. Bancroft, *Hanging-ditch*
T. Gaskell, *Pall Mall*
Thos. Blomely, *Salford*
Samuel Taylor, *Moston*
Benjamin L. Winter, *St. Ann's*
William Houghton, *Mosley-street*
W. Broome, *Didsbury*
James Broome, *ditto*
Joseph Holt, *Smithy-door*
George Walker, *Salford*
William Wright, *Manchester*
R. T. Bury, *Bootle-street, Piccadilly*
James Bayley, Fellow of *Manchester College*
Richard Hall, *Deansgate*
R. Sandford, Rector of *St. Ann's*
William Hardman, *Quay-street*
James Hardman, *ditto*
John Clowes, Rector of *St. John's*
Robert Markland, *Deansgate*
William Starkie, *St. James's Square*
Charles White, *King street*
Thomas Ollier, *ditto*
Lawrence Peel, *Ardwick*
John Poole, *Church street*
S. Parker, *Falkner-street*
James Halliwell, *Stocks*
Nathaniel Gould, *Peel-street*
Jos. Cowgill, *Marsden Square*
James Holgate, *Princess street*
Richard Alsop, *Ordsall*
James Harrop, *Market-place*
Edward Place, *Princess-street*
Jo. Withington, *Deansgate*
D. Hulme, *Salford*
James Edge, *St. James's-Square*
Edward Hobson, *South Parade*
John Bury, *Salford*
Richard Harrison, *ditto*
Joseph Harrop, *ditto*
James Bateman, *South Parade*
John Middleton, *Salford*
John Gilbert, jun. *Worsley*
Leighs and Darwell, *Ridgefield*
Jonathan Beever, *Salford*
Matthew Shaw, *St. Mary's*
John Grimshaw, *Chapel Walks*
Chas. Ethelston, M.A. *Pendleton*
Chas. Wicksted Ethelston, M.A.
Richd. Asheton Ethelston, *King-street*
Richard Wilson, *Marriot's court*

Thomas Satterthwaite, *Brown-street*
J. Beeston, *George-street*
John Atkinson, *Salford*
John Simpson, *Hart-hill*
Robert Peel, *Ardwick*
Edward Holme, *ditto*
John Holme, *ditto*
John Tetlow, *Cannon-street*
Ablett and Jesse, *Watling-street*
John Wolstenholme, *Cannon-street*
John Greaves, *ditto*
John Dodgson, *St. John's ditto*
Richard Barlow, *Princess street*
J. L. Philips, *Queen-street, St. Ann's*
Francis Philips, *Brown-street*
John Lever, *Queen-street, St. Ann's*

George Atkinson, *Princess-street*
Law. Gardner & Sons, *Deansgate*
J. Vause, M.A. *Salford*
James Cooke, *ditto*
Robert Hindley, *ditto*
George Clowes, *ditto*
James Withnall, *Withy Grove*
William Norris, jun. *Brown-street*
Thomas Holland, *Spring Gardens*
J. Dutton, *Deansgate*
Jas. Meredith, *Hanging-ditch*
William Clough, *Long Millgate*
Nathaniel Pickford, *Chapel Walks*
Thos. Richardson, *Exchange-street*

The latter list is highly interesting, as giving the residence of the parties signing the counter Requisition. It is to be regretted the first list had not the same advantage.

1798 was distinguished by a noble effort of loyal feeling. A subscription was entered into towards supplying the exigencies of the state at the present juncture. The subscription was promoted by Robert Peel, Esq. M.P. (afterwards Sir Robert) Robert Peel, junior; Colonel Ackers; Lieut. Col. Leaf; Shakespeare Phillips, Esq.; Charles Frederick Brandt, Esq.; Thomas B. Bayley, Esq.; Major Ford; James Halliwell, Esq.; Lawrence Peel, Esq.; Edmund Yates, Esq.; Thomas Potter, Esq. &c. &c.

1800.—This year I was called upon to witness one of the most awful Calamities I had ever seen, the Fire at Hodson's Square, when Tea Warehouses were destroyed. Such an Awful Conflagration had but rarely happened, yet providentially no lives were lost. I remember being somewhat affected by the word 'GOD' being written inside one of the warehouses on the gable end, which stood a solemn monitor of the presence of that Great Being. At the doorway of one of the entrances to the Square from Cannon Street, a Black was placed as sentinel, to prevent loss or danger; looking past him, the flaming warehouses were exhibited to view, reminding the spectators of a still more to be dreaded fire.

The following remarkable instance of Almighty care and watchfulness, having been printed in my Narrative of the Fire at Providence Grove, requiring no alteration, I give it verbatim.

My first entrance into the world of business was as previously intimated, as an assistant to Mr. George Piccope, Cotton Manufacturer, of Manchester, whose residence was at the New Cross, and the room for the sale of his goods in Blue Boar Court, nearly adjoining Hodson's Square, and so near to the burning warehouses of that Square, that at one time the window shutters of the room were ignited,—at this extensive Fire, it happened to be my lot to be the first of Mr. Piccope's establishment to receive the alarm of fire, and to be first at my post, to save and protect the property of my pious and worthy employer. But the keys of the entrance into the warehouse were at the New Cross.—The door was a strong one, and the lock the most secure that could be devised: no one could enter to remove a single article.—In this delemma, standing in the street overwhelmed with distress, an operative briskly accosted me with "*Mester*, what can I do for you?" I answered, I want that door opened, —with the rapidity of light he darted from me and returned with a 56lb. weight in his hands, which with great force he threw against the door, repeating the stroke till it finally gave way, when we both entered, and by great exertion cleared the warehouse of all the goods, placing them in the Market Place, near the Book-store of Messrs. Clarke. Having thus succeeded to my great satisfaction, I offered Five Shillings to my efficient friend as a trifling remuneration for his great exertion;—"No Sir," he replied, "I remember the time when I applied to you for a Warp of Calico to weave, my children being then wanting bread, you could not let me have one, but you gave me a sum of money for immediate relief, and before that was exhausted I obtained work, and had credit from a neighbouring shop, myself and family were thereby saved from perishing."

The recollection of the efficiency of a 56lb. weight in the hands of a grateful weaver, led me, under Providence, to make use of the same implement in breaking through the wall of a room of my Printing-office to which I was confined by the rapid spread of the Fire, Jan. 7th, 1839, filling the only entrance; by the said aperture I escaped, and was enabled to save the Copper-plates belonging to several of my Publications, three of which decorate this volume. *Vide Narrative.*

In my humble conception, the Hand of God may be distinctly traced in this single circumstance.—Let no one think that such events are beneath the notice of our Heavenly Father, the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, who, while his hand directs and controuls the destiny of worlds; his eye attends with parental minuteness to the fate of a humble sparrow.

A still more distressing scene I afterwards witnessed, when the Factory of Messrs. Litlewood and Kirby was burnt down, with the loss of 45 lives. In company with Mr. Peter Bound, I placed myself near to the burning Factory, and happily rendered some little service by assisting in holding up a feather bed, on which several dropt themselves from the higher stories, and were saved, though not without dislocations of joints, &c. The fire commencing in the lower portions of the building while hands were at work in stories above, the stairs were soon enveloped in flame, and 12 of the poor children ascending to the highest story, came to the windows and were desired to throw themselves down on the beds, &c. below; but the poor creatures had not the courage to venture. Soon the floor on which they were standing became ignited, and dropt into the burning vortex beneath, the shrieking perishing children falling with it, amidst the loud and sorrowful lamentations of the congregated feeling spectators. The circumstance cast a gloom over my mind for some weeks, yet I had great consolation from the conviction that some lives had been saved, to which my friend and myself were providentially contributory.

1804, April 12th.—When I had taken up my abode at Shrewsbury, and journeying from thence to Manchester, on my way I stayed at Cross street to witness a Grand Review of Volunteer Corps, by His Royal Highness Prince William of Gloucester, on Sale Moor. The spectacle was very imposing. On that part of the Moor, adjoining the Bridgewater Canal, a commodious Stand was erected, under which were stalls for refreshments. I had just made a purchase of Eccles Cakes, and was within less than two yards of the Stand, intending to take my place on it, when being only slightly and temporarily erected,

the uprights and fastenings gave way, precipitating the spectators on it, to the ground below, falling on the heads of some who could not escape in time. The crash, the shouts of horror were beyond description. Many were wounded and some killed, and were carried to a boat which lay on the canal, which I visited. Never shall I forget the exertions of a young female in a riding-habit, she lifted up a young man (probably a lover) with his legs broken, and carried him in her arms to the boat.

In this melancholy accident I could not but view the Providence of God as once more manifested towards the unworthiest of his creatures. Had I not met a gentleman, whom I knew, at the foot of the Stand, and stayed a minute to shake hands with him, I had been on the wretched erection which fell at my feet.

The enraged populace proceeded to demolish every portion of it, and in their anger committed heaps of planks to the flames.

1808.—A Petition signed by 50,000, was sent from Manchester against the Orders of Council, and which Petition it was my privilege to sign. No English law was ever more injurious to the Trade and Manufactures of the country. Its operation on my then Manufactory, was deplorable and nearly ruinous.

1812.—A Riot at the Exchange, in consequence of its being proposed to address the Throne in a dutiful and loyal manner.

Being in Manchester, I witnessed the destructive violence of the mob, which destroyed the handsome Chandalier and Furniture of the Manchester Exchange. I went amongst the rioters, some of whom I knew, and exerted all my power to persuade them to desist. Fragments of glass remain in my possession.

1817.—Pendleton, and miles round, were deeply alarmed and excited by the murder of Margaret Marsden and Harriet Partington. by James Ashcroft the elder, and James Ashcroft the younger, David Ashcroft, and William Holden, who were executed at Lancaster, on Monday, September 8th, 1817. The guilty criminals were father, son, brother, and son-in-law. Since the days of the wretch Grindrick,* whose gibbet once stood at the end of Cross Lane, within sight of the place where the aforesaid murder was committed, but had been removed a good many years before. It was standing, as I well remember, in 1791, or later.

It is related as a fact, that shortly after the gibbeting of the wretched murderer, some profane fellows were drinking in a public house in the neighbourhood, when a wager was laid by one of the party with another, that he durst not climb up the gibbet pole, touch Old Grindrick, and ask him how he did.—The wager being agreed upon, the daring champion hastened to the spot, alone as he supposed, and quickly ascended the gibbet. "Well Grindrick, how do you do?" A voice, that of the man with whom he had the wager, answered, "Weak and weary, cold and hungry, how are you?" The poor man instantly lost his courage if not his reason, fell to the ground, and was taken up a dead or dying man.

1819, August 16.—A Meeting of Political Reformers, (which ended in the loss of life,) was held in St. Peter's field, by the radical reformers, and which was attended by sixty thousand persons. The Town being greatly alarmed by the display of Flags and Banners, with alarming inscriptions, and the display of so much strength, applied to the Magistrates to use their utmost power to disperse the assembly, which though terrific, was peaceable. On Mr. Hunt, a noted reformer, being called to the chair, and had begun to address the people, a force of Cavalry and Constables approached; which, after halting a minute or two, drew their swords, not with any design it is verily believed, to inflict real injury, but being excited by the reception they met with, dashed amongst them with the intent to seize the Chairman, when in the confusion that followed, eight persons were killed, and many wounded.

1821.—July 19, was one of the most glorious days ever known by Manchester. To

---

* This wretch was executed at Lancaster, in the same month, just 65 years before the execution of the Ashcrofts. He resided in Salford, and I have heard it said, was employed in making bricks for the building of a good house, formerly, if not now standing, a little distance from the road side, and also from Windsor Bridge; where he administered poison mixed in treacle and brimstone, to his wife and two children, thereby cruelly causing their death.

do justice to the proceedings of the day—is impossible even in a volume, much less a paragraph. It was on the occasion of the Coronation of King George the Fourth.

At half-past seven o'clock, the Children of the principal Sunday Schools in the Town, to the number of 25,697, were assembled in St. Ann's Square, attended by their Teachers, the Authorities of the Town, the Clergy, the Trades, and principal Inhabitants, with Flags and Banners in endless variety. In marching through the Town and Suburbs, it is said the Cavalcade formed five miles, including the streets right and left.

1832.—The Municipal Corporation Bill gave to Manchester and Salford, what had long been required, viz: Representatives in Parliament. Mark Phillips, Esq. and the Hon. Powlett Thompson, were returned Members for Manchester; and J. Brotherton, Esq. Member for Salford.

Manchester has subsequently been constituted a Bishop's See, and ranks now as the second City in the Empire, in point of wealth and population. In the course of my Personal Narrative, descriptions will be given of the various places of Public Worship with which I was familiar, during a second residence in my Native Town; first introducing some account of its extraordinary extension and present state, commencing with the Comparative POPULATION of Manchester.

In 1778, the year of my birth, only 45,000; thirteen years afterwards, 1791, 70,000; 1831, 232,578; 1841, when 63 years of age, 263,000. Probably at this time, (1850) more than 350,000 souls inhabit the Parish, being an increase within the period of my own existence, of 305,000 inhabitants!!!

The 'Manchester Guardian' in a Comparative Statement of Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester in 1841, gives to Glasgow and its Suburbs, 274,533; Liverpool, 286,487; Manchester and its Townships, 359,396. In 1836, it appears the Poor's Rates of Manchester were 1s. 4d. in the Pound. Annual Expenditure, £2447 17s. 6d. In 1846, 5s. in the Pound. Expenditure £254,000.

The Places of PUBLIC WORSHIP in Manchester have recently been stated to be as follows. 45 Churches of the Establishment; 9 Baptist Chapels; 7 Roman Catholic Chapels; 3 Christ Church Chapels; 1 Friends' Meeting House; 18 Independent Chapels; 27 Wesleyan Methodist Chapels; 5 Wesleyan New Connexion Chapels; 4 Primitive Methodist Chapels; 14 Wesleyan Association Chapels; 2 New Jerusalem Chapels; 7 Scotch Chapels or Churches; 1 Jews' Synagogue; 4 Unitarian Chapels; and 6 Welsh Chapels.

The COLLEGES are the Wesleyan Theological Institution, at Didsbury, near Manchester; and the Manchester New College, (removed from York,) in Grosvenor-square; and the Independent College. A gentleman recently deceased in Manchester, has left, it is said, about £100,000 for the erection of a New College or Public University in this Town.

Many of the LIBRARIES of Manchester are connected with Public Institutions; for instance, the Athenæum Library, the Portico Library, the Mechanics' Institution Library. But there are several large public and subscription libraries. Cheetham Library, with its rich and extensive catalogue, open to the public daily. The Old Subscription Library, formerly of Ducie-place, contains upwards of 20,000 volumes; the New Subscription Library, in Exchange-street, upwards of 13,000; and the Library in Newall's-buildings, upwards of 10,000 volumes.

The ESTABLISHMENTS for gratuitous education, include the Deaf and Dumb school, Stanley-street, Salford; St. John's school, Gartside-street; the Catholic Free-school, Lloyd-street; the New Jerusalem school, Irwell-street, Salford; the Ladies' Jubilee school, Strangeways Park; the National school, Granby-row; the National school, Bolton-street, Salford; the Lancasterian school, Marshall-street; and the Infant school, Saville-street, Chorlton-row, &c. There are also a considerable number of Sunday-schools. Besides almshouses, here are various benefactions and institutions for the relief of those suffering from indigence or disease. The Manchester General Infirmary and Dispensary, erected in 1755; the Lunatic Asylum, built in 1765; the House of Recovery, or Fever Hospital, established in 1796; the Lying-in Hospital, Salford, instituted in 1790; the Manchester Institution for curing Diseases of the Eye, founded in 1815; and the Lock Hospital, in 1819. There are

likewise a Female Penitentiary, a Strangers' Friend Society, a Samaritan Society, and a Philanthropic Society. The public edifices appropriated for the purpose of commerce are perhaps, not equal in number with the importance of this great trading and manufacturing Town. The Manchester Exchange is conveniently fitted up as a place of resort for merchants, manufacturers, and other men of business, and it possesses many claims to notice as an architectural structure. In York buildings and Chapel-street, Salford, are the Cloth-halls, or public marts for the sale of Yorkshire cloth; and in Hanging-ditch is the Corn Exchange, for the accommodation of corn-dealers and farmers. The public markets are numerous; provisions of all kinds are exposed for sale every day in the week, except Sunday; the regular market-days, are Tuesday and Saturday. The municipal buildings include some handsome structures particularly the Town-hall of Manchester, in King-street, a noble edifice, recently erected, designed for the transaction of business connected with the police of the town and the administration of justice, as well as for public meetings.

At Hulme are cavalry barracks; and in the Regent's-road are barracks for infantry. Among the edifices devoted to amusement are the theatre royal, or principal theatre, in Fountain-street; the minor theatre, in Spring gardens; and the Assembly-rooms, in Mosley-street.

The LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS of Manchester are numerous and important. The principal of these are the Literary and Philosophical Society, founded in 1781; the Agricultural Society, established in 1767; the Philosophical Society, in 1803; the Society for the Promotion of Natural History, to which belongs a Museum of considerable value, &c.; the Manchester Royal Institution in Moseley street, in which many valuable Paintings have been exhibited.

The Victoria Railway Station; the Birmingham and Sheffield Station; the Parks; the Cemeteries, &c. have recently been added to the improvements. To enumerate all the Public Buildings and Institutions would greatly exceed all the space in this work which could possibly be spared; but I must name, that some of the immense Cotton Mills, have been filled with machinery, at an incredible expense. One hundred thousand pounds being in some instances beneath the cost of one mill alone.

For other particulars, the various Histories, Guides, &c. must be consulted. I have endeavoured merely to exhibit the outline of a CITY, of which I feel great pride in being a NATIVE.

Brief as my History has been, compared with what I had long designed, I will immediately proceed with my Personal Narrative, suspended since page 120.

The Events of the period now brought to my recollection, are of the most happy peaceful character. Prosperity attended every step of my life. The various scenes and adventures of those days, while my heart was warm and earnest in the pursuit of a competency in after life, and the desire of honourable distinction, now afford an inexhaustible fund of gratification; for which I am indebted to the blessing of memory. To myself now in the decline of life, it is a melancholy, but sweet pleasure to recollect the kindnesses of departed friends, their sayings and caresses, whom I now only view through the medium of memory; but how consoling is the thought, that the separation is only temporary; probably only a very few years, months or days. Certain it is to my own mind, that there is a time to come of reunion with those with whom our happiest days on earth were spent, whose joys and sorrows were known and shared by each; and our love and esteem—mutual and sincere.

Continuing my Personal Narrative, from the page named, I may relate, that I entered upon my new engagement with alacrity and diligence, and soon found myself happily in possession of the confidence of my employer and all his family. Mr. Piccope was indeed one of the most kind-hearted, truly religious men I ever knew. His mind had been deeply impressed under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bayley of St. James's, and he had attained to a thorough knowledge of salvation, through the merits of a Crucified Redeemer. Mrs. Piccope had received serious impressions from the ministry of the Rev. T. Jones, of St. George's, then in the fields, and at no great distance from her residence, this did not

prevent her more frequent attendance with her family at St. James's. Now, once more I had the happiness to join in family devotion, which was conducted with great regularity and feeling by my venerated employer, and sometimes I had the honour to be his Chaplain.

The kind opinion which Mr. and Mrs. Piccope entertained of their youthful inmate, induced them to speak kindly of him to friends and visitors; by which means I became introduced, to among others, the respectable family of Thomas Bound, Esq. of the then Cupola House, Ancoat's-lane; a gentleman of considerable property and high respectability, he had two sons, and two daughters grown up: *one* of them, had not heaven seen it better, that I should be the husband of your dear mother, and father of my beloved Children, would most probably have been my wife, there was no obstacle in the way, but my own unaccountable indecision.

The parent like tenderness always manifested towards me by Mrs. Bound will never be forgotten. The younger of her sons, Mr. Peter Bound,* was the constant companion of my perambulations, especially in my visits to the Churches of the Town. Mr. Peter had a slight propensity to gaiety, which I took every pains to repress; and often would his venerable and affectionate mother say, "I am always glad when you are in company with Mr. Hulbert, for then I know you are safe." Keep good company, and you will be good yourself; it is an old, but a true saying, "Shew me thy companion, and I will tell thee what thou art."†

Sometimes we walked together to visit Mr. Roberts and Mr. Howarth, when he listened to, and often assisted in our discussions

---

* From the first moment of our introduction to each other, to the day of his death, which happened within seven years, we continued attached friends; not only while I remained in Manchester, but after my removal to Middleton and Shrewsbury. On every occasion of my visits to Manchester from Shrewsbury, until the last time we met, we renewed our perambulations: on one occasion, I remember our taking a walk in the vicinity of Ardwick Green, we passed along a then quiet lane, when coming opposite to a tree in the hedgerow, he became quite affected, and stated, "that enjoying a walk one fine summer's morning about five o'clock, he saw a man suspended by a rope to that bough, pointing to it, quite dead. Being alone, and the first to discover him, he was greatly agitated on the occasion. My friend had a fine mind and a feeling heart. Not long afterwards, changing his views in religion, he fell into despair; believing himself a reprobate, he imagined there was no salvation for him: and on my paying my last visit to his parents and himself, he ran from me, saying, 'I am not worthy you should notice me.'

He however became composed, and I reasoned with him, and referred to his former belief in the doctrine of Universal Redemption—and proved to him, that God could never have decreed his eternal ruin and misery, 'For, as I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.' Therefore he never can have decreed your eternal loss. Both his parents were present. 'Oh! my dear Mr. Hulbert,' said Mrs. Bound, 'could you only have been with us more frequently, he never would have been in this way.' I continued my exhortation, and entreated him to lay aside all such opinions so derogatory to the character of his God, and so destructive of his own peace. His honoured mother then remarked, 'He has for some time attended the minister of a neighbouring Church, who is a very high Calvinist, and holds opposite opinions to Dr. Bayley and the Wesleyans.' Such a minister I replied, must be very different in doctrine to the Calvinists in our town. They believe in election, but totally reject reprobation. I begged of him to return to his old opinions, old places of worship, and former ministers. He promised me he certainly would follow my advice; but alas! his health was on the decline, he had suffered a deep disappointment in not being a Clergyman of the Church of England. The shock he received, as above related, had lessened the energies of his sensitive mind. We had an affecting parting, we all kneeled down together, I prayed with them, and I believe our united petitions were heard and recorded by the Father of love. With tears, I relate, death in a short period afterwards, swept them all away. O cruel Death! I saw them not again; but I hope to meet them in a world where sorrow never enters, and parting is known no more for ever.

I shall in the future pages of my Memoirs have occasion to speak of my departed friend, and his highly respectable parents.

† I well remember in the spring of 1838, returning from Shrewsbury, it being Sunday evening, I observed two young men standing together, and noticed their affection at parting. Each taking opposite directions: that which I met, I knew to be a religious good young man, who very respectfully lifted his hat as he passed me: overtaking the other he did the same, I then pulled up my horse, and enquired how far he was going my way, he replied, 'to Grinshill, sir.' Then I said, take a seat by me, and I will give you a lift. which he kindly accepted. He then respectfully enquired, how long it was since I had visited Coleham Sunday School? I replied, I have been there this afternoon, presenting the prizes awarded by the committee to the best Children, and am now returning. "O those were happy days," he feelingly observed, "when I went to your School." Why! Did you ever attend Coleham Sunday School? I enquired. "Yes, I was in the Bible Class, and often have I heard you lecture, and to exhort us to keep good company, repeating what a good lady in Manchester used often to say, 'Shew me thy companion, and I will tell thee what thou art.' I have been living in Manchester, and often tempted to associate with wild young fellows, but I always recollected your words, and was preserved from evil." Happy indeed, I said, am I to hear it, and now you are an exemplification of the maxim; had you not been in company with that good young man, I should not have invited you to a seat in this carriage. I presented the youth with a small book, and we parted at my own gate.

on the Evidences of Religion. To give you, my dear Charles, even a brief outline of the debates, or rather conversations we had in the course of several years, would fill a volume, and I have now before me, recollections to that extent, so that I scarcely know what to reject, or what to retain. As my printer is positively waiting for copy, my choice must be prompt.

I remain, my dear Son,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XX. MANCHESTER CONTINUED: DEBATES WITH MESSRS. ROBERTS AND HOWARTH ON THE TRUTH OF RELIGION, INSTANCES OF SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES, &c.

"ONE credible witness is sufficient evidence to a jury of any single fact; though the concurrence of two or more corroborate the proof. But the law considers that there are many transactions to which only one person is privy, and, therefore, requires the testimony of no more."—*Law of Evidence.*

"THE existence of a God, is a doctrine so fully acknowledged by the generality of mankind, that I need say but little concerning it: 'Tis indeed of so obvious a nature, that those who doubt of it (if such there be) are much to be pitied; seeing the arguments commonly brought for their conviction, can answer no end; as their distrust of so plain a truth, denotes a weakness in their intellects, beyond the reach of reasoning."—*Applegarth.*

"IT has been the belief of all ages and nations, in every country where mankind have believed at all in a future state, and the separate existence of souls, the opinion has prevailed, that the spirits of the dead may have communication with the living. There is, it is said, no people, whether rude or learned, however remote or insulated, among whom such instances have not been related and believed. Whence could arise this general agreement among nations so distant from each other; and no intercourse, no bond of union, but a common nature, and a common destiny? Differing widely from each other in almost all other things, their testimony on this extraordinary subject has been the same. Would this notion have become universal, if it had not been founded on truth? Would so many nations, who have never heard of one another, have agreed in one tale, if fact and experience had not given it credibility? The doubts and cavils of the *few*, cannot set aside the testimony of the *many*; especially as we know there is not a small number of mankind, who, though they deny it with their tongues, betray plainly enough by their fears, they believe it in their hearts."—*Dr. Johnson.*

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE mentioned (pages 118 & 119) to what books I had recourse in my difficulties to answer the objections of Messrs. Roberts and Howarth, and others of their friends; and have stated, (page 119) that for the benefit of the young, in future pages I should resume the subject. For their sake then, not presuming to think that any thing I can relate, as the effort of my poor ability at that period, or even at the present moment, will be new to yourself or any of my studious intelligent readers; but I will say, that not one-tenth of my answers and observations are given here.

I will first announce the fact, that Mr. Howarth declared himself an Athiest, and Mr. Roberts a disciple of Paine and the French Philosophers. That there was a Supreme Being, Mr. Roberts admitted, but could not believe that the human soul was immortal, or that there existed another state or world, in which were spiritual existences; denying *in toto* the truth of the Bible. We did not therefore on any occasion, refer to that Holy Book in proof of any proposition or hypothesis; my mode of reasoning to many will therefore be singular, but I do hope on that account, none will object to it. To save time, instead of giving the arguments employed by my opponents in detail, I beg to intimate, that the whole may be gathered from what I relate, as being said by myself in reply.

To Mr. Howarth who was so far gone in infidelity, that one evening having taken a walk together, and returning to Mr. Roberts's residence in Cooke street, Salford; it being a fine November evening, and the beautiful moon

with dignity and splendour was marching through the heavens, Mr. Howarth satirically observed, "Now Mr. Hulbert, if I could see God make another moon, which is really much wanted, I would believe* there is such a Being in the Universe." That induced a satirical reply. You simpleton, were the Almighty to make a moon for the sake of your conversion, he would be a greater simpleton than yourself—when we are quietly seated in the house, I will relate to you, as I have often done, why I believe there is a God. Mr. Roberts being at leisure, and Mr. Hunter, a highly respectable Cotton Manufacturer, being at Mr. Roberts's, we formed a party; the two latter gentlemen declaring they would not interfere.—Mrs. Roberts, the Aunt by marriage of Mr. James Roberts, being also of the party.

So I began. You have many times, Mr. Howarth announced your perfect conviction "That there is no God, First Cause, or Supreme Being, in the Universe." My humble reply to your objection shall be: it is impossible you should know that there is no God any where; for although *you* have not witnessed his instantaneous creation of a moon within the confines of our own limited system or worlds, how do *you* know but that he may be so employed in some distant part of the Universe. I don't think you have ever been as *far* as our moon! but you see how completely adapted the moon is for lighting our earth; how gloriously the sun shines by day, without whose shining, the moon would be dark, vegetation would perish, animals would die, men would soon become extinct. Open your eyes and look round at this beautiful creation, with what minute exactness every thing in nature answers its own peculiar purpose, and that entirely without its own contrivance or adaptation. Do you not observe in minor things, that the hand is completely adapted for handling, the tongue for speaking, the feet for walking; the existence in animals, of a distinction of sexes, is wonderful indeed. Is there not in this single instance a vast contrivance or design; and if a design, there must be a designer, the conclusion is inevitable: and this designer, wherever he resides, must be GOD!

Mr. Howarth's argument from the eternity of matter, and the duration of the world, I repelled by the fact, that the arts and sciences were in a manner perfectly new; else, why have we not monuments or histories of events which happened ages before the Mosaic account of the Creation? Why was not the Art of Printing known thousands of years

---

* One of Mr. Howarth's suggestions was the absurd one, that the world, if it ever had a beginning, was from the fortuitous union or concurrence of atoms of matter without design or direction. On this occasion I addressed to him some verses, which, if I could now recollect, were probably the best I had been then enabled to write; and which, to my great encouragement, received the kind approbation of my ever valued friend, Mr. Nuttall. Perhaps I may hereafter recollect them. The substance of the argument went to shew the folly of the supposition, that Chance originated the Universe; asking the question, Why Chance did not make another moon? Why the land produced no new species of animals, nor the ocean new varieties of its finny inhabitants? Before a man can become an Atheist, he must certainly first become a fool. Our own existence is not more certain, than that there is a God; yet I have met with some others in my time as silly as Mr. Howarth. Thirty years ago, there lived in Shrewsbury, a very zealous Atheist, who would often in my hearing, blasphemously declare 'There is no God.' He died *without hope*.—At Bradford, in Yorkshire, I met with one who declared he would not believe, unless he could both see, hear, and feel there was a God. Why, sir, I said, I perceive you are blind, deaf, and insensible; or, entirely disordered in your mind. Every man in his senses sees a God in the skies, in the flowers, birds, and all living creatures.—He hears him in the howling of the winds, and the rolling of the thunder; and you sir, have felt him speaking to your conscience, when committing any trespass against your neighbour, or violating any of those commandments you pretend to disregard: and I related occasions, quite accidentally, which proved correct.

It was in the presence of several respectable tradesmen of the town, who witnessed the confusion of the unbeliever, and rejoiced in the hope he might be induced to change his opinions.

A better answer was given sometime ago, by the Reverend James Armstrong who was preaching at Harmony, near the Wabash, United States of America, when a doctor of that place, a professed deist, or infidel, called on his associates to accompany him, while he attacked the Methodists, as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong—"If he followed preaching to save souls?" He answered in the affirmative. He then asked Armstrong—"If he ever saw a soul?" "No." "If he ever heard a soul?" "No." "If he ever tasted a soul?" "No." "If he ever smelt a soul?" "No." "If he ever felt a soul?" "Yes, thank God," said Armstrong. "Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one that there is not a soul." Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman if he was a doctor of medicine, and he was also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the doctor—"If he ever saw a pain?" "No." "If he ever heard a pain?" "No." "If he ever tasted a pain?" "No." "If he ever smelt a pain?" "No." "If he ever felt a pain?" "Yes." Mr. Armstrong then said, "There are also four senses against one to evidence that there is not a pain, yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know there is a soul. The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off.

ago? and Machinery for Manufacturing Cotton, an equal period? Men are still infants in knowledge, looking to future time for the almost illimitable extension of the powers of the human intellect.

You object to the belief in a Divine Providence. You say nothing particular ever happened to yourself, and you are not bound to believe others. To the first, I answer, you have lost the recollection of the many dangers and evils from which you were preserved in your infancy. Review the history of your past life, and then say, if Providence never interfered in your behalf. You have lost both your parents by death. I respectfully enquire, who was it that so unexpectedly raised you up that excellent friend, your Uncle, Thomas Roberts? I think you will believe even my simple testimony. I then related to him the providential occurrences I have mentioned in the foregoing pages, with others within the limits of my knowledge; especially the exact fulfilment of the dream foretelling my Grandfather's death. He declared himself unconvinced, but there was one in the company whose heart was deeply affected; when Mrs. Roberts, junior, entered the room, and announced Tea was ready.

After the pleasing repast, by the consent of all parties the discussion was resumed; and Mr. James Roberts became my opponent, the rest being silent.

He declared, as before related, his total disbelief of the Bible, and denied its existence until three hundred years from the pretended birth of Christ. This I found no difficulty in refuting. The simple fact of the existence of a Jew at the present day I adduced as a complete refutation. A Jew *now* exists, and if the Bible be not true, at what time, and how, did the nation of the Jews come into existence? Profane History refers to their obstinacy, to their cruel massacre by the Romans, and the existence of their Sacred Books. Look at the Jew, my good friend, in his present state; read the predictions concerning him in the Book you so much despise, and then say, if the Bible be not a true book: to which I will add the following general argument, which I consider conclusive.

The Bible is a book in existence, and of a very extraordinary character. It must be



invented, and written by or under the direction of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or God himself.

Now it could not be invented by good men or angels; for they neither would nor could make a book, and tell lies all the time they were making it, saying, '*Thus saith the Lord,*' when it was their own invention. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils; for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to hell for ever. We Christians, therefore draw this conclusion.—The Bible must be given by Divine Inspiration!! But my grand argument for the truth of Religion, generally was perfectly novel to my friends at that time, as it may be at this period, new and strange to many of my readers, viz:—THE CERTAINTY OF SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES, or what are commonly called APPARITIONS; which in my opinion, are either the disembodied spirits of human beings, or spiritual intelligences never embodied, of an order above man. For in the scale of animated being, there may be in the next world, intelligences or existences above man, in as great a variety, as there are below him in this. The learned Dr. Stackhouse asserts the reality of supernatural appearances, and that the souls of men departed, have a capacity to take part in the affairs of man; and in their absent state they are embodied with aerial or ethereal vehicles, which they can condense or rarify at pleasure, and so appear, or not appear to human sight. The same may be the case with spirits who have never been embodied.

I refered to what Dr. Johnson has suggested on the subject of Apparitions, which I have given at the head of this Letter; and introduced in as brief a manner as possible, the following well-known Warning given to LORD LYTTELTON.

His Lordship was a gay young man, and had, it is said, seduced three sisters, the Misses Amphlett. As his lordship lay in bed one night, (November 24, 1779,) he was waked out of his sleep, as he himself described it, by a noise like the fluttering of a bird about the curtains; he opened his eyes, when he beheld the appearance of a beautiful female, in the exact likeness of the mother of the ladies' he had seduced, who, at that very

moment died of a broken heart. He was shocked, and cried out, 'What do you want?' She answered, 'I come to warn you of your dissolution, you will die within three days,' and, notwithstanding all efforts to prevent the catastrophe, he did actually die just three days to a minute, from the warning given.

A still more singular circumstance attended it. His lordship had a very particular friend, Mr. Miles Peter Andrews; who, retired to rest at his own residence, somewhat before twelve o'clock the same night: when having been only a short time in bed, and perfectly awake, he observed the curtains of his bed to be drawn open, when his lordship appeared, and most perfectly, clearly and distinctly declared, 'It is all over with me Andrews.'

Mr. A. was a gentleman of high character and station in life, and often repeated the story in the presence of most respectable friends. This is an undoubted fact. I have read the Narrative as written and by one who was an inmate in Mr. Andrews's house, when the circumstance took place. The relation appeared in the Newspapers at the time, and has subsequently been printed in various Publications, and exists also in manuscript.* His lordship died Nov. 27th, 1779.

We have hundreds of Facts of the same nature, and equally incontrovertible.† No less certain are we of the existence of supernatural Noises, and Disturbances in houses. The disturbances as recorded by the Wesley Family at Epworth, are known to every one, and beyond contradiction; instances are familiar in the recollection and knowledge of thousands, and are of daily occurrence.

I have often mentioned to you the disturbances at Winton, near my Uncle Smith's. I will

---

* To this relation I will just add, my dear Charles, that your late Uncle, my beloved Brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Wood, Vicar of Leysdown, Kent, had the friendship and acquaintance of the late Lady King; by whom he was informed, that she had in her possession a complete Narrative in manuscript, of Lord Lyttleton's remarkable warning.

You will also recollect, that through the late Dr. Du Gard of Shrewsbury, we had a sight of a letter from the late Lady Harwood, relict of Sir Busick Harwood, Mus. Doct. of Cambridge, in which her Ladyship related the circumstances, which she, as a relative of Lord Lyttelton, had received by tradition in the family: and her Ladyship confirmed it afterwards personally to yourself at Cambridge.

† The following is copied, (this day, July 10, 1850,) from 'Ottway's News from the Invisible World.'

*A remarkable Relation, as given by Mr. Thomas Savage, in the following Letter.*

"A Sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had received orders for one of the Spanish Isles (Minorca). One night about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, were sitting in a back room, the shutters close bolted and barred, and the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window-shutters, and part illuminated the room we sat in. We looked and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother. His eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately. He waved his hand, smiled, and continued about half a minute, and vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, 'He is dead, he is dead!' and fainted away. The boy ran to his father, and wept, because he would not stay a short time. After this, we received a letter, sealed with black, (the dark emblem of mortality), bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, in returning from the mess-room. Life was not quite gone; the last wish he breathed in the ears of those who surrounded him was to see his wife and child. It was granted him in a certain sense; for that very hour in which he died in the Island of Minorca, that same hour he appeared to his wife, his child, eldest sister and myself, in Doncaster. Before this event I was an Atheist. By this circumstance I was convinced of the certainty of another world, and by the solemn impression it made upon my mind, I prayed for mercy—found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel myself happy in God." Thomas Savage.

"The gentleman, whose signature the above relation bears, is a Travelling Preacher in the Methodist Society, and recited the story in the presence of some hundreds of preachers and a large congregation, when admitted into full connection, at the conference held in Sheffield, in the year 1817. However reluctant some persons may feel to credit preternatural appearances, there are several coincidences in this testimony, which it would be impossible to explain away, without doing violence to all those properties we conceive to be essential to credibility. The narrator is a man of probity, of sober judgment, and a minister of the gospel; and reports from the evidence of his own senses, and not from the testimony of others. It should be remarked also, that the apparition was recognized not only by himself, but by three other persons at the same time, all of whom appear to have been personally acquainted with the deceased officer, and all of whom concurred in the identity of his person. So perfect indeed appears the representation to have been, that the artless child knew its father, and acted in a way the most natural, as supposing he was really present. We drop all comment on so extraordinary an occurrence, leaving the reader at liberty to form his own judgment, with this remark, that if a man will not admit the truth of a case so pointed, clear and cogent, no arguments whatever can cure him of his scepticism and incredulity."

*Mrs. H. late of Shrewsbury, a lady long known and dear to myself and family; while in bed, early one morning saw most distinctly the figure of her honoured mother passing the foot of the bed. At that very moment it was ascertained the parent departed this life in perfect peace, above a hundred miles distant.*

*I have known many persons to whom similar appearances have been presented on the same occasions.*

now introduce a relation, of the truth of which for my own part, I can have no manner of doubt. You remember, I have mentioned to you the relation of the butcher who was at Mrs. Orred's in Winton, (see page 101) when the cream mug, of its own accord, rose from the floor and was dashed to pieces.

As I have before related, my agreement with Mr, Piccope to have my Sundays to myself, and either to spend them in Manchester, or go on the Saturday evening to Swinton, and return on the Monday, as suited my convenience. I had my fancy still for the Westwoods; and one Saturday evening, soon after my engagement with Mr. P. I was on my way thither, when I happened to overtake an old neighbour, Richard Wood, on the road, a little beyond the Broken Bank. My Uncle and Aunt had previously informed me, that Richard had hired himself as farm servant to Mrs. Orred of Winton, but left his situation in consequence of the house being haunted; and that Mr. Timperley, Mrs. Orred's son-in-law, obtained a warrant for him, and took him before Justice Bayley, who compelled him to return to his situation, which he did, in hope he might not be disturbed again: but on the contrary, the noises and disturbances not only continued but increased; and that Richard seeing no way of escape, resolved on hanging himself, which he had nearly effected in the barn, when George Timperley happening to enter it, found Richard suspended to a beam, and just in time to save his life, cut him down.

I was extremely glad of the opportunity of hearing from Richard's own lips, the truth or falsehood of the story; when in answer to my enquiry, he declared the information was correct. Coming to Pendleton Pole, I proposed to him to retire into the parlour of the Wool Pack Inn, and that I should be greatly obliged if he would furnish me with correct particulars of the nature of the disturbances that annoyed him. Richard very willingly and promptly commenced the following relation, which I wrote down as nearly as possible in his own words.

—o—

"The first day that I entered on my service, Mrs. Orred thus accosted me, 'Now Dick, if you should hear any noise in the night you must not be alarmed, no one will do you any harm; lie still, be at ease.' I smiled and said, there's no danger of that mistress No sooner had the family retired to rest, and I was snug in bed, than I heard something, or as I thought, somebody throwing my shoes about, which I had placed at the foot of the stairs; and other disturbances. Oh! said I to myself, if they think to frighten me they are very much mistaken, I am not one of those to be alarmed at nonsense. In the morning I found my shoes where I left them and made no remark, but thought, if they do so again I'll catch them. Next night the noise and disturbance was much greater; so much so, that I could not rest. The following night some invisible being visited my bedroom, and took the liberty of pulling the bed-clothes off me, on which I exclaimed; So Mr. Timperly, (Mrs. Orred's son-in-law who resided in the house) if you think to frighten me you are mistaken. It is very unbecoming of you to disturb me. The annoyance continuing, I got out of bed, and as I could not see anybody, I ran into Mr, Timperly's room as quick as I could, thinking to lay hold of him, but behold! I found Mr. and Mrs Timperly fast asleep in bed, and all still and quiet. Next morning I made my complaint, and was again desired to take no notice of it, but be quiet. The servant maid also urged her complaints, when instantly the plates on the plate-shelf† began to tremble and shake, and appeared all to be dancing on the floor. I then declared I would not stay in such a place, and the servant maid made the same declaration. They assured me no one was ever harmed, and probably no disturbance would happen again; so that evening I provided myself with hammer and nails, and took them with me to bed, I nailed the bed-clothes, on the side towards the

† Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the most learned of Bible Commentators and Critics, in narrating his own Personal History, relates that a gun had killed three persons, one of them a Lieut. Church; and states that shortly after Lieut. Church received his wound, his brother, George Church, Esq. a gentleman of large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previous to these two disasters, strange noises were heard in the mansion house called 'The Grove;' the doors were said to open and shut of themselves: all the plates, dishes, &c. on the dresser in the kitchen were so violently agitated as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes persons, treading was heard where no human being was, and often as if a person had fallen at full length on the floor above the kitchen. Dr. Clarke says, he sat up one whole night in the kitchen during Lieut Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard the above noises shortly before Mr. George Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers the noises were heard no more. What was the cause of these noises was never discovered."—*Life of Dr. Adam Clarke.*

wall, down to the bed-side; and I thought, if any one comes to pull them off again, they shall have a tug. I had not been long in bed before I heard some one come into the room, and instantly the clothes were pulled off the bed and thrown down stairs. I durst not follow them, but lay on the bed without them, in great alarm all night, and in the morning the clothes were safe. Afterwards I heard noises in almost every room in the house; I therefore determined to leave the haunted dwelling, and so did my fellow servant, who had been visited in a similar manner. The next day I left my service and returned home. Having been hired by the year, Mr. Timperly had me before Justice Bayley of Hope Hall, who, as I had been regularly engaged, ordered me to return to my service, or serve in Manchester New Bailey. I therefore could not help myself; I returned, and the same disturbances continuing, I formed the rash determination of destroying my own existence; and consequently suspended myself by a rope to a beam in the barn: at the fortunate moment when life was just departing, Mr. Timperly came into the barn and cut me down. He then saw it would be in vain to detain me any longer, and I left; the servant maid leaving also."

The above narrative which I wrote down from the lips of the narrator, he signed with his own name, and on a Testament I had in my pocket, he made oath, that the whole he had related, and much more, was perfectly true. Afterwards meeting with the servant-maid, I had the same testimony from her own lips.

She also informed me, "that a Miss Rachael Mangnall, (whom I well knew, and who resided very near to Mrs. Orred's, and also to the Westwoods,) at the time Mrs. Timperly was confined of child-birth, was in her bed-room, Mrs. Timperly having just risen from her bed and sitting in an easy-chair in the room. Some invisible power or being entered the apartment, gathered up the bed and bedding as if they had been only a feather, and threw them down stairs."

To be more perfectly satisfied, I waited on Miss Mangnall, who certified the same and much more. To account for these disturbances, the neighbours had a report, which if related, might be injurious to some parties, it is therefore withheld.

Out of the thousands of relations we have of supernatural appearances in all countries, in all ages, and to all ranks and degrees of the human race; if ONLY ONE should be true, my position must be granted, THAT ONE FACT proves there are spiritual existences, that there is a God, a future state, and consequently that the relations of such appearances in the Bible are true also. To say all are false, in the face of universal testimony, and thousands of credible witnesses, would be just as absurd as if a blind man were to say, 'there is neither sun or moon, for I have never seen them." I have two short relations more to introduce in their proper place and time, in which I am personally interested.

The effects of our conversation was all I could have desired. Mrs. Roberts, sen. and Mrs. Roberts, jun. each declared their conviction of the truth of Religion; the former declared she would immediately hire a pew at her old place of worship, and again indulge in the belief of a future state, repent of her unbelief, and seek for salvation as instructed in the Bible, and be once again happy in her own mind.

These declarations startled my opponents, who still asserted their unbelief. Well, I said, I cannot help it, my good friends, I am sorry my faith has not had a more able advocate. Permit me with all humility to request your continued attention. All your objections to particular passages of the Bible, have I believe, been fairly answered in former discussions; but if I have not succeeded in any case to your entire satisfaction, ascribe the failure to the weakness and incompetency of the advocate, rather than any great difficulty in the task itself. You have read 'Paine's Age of Reason,' over and over; and I have done the same by 'Watson's Apology for the Bible,' and there we will leave all questions relative to particular portions of the books comprising the Scriptures; and I will proceed with a few general observations before I say. "Good Night:" leaving the result to ONE whom you have rejected, ONE I hope humbly to serve and adore

"While life and being last,
And immortality endures."

Addressing myself to Mr. Howarth, as I had often done before, Are you now, my friend really more happy in your freedom from all religious and moral restraint? Do you rest more easy on your pillow after the enjoyment of *light* company, and intoxicating

liquors on the Sunday. Do the companions you often meet with, and the places of *resort*, and the *pleasures* in which you indulge, afford you greater comfort and *better health*, than when you accompanied me to places of public worship? All who know you mark the difference; but I will not wound your feelings by the comparison. By God's great mercy, all you have said to me against Priests and Religion, could never induce me to change my sentiments: seeing the bad effects* unbelief has on the conduct and character of its professors.

Like a tradesman who studies his own interest, I have contrasted the *gains* of religion and the *losses* of unbelief. I have never yet known an instance of a Christian believer renouncing his faith, but he became a worse member of society in every respect; he became more miserable in his own mind, without one cheering hope of future happiness or life beyond the grave.

On the other hand, I have never known or heard of an unbeliever becoming a christian, but I have also heard and known that he became a better subject, a better husband, parent, master, or servant; more correct in his conduct, more happy in his mind, enlivened by the prospect† of future happiness. Now which character is it best to imitate? Were Christianity false, it is still a good thing; and a wise man would under any circumstances, prefer it to gloomy unbelief. I say of those who reject the Doctrines, and despise the Duties of the Christian Religion, *they are in practice, worse than robbers and fools.*

Only prove to me that I shall be both happier and better by denying my Saviour, and surrendering all my hopes of heaven and a joyful resurrection; for the liberty to profane the sabbath, indulge in licentious pleasures, and all my prospects to be bounded within six feet of earth; and my after life that of an offensive smelling insect, and I will embrace your opinions. But my friends, if I had no Bible to assure me of an existence beyond the grave, I would cultivate the light that is within me, rely upon the facts of preternatural appearances, and still indulge the belief of my own immortal existence, consciousness and happiness in another state of being. What is it but an evil heart which reigns within you, fostering your unbelief and horrid infidelity.

Think me not harsh, but let your own meditations refute me if *they* can? I would not by any means, gentlemen, include yourselves as being of the number of those who would never have been *unbelievers*, had they not

---

* I remember being much confirmed in my faith, by observing the want of Moral Principle in unbelievers. Bishop Horne relates the following Anecdote, and hundreds of similar ones might no doubt be added.

"A servant of the late Mr. Mallet, who had made the improvement that might be expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behaviour, 'Sir, said he, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery.' 'Well, but replied the master, had you no fear of that death which the laws of your country inflict upon the crime?' 'Sir, rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You have removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?'"

So true it is, only strip a man of the belief in a Future State of Rewards and Punishments, and of his own Moral Responsibility to an Almighty Judge, and you prepare him for any crime it is in the power of a human being to commit.

† It is always pleasant to find in the public addresses or publications of those whom we have long known, honoured, and affectionately esteemed, sentiments coincident with, or confirmatory of our own: which has particularly been my case, on reading the speech of J. R. Atkinson, Esq. of Elmwood House, Leeds, formerly of Greenfields, Shrewsbury, which was delivered by him, July 12, 1850, on his laying the first stone of a New Church in Leeds, to be called 'St. Matthew's.' The sentiments to which I refer are contained in the following brief extract; the latter clause of which is VERY strikingly to my purpose.

"We have met here this day to commence the erection of a church to be dedicated to the honour and glory of God, for the praise and adoration of His name; and the building of the church and the ministrations therein are vastly more important than the secular education of the school. The school, without that education which implants Christian principle upon the early mind and heart, would leave mankind like a ship at sea without a rudder, or, having a rudder, without a helm to guide and steer it.——This day, I have no doubt, will be recollected by the young people around me at some future period, and they may thank God that it ever entered into the mind of man to build a school in order that they may have an opportunity of acquiring that education which is calculated to be beneficial to them in their daily pursuits, and afterwards to plant a church where they will be taught those doctrines of eternal truth, which alone can be a consolation to them in after life. They may depend upon it, that without the Christian principle being implanted in the human mind, there is no solid foundation to rest upon, for it is the only principle which can sustain and strengthen their spirits in adversity, alleviate the pains to which they are subject in life, and give consolation in the hour of death."—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

first became sinners. Here some objections were urged to my general assertions. Well then, I said, let us examine the last hours of believers and unbelievers; and tell me, are not the last hours of a man's life the most precious. You know, and we all know, of many instances of believers dying happily, and in triumph; but we never hear of an unbeliever attaining to anything like happiness in his dying moments: unless a reckless stupid insensibility, can be called happiness in death.

"For when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight;
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight.

But the Infidel then—he beholds no to-morrow,
Yet he knows that his moments are hasting away;
Poor Soul! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day."

Now for the results of our debate; as it regards ONE of the party particularly, Mr. Howarth, he continued to profess his total disbelief in Supernatural Appearances,* and Disturbances; but his keen cousin and fellow unbeliever, thought he was not firm in his unbelief, and he contrived a sham night disturbance, which so far operated on Mr. Howarth's mind, that not being able to discover the cheat, he, in great agitation declared his conviction of the reality of Supernatural Appearances and Disturbances, and that while he argued with Mr. Hulbert, he was convinced of the truth of all he said; and that he, Mr. H. was now a Christian again. This was a result and a declaration Mr. Roberts had not anticipated, and fearing his Cousin, like his Aunt, and his Wife would renounce infidelity, he informed him that he, Mr. R. was the contriver and actor of the supposed Disturbances he had heard. —This aroused the indignation of Mr. Howarth to the highest degree; he instantly seized the tongs from beside the fire-grate, and vowed certain death to Mr. Roberts, if he ever mentioned the circumstance, adding, I shall be laughed at by all my acquaintance, and ashamed ever to see Mr. Hulbert. Mr. Roberts promised secrecy, but murder will out. On my calling at Cooke street, neither Mr. Howarth nor Mr. Roberts being present, Mrs. Roberts greatly to my surprise and amusement, related the manner of the hoax, as will be seen in vol. iii. page 309, of my Museum of the World. Afterwards Mr. Howarth refrained from all controversy with me; he finally left Manchester and removed to the metropolis of a neighbouring county, where I believe he married and became a good Christian and a Churchman, whether now a mortal in this world, or a spirit in another, I cannot tell.

Mr. Hunter with all his family, a wife, seven daughters and a son, emigrated to the United States. He only remained there one cold winter, and in the spring returned to Manchester. Here difficulties assailed them anew. Unable himself to meet with a situation suited to his abilities, few or no real friends, he was reduced to the last degree of necessity and distress. In this extremity, he had no resource to save his family from perishing, but that of pledging one of his most valuable articles of dress; for which purpose he directed his steps to a pawnbroker's in the neighbourhood, and begged for ten shillings upon the garment, the pawnbroker would only lend half that sum; unwilling to accept it, in the warmth of passion, which disappointment creates, he dashed the garment with violence on the shop counter, exclaiming, 'we will fast another day,' at the same moment the delightful jink of money saluted his ears, he instantly recollected, when at Liverpool preparing for his voyage to New York, to prevent robbery, he sewed up two guineas in the lining of the article he was intending to pledge—yes, perhaps for

---

* For many authentic instances of Supernatural Appearances, and the Fulfilment of Prophetic Dreams, see my Essay on Dreams and Night Visions, published many years ago. From the Preface to which is given the following extract.

The following have been selected out of many hundreds authentic instances of Supernatural interference, and do most clearly show—That there is a God—because there can be no effect without a cause;—that God undoubtedly exerciseth a particular providence among mankind, either by his own direct agency, or the agency of angels, and holy departed spirits, who are his ministers in the government of the world. ——It is humbly hoped that by the perusal of this little tract, the weak and wavering Christian will be confirmed in his faith, and that the unfortunate Sceptic will be induced to reflect on his awful situation—that he is arguing in opposition to the best and most authentic facts which can possibly be adduced—that the belief of a superintending Providence has been found in all nations and ages of the world—and that he rashly opposes his own judgment, to the common consent of mankind.

*An Enlarged Edition of the Essay named, will most probably appear hereafter.*

ever to part with. This was probably one of the happiest moments of his life. The providence was too striking to be overlooked. His heart beat with sensations to which it had been long a stranger, he hastened home, acquainted his family with the gracious interposition on their behalf, when all fell upon their knees adoring the goodness of the Deity; expressing their firm belief in the superintending care of a beneficent Heaven. His gloomy Infidelity now vanished before the light of a glorious conviction, that, 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the notice of the Father of the Universe.'

Before the two guineas were expended, he obtained a Clerk's situation in the office of Mr. Andrew Patten, Iron Liquor Manufacturer. Being now again a Christian he attended Divine Worship in the Chapel, formerly that of my relative, the Rev. J. Mottershead, and had a commodious pew in the gallery. Most delightful it was to see the Father occupying a seat nearest the door of the pew, and the Mother seated at the opposite extreme, and eight Children filling up the space between. So it is with religion, when it has its due effect on its professors, it creates order and happiness; manifesting to all, its origin to be Heavenly and Divine.

About the year 1816, Mr. Hunter paid me a visit at Shrewsbury; he was then in prosperous circumstances, when he related the above instance of the interposition of Divine Providence: and that he now believed all the Providences he had formerly heard me relate. Since which period, I have not heard of him; I hope he still lives, and is happy. Of Mr. Roberts, I shall speak hereafter.

How wonderful are the Evidences of the Truth of our most Holy Faith, but to yourself, my ever dear Charles, and all really converted and experienced Christians of all denominations; there is a *testimony*, there is a *witness* to the Truth of Religion, which places it beyond all manner of doubt, viz:—the witness of the spirit, bearing witness with our spirit, that we are the Children of God. Yet this evidence cannot be exhibited to the unbeliever, nor would he receive our testimony. We can admire the beauty and harmony of the Holy Book, we find in it an inexhaustible fund of holy comfort and consolation, at home or abroad, in health or in sickness, in life and in death. It is a book completely suited to the nature and the wants of man under all circumstances. This fact also proves its Divine Origin and Character.

"Most wondrous book! Bright candle of the Lord!—
This book,—this holy book, on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine; and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time,
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow:
And evermore beseeching men with tears,
And earnest sighs, to hear, believe, and live!"

How descriptive of the Bible are also the lines of another Christian Poet.

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn."

Let the Unbeliever read the verses beneath by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, entitled, "The Death of the Sceptic, and Christian Contrasted."

"Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When, pale, and shivering, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying sceptic felt his hour draw near;
From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell;
As the last throes of death convulsed his cheek,
He gnash'd and scowl'd, and raised a hideous shriek;
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare;
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!

Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die,
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
The hope religion pillows on his heart.
When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true;
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fully longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away."

I remain, my dear Son,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

# LETTER XXI. MANCHESTER CONTINUED: PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP, ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS, &c.

"The proudest poetry of youth
Is, "Would I were a man!"
The golden years that lie between
Youth, like a dream, would span:
'Tis in its thought,—'tis in its heart,—
'Tis ever on its tongue;
But, oh! the poetry of age,
It is,—"*When I was young!*"

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet
Would distant pathways find;
The sun still face to face we meet,—
The shadow falls *behind!*

But when the morn of life is o'er,
And nature grows less kind,
The length'ning shadow creeps *before*,—
The sunlight falls behind!

With many a murmur, slow and sad,
The stream of life flows on;
That which we prized not when we had
Is doubly prized when gone!
And many a sad and solemn truth
Lies written on life's page,
Between the "Poetry of Youth,"
And "Poetry of Age."

CHARLES SWAIN.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

WHILE I fear to extend the History of my Native Town; so many places, characters, and events still crowd my memory: and in manuscript recollections appear before me, that in spite of myself, I perceive I shall exceed the proportion of space I had allotted. But aged people are never tired of relations that comprise the scenes of their youthful days.

To continue my Narrative from page 140, a lounge at the Book Shops was a great treat; we often went to Messrs. Clarke's Shop in the Market Place, but more frequently to the Shop and Stall of honest John Hopps in the New Market. He gave the best price for Old Books of any one in the Town, and sold them to his customers at the least possible profit, Hence he became the medium through which a knowledge of Books and a love of them were engendered and fostered in many a youthful mind; and in few, more intensely than, my dear Charles, that of your Father: to such a degree of enthusiasm my passion for books had attained, that I considered that *business* day lost which did not furnish me with an additional Book—so that my collection soon became numerous and really valuable. If possible I always visited Mr. Hopp's shop before business hours commenced, and after their termination, and very often in company with Mr. Bound, Mr. Roberts or Mr. Howarth; both of the latter gentlemen also book collectors, and acquainted with the Latin and French Languages, studied the Mathematics and General Science. Theology, Biblical Criticism, History, and Miscellaneous Literature, were to my mind the most interesting subjects of study.

On Thursday evenings, Mr. Peter Bound, and myself seldom failed to attend the weekly lectures of the Evangelical Clergy of different Churches, who at that time, and on those occasions exchanged pulpits with each other. These were improving and delightful opportunities. Dr. Bayley was our great favourite, and we followed him to whatever Church he was appointed. Not even my honoured Father could have been more proud, when Royalty took his arm, than I was, when that beloved Minister of God's word would friendly place his arm in mine.

In the latter period of my residence in Manchester, we had the happy addition in our attendance on these valuable means of Grace of another youthful companion, now the honoured Incumbent of a respectable Parish in Cheshire. At this time it was the desire and intention of each of us, if ever within the reach of possibility, to become Ministers of the Church of England; one of the three only has had that desire gratified.

Neither Mr. P. Bound or myself could enter upon a preparation for College studies, but we thought we could not be doing wrong by exercising ourselves in reading the Services of the Church, and employing our leisure opportunities in the composition of Sermons. For this purpose, the warehouse in which my business engagements were pursued, offered an accommodation; so we erected a pulpit and reading desk, of empty boxes, tea chests, &c. When Mr. P. Bound would read the Service, our younger friend being sometimes Clerk, it became my office in that case to read an Original Discourse. On every succeeding occasion the appointments were changed; and so we proceeded, supposing no one could be acquainted with our private engagements: not so, Mr. and Mrs. Piccope had secretly listened, and too flatteringly expressed their opinion to Mr. and Mrs. Bound. Now Mr. Bound, sen. had purchased an unoccupied Cotton Manufactory, in Lever-street, which he emptied entirely of machinery, and fitted it up with pews lined with green-baize, handsome pulpit and reading desk, &c. the joint Pastorate of which he offered to Mr. Peter and myself. The responsibility of such a situation we durst not undertake; added to which, we feared thereby we should prejudice our entrance into the Ministry through the *Episcopal* door. The object of Mr. Bound was to create an income from the pew rents, and to pay a Minister or Ministers a salary, leaving him a *profit* for interest of his money, &c. A Mr. Matthew Coe for a time officiated, afterwards a Mr. Hearne, a clerical looking gentleman, wearing a clerical wig—each of them had been engaged as Local Preachers among the Wesleyan Methodists. Whether any one succeeded Mr. Hearne, I do not remember; it was eventually abandoned as a Church, and was more successfully occupied as a Sunday School. At that time, the Rev. Edward Smythe was Minister of St. Clement's, in the near vicinity of Mr. Bound's Chapel, consequently his talents and learning would far exceed those of any Minister Mr. Bound could possibly engage.

Mr. Peter Bound had a peculiar fancy for visiting different Churches and Places of Public Worship, and which was far from being disagreeable to myself.—Yet on Sundays my affections led me either to visit Swinton, and attend Mr. Nuttall; or if in Manchester, on the ministry of Dr. Bayley, and sometimes on particular occasions, at six o'clock, at Oldham-street Chapel. In my Manuscript Preparation, as originally designed for Publication, I have notices of all the Churches and other Places of Public Worship in the Town, with Anecdotes and Biographical Sketches of many of their respective Ministers, but for the reason so often assigned, (want of space) must for the present be omitted, and a few only selected.

I have previously given a Statistical Account of the various Places of Public Worship in Manchester at the present time, not doubting that in the course of the next 20 years most astonishing will be the addition to the number stated. Notwithstanding the great Christian exertions, there are still in Manchester, Socialists, Painites, and various shades of Unbelievers; yet I am assured their numbers are on the decrease.—The increased zeal of the Ministers of the Establishment, their improved system of Parochial Visiting, the zeal of all other Christian Ministers, and the religious instruction afforded at Sunday Schools by all denominations, have happily driven infidelity from the public gaze. Yet, that it does exist to an awful extent among some classes of Operatives cannot be denied; and that a certain description of Cheap Publications, vended in thousands, deseminate sentiments destructive of all loyal and religious feeling, yet in such a manner as to evade the just punishment of the law, is also a melancholy truth. Against all these, I do most earnestly caution all my youthful readers, and say, touch not, handle not the unclean thing; be assured "There is Poison in the Cup, there is Death in the Pot."

During my residence in Manchester, and my occasional acquaintance with unbelievers who were once Christian professors, how often did they desire me to read their Infidel Publications, to visit the Tavern and the Theatre, and for *once* to indulge in the company of *free* women; describing in the most fascinating colours the pleasures they had themselves enjoyed. Firmly convinced of the Truth of Religion, the wickedness and fallacy of all their temptations, and disgust-

ed with their description of such immoral scenes. I every day saw a greater happiness and beauty in religion, and felt a stronger and more perfect hatred of infidelity and irreligion; and greatly do I rejoice, that by the grace of God, and the power of Religious feelings, I have to this day, during a lengthened life, been entirely preserved from intoxication: and never attended a theatre more than twice, and on each occasion only for a short time, and never under any circumstances had the company of a lewd woman, or entered a house of ill fame. What I might have been while resident in Manchester, had I not previously experienced in my own heart the Power of Religion, as related in page 111 of this volume,—had I not had so many proofs of a Divine Deliverer in cases of drowning, &c.—had not Heaven favoured me with a Revelation respecting my Grandfather's Death, and other Providential interferences. I shudder even to contemplate what might have been my fate with fewer advantages.

Here I must again record my obligation to those zealous Ministers of God's Holy Word, Dr. Bayley, and the Rev. W. Nuttall; and also to my attendance with Mr. Peter Bound, on the weekly Lectures of the Associated Clergy of Manchester, at their different Churches, on Thursday Evenings. At St. James's there were often Sermons on Week-day Evenings, by some of the most eminent Evangelical Ministers of the day.

I have heard in Dr. Bayley's pulpit, the great Mr. Simeon of Cambridge; my venerated first Pastor, Mr. Whittaker* of Ringway; Mr. Ollerenshaw of Mellor; Mr. Winter of Oldham: Mr. Atkinson of Todmorden; Mr. Crosse of Bradford; Mr. Simpson of Macclesfield, &c.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH is situated in George Street, is built of Brick, is commodious and handsome, and has a Stone Spire: will accommodate 1400 persons. It was consecrated, August 18th, 1787. Erected at the expense of its first Incumbent, the good Doctor Bayley, aided by the sale of Pews. Adjoining the Church is a commodious Building, in which the pious Founder held weekly social Christian Meetings, over which he presided. On a Tuesday Evening, I think he met the pious young people of his congregation, and the following evening their seniors, or married persons; suiting his advice and instruction to their difference in situation and Christian experience. His great knowledge of the Hebrew Language enabled him to correct any apparent mistranslation, and to illustrate many difficult Passages in Holy Writ. I never had the privilege of hearing him deliver a Sermon on any occasion, but I found my knowledge increased, and my faith strengthened.

It is with pride I record, that Dr. Bayley was a native of Shropshire; born at Ashe, near Whitchurch, in the year 1757, and partly educated at Whitchurch Grammar School: of which highly respectable Seminary, when only 18 years of age, he for a short time filled the situation of Master. He afterwards assisted the Rev. T. Hatton of Waters Upton, in his School. For his knowledge of Hebrew, and in approbation of a Work he published, entitled "An Entrance into the Sacred Language," he had conferred upon him the degree of D. D. Indefatigable in his ministerial duties, and in his attention to the Poor, faithful to the Church, and loyal to his Prince, he lived beloved and died lamented, April 2, 1812. Dr. Bayley was honoured and esteemed by the great and good Reginald Heber, Rector of Hodnet, afterwards Lord Bishop of Calcutta; who, on the Portrait of the Doctor being published, kindly wrote me a letter, ordering the Engraving, and expressing his high opinion of the excellent Minister it represented. Though both these Divines were not Shropshire men by birth, yet the places of their nativity were not more than seven miles distant from each other. *See my Shropshire Biography and Chronology.*

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, SALFORD, was also built by its first Minister, the late Rev. N. M. Cheek. It is a handsome Church, built of brick and stone. Consecrated, July 22, 1794. Mr. Cheek was a faithful Evangelical Minister. At his Church I had the

---

* Page 36, I have stated from boyish recollection, that Mr. Whittaker was married, &c. a friend of my youthful days, a highly esteemed Clergyman of the Church of England, kindly corrects my error, and says, 'Mr. W. was never married, he had a sister who lived with him and kept his house.' The same friend also adds, 'I have been very much amused and highly gratified with your Memoirs.'

happiness to hear the late Rev. David Simpson of Macclesfield, in the year 1796 or 7, to preach a Charity Sermon for the Sunday School belonging to the Church; the Children were sitting on forms in the aisles, when the Preacher having forcibly displayed the value and importance of education to mankind, as developing and enlarging the mental abilities of the Scholars. He introduced some lines, a little altered, from 'Gray's Elegy,' saying 'We know not what diversity of talent may be developed by the exertions of the Teachers belonging to this School.'

"Of mind, like Hampden, who with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
A mute inglorious Milton there may sit,
And a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

His arguments were most convincing, his appeal drew from my humble resources a sum far beyond my previous intention to give. I was so impressed with his eloquence and fervour, that all my feelings were absorbed in the desire to be like him; and that if ever a way was opened for a preparation for Holy Orders, I would place myself under his tuition. On this subject I had the honour of his correspondence and advice. His death was a deep sorrow to my heart. It was the design of Mr. Nightingale, who visited me at Swinton, to have had his instruction also. Mr. N. had been a short time prior to his visit, a disciple of Thomas Paine, he was living at Chowbent in Lancashire, where he was born, and seemed about 3 years older than myself. His conversion he described as a wonderful interposition of Almighty Power, especially as he had commenced a course of audacious profligacy, and might have sunk into everlasting ruin. Mr. N. for a time resided at Macclesfield, and ministered to a small congregation who had the name of Methodists. He afterwards was induced to settle in London, where he supported himself principally by the exertions of his talents as an Author. In which capacity, he compiled several volumes of the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' particularly Shropshire.

About fifteen years ago, being at Prestbury Church, (see page 39) on the occasion of a Charity Sermon being preached, I think for the Sunday Schools. The service being over, I felt a great desire on the Evening part of the day to attend Christ's Church, Macclesfield, the scene of Mr. Simpson's pious labours, and from love to his memory, to visit his monument. Driving slowly along, I was overtaken by the Clergymen who had read Prayers and Preached at Prestbury; as they were on foot, I readily offered a seat to one or both in my conveyance, but which after finding two would inconvenience me, was declined, saying, they would walk by my side to Macclesfield. I quickly informed them of my design of attending Christ's Church, and my veneration for Mr. Simpson. "O then," remarked one of the Clergymen, "I fear you will be very much disappointed in the Preacher, he is a very high Calvinist; I would advise you to attend some other Place of Worship," No thank you Sir, I replied, I have made up my mind, and I may never visit Macclesfield again; so we passed on until we entered the Town, when we parted. I hastened to an Inn to put up my Horse, &c. and thence to Christ's Church. I was met at the door by the Beadle, who without making any observation, conducted me to the Pew over which was placed the Monument to the memory of the beloved Mr. Simpson. I thought this very remarkable. The Service commenced, and I had the gratification to see and hear the Clergyman read the Service and Preach, who admonished me not to attend. I listened most attentively for the high Calvinism, but could not discover a single sentiment of that tendency; all was the *pure Gospel* without controversy. Service ended, I stayed a few minutes to inspect the Monument in honour of Charles Roe, Esq. when my friend, as I venture to call the Minister, with a kind smile approached me, saying, "Did I not warn you of disappointment." Yes Sir, and had I listened to your warning, with my present knowledge of the Preacher, great indeed would have been my disappointment; as it is, I sincerely thank you, and may God ever bless such Sermons, and such a Ministry.

The Rev. David Simpson died deeply regretted, March 24th, 1799. For particulars of his Last Moments, see my '*Christian Memoirs*.' I regard with great Christian veneration, his living daughter, the relict of the late J. Lee, Esq. of Wem, and the whole family. How much they resemble in piety

and benevolence their illustrious ancestor; at present I forbear to speak.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH is situated in Lever-street, and is a handsome building of brick and stone, with a small stone spire. It was built by the late Rev. Edward Smythe, aided by subscriptions and the sale of pews. In my time it was licensed, but not consecrated—it has subsequently received that rite. Divine Service was first performed in it, on December 25th, 1793.

I feel great happiness in recording my high estimation of the character of the Rev. Edward Smythe, as a gentleman of admirable attainments. As a minister, sound in doctrine—eloquent as a speaker—pious and humane, as a Christian professor. Never was my heart more affected under any sermon, except when first I heard you, my dear Charles, at St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury; than under the first discourse I heard from the lips of Mr. Smythe. I remember the awful solemn manner in which he pronounced his text, '*Prepare to meet thy God.*' During my residence in Manchester, I received from him many acts of attention and kindness; and after my removal to Shrewsbury, we continued our friendship and correspondence. He published a volume of admirable Sermons, a Controversial Work in Defence of Universal Redemption, &c. all of which I had in my possession, as presentation copies, which, together with our correspondence, perished on that awful morning of January 7th, 1839. Our friendship was not forgotten by his venerable widow; and when I had the happiness to meet her at your house, in London, while you were Curate of St. Mary's, Islington, she expressed great delight in dwelling on the happy days of our acquaintance.

It was a singular circumstance, that in the year 1805, my ever revered friend, the late Daniel Burton, Esq. desired most earnestly to have proposed me for the Pastorate of St. Clement's; which, not being consecrated, might have been accepted by a layman. In hope that an application for Holy Orders to the Bishop of Llandaff, which will be noticed hereafter, would be successful, I declined the proposal, and which probably was an error, as I might, in all probability, have received Ordination eventually, and have been the legalized Pastor of that Church.

You will pardon me, my dear Charles, departing so often from the Chronological order of my Narrative, but it is to save time and space chiefly.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, situated near St. George's Road, is a large brick building, with a tower of the same materials. It is stated to have been erected as a speculation of *profit*, like that fitted up by Mr. Bound, previously mentioned, and each of them failed as *unrighteous speculations*. It was opened for Public Worship, April 1st, 1798. In my time the Rev. Mr. Johnson was Incumbent, who had a Church also at Tyldesley Banks; and a Mr. Jones was his Curate: neither of whom were Episcopally Ordained. Mr. Johnson was a very superior Preacher. When resident in Swinton, in company with Mr. Joseph Hulbert, I heard him several times deliver Lectures in a Meeting House or Chapel, at Pendlebury, belonging to Mr. Dinwiddie. I remember on one Sunday Evening being greatly amused; Service being ended, and Mr. Johnson leaving the premises, one of his hearers, perfectly infuriated, charged him with having "scandalized and exposed him in his sermon, saying, that he told the whole congregation all his faults," the man also used threatening language. "My good friend," calmly said Mr. Johnson, "I did not know you were there; it is the Holy Spirit enlightening your conscience, giving you a sight of yourself, and I pray God it may end in your thorough conversion, and final salvation.—I will pray for you." I never heard what was the result.

Mr. Jones, though inferior in talent, was useful. Mrs. Piccope having received serious impressions under his ministry, on week-day evenings, she would often invite me to accompany herself and younger branches of the family to hear him. He read the whole of the Church Service with due attention and solemnity. Mr. Bound not being able to engage his son and myself to become the Pastors of his Church, proposed to Mr. Jones, and they agreed as to salary; but previous to finally closing, Mr. Bound intrusted me with a Paper containing a definition of the Doctrines Mr. Jones was to preach; the substance of which embraced the sentiments of the Wesleyan Methodists, viz:—The freedom of man's will—the fall of man, and,

his universal depravity—the recovery by Jesus Christ, who tasted death for every man—the necessity of the new birth—repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—a *knowledge* of salvation by the remission of sins—inward and outward holiness until death,—and that the holiest and best of men, if unfaithful to the grace given, may finally fall, and be lost for ever. On reading the latter sentiment, he became violently agitated. We were then sitting in Mr. Piccope's parlour, the family present; when Mr. Jones eagerly seizing the pen I had in my hand, wrote with indignation at the foot of the paper, "J. Jones rejects this system of mental slavery of the mind.—

J. JONES."

A series of ministers, after Mr. Jones, occupied the pulpit; the last unordained, was the Rev. Robert Bradley, who had afterwards the honour to receive Ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Chester, and became Chaplain to the Manchester Workhouse. The Church was finally purchased by subscription, and consecrated January 17th, 1818.

In the preceding selection of Notices of Churches, my principal motive for the arrangement, was, a more particular acquaintance with them or their ministers during my residence in Manchester. The following have all been erected since I left the Town, but from personal feelings have been also introduced.

ALL SAINT'S CHURCH followed in chronological order that of St. George. It stands in the centre of Grosvenor Square, Oxford Road, and is surrounded with a Cemetery, which is very neatly laid out and planted. The Church is built of stone, and is an elegant and spacious structure, founded by the Rev. Charles Burton, L.L. D. and consecrated in 1820.

This excellent and talented Divine is the son of my ever-valued friend, the late Daniel Burton, Esq. of whom I shall have many particulars to relate in future pages.

This beautiful and interesting Structure suffered greatly from a lamentable fire, in the spring of the present year 1850. This calamity speedily called into action the kind feelings of affection entertained for the Doctor, by his Congregation, and the Town generally.



A spirited Subscription was opened, and finally, I doubt not, the Sacred Edifice will be entirely restored and beautified: and may Providence ever preserve it from a like calamity. Of Dr. Burton, were I to comply with the dictates of my heart and feelings, I should say much. Among early reminiscences, I might give a copy of lines, addressed to myself his still attached friend, when only nine years of age; which, without ever having been transferred to paper by me, are still impressed with perfect freshness on my memory. We have not seen each other probably of forty years.

CHRIST CHURCH, SALFORD, situated in Acton Square, is a neat stone structure, and was consecrated in 1831. Incumbent, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M. A.

Mr. Stowell is the son of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell of the Isle of Man; a pious, devoted Clergyman of the Church of England. I remember his visit to Shrewsbury 26 or 27 years ago, when he attended a Meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society, in the Town Hall; the Venerable Archdeacon Corbett in the Chair, from whom Mr. Stowell received the politest attention,—he consequently was intrusted with a Motion, and I deeply regret the loss by my sad Fire of a Report of the Meeting, and the speech of Mr. S. I however recollect something of his introduction, which elicited attention and approbation.—"I am," said the amiable and pious Divine, "the Minister of a very little Church, in a very little Island; I am myself a very little man, and can only make a very little speech," &c. &c. No address was listened to however with greater attention.

In the year 1824, being at Douglas, I attended St. Matthew's Church, and there heard Mr. Stowell preach an excellent Discourse. After Service, I paid my respects to the venerable Minister of God's Word, in the vestry; who expressed his particular gratification at seeing me, and kindly invited me to pay him a visit, which nothing but the want of time prevented me the great happiness such an opportunity would have afforded.

The Rev. Hugh Stowell of Christ Church, Salford, like the Rev. Hugh M'Neile of St. Jude's Church, Liverpool, is a talented speaker, and able defender of the Evangelical Doctrines of the Church of England.

[illegible] Lancashire [illegible] Mr. Barton [illegible] Mr. Barton [illegible] Mr. Barton

ing House in Dickinson street, erected in 1795, as had also the Baptists one in Withy Grove. The Unitarians, besides that in Cross Street, had one in Moseley Street, erected in 1789. The Independents had one Chapel in Cannon Street, the gable fronting the street, and another, a very handsome building in Moseley Street. St. Andrew's Chapel in Lloyd Street, belonging to the Scotch Presbyterians was built in 1799.

THE NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH in Peter Street, was erected in 1793. Of this Place of Religious Worship, the Rev. William Cowherd was sometime Minister. He afterwards erected a new building called *Christ's Church*, in Salford, which was opened for Public Worship, September 28th, 1800. The Pulpit is singularly constructed, and very low. About seven years after its erection, being in Manchester on a visit to a very dear and excellent friend, Mr. John Rawson, formerly of Nottingham, an extensive and highly respectable Manufacturer of Hosiery and Lace. In company with Mr. R. and the Landlord of the ground on which the building was erected, I visited Mr. Cowherd's so named Church. It happened at that time, there was service at a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, situated in the near vicinity, at which place of worship my companions were accustomed to attend. We however, to indulge our curiosity, walked into Mr. Cowherd's Place of Worship, when the Beadle or Pew-opener, very politely introduced us into a pew nearest but one to the Pulpit. In a few minutes, Mr. Cowherd entered, when adjusting his robes, he fixed his eyes on his visitors, saying, "I thought I had given orders to my people to be careful how they introduced strangers into their pews; and I see Satan (meaning his Landlord) is come, and has brought two witnesses with him to catch me in my words; but I felt an evil influence in the Church the moment I entered, and now I perceive from whence it proceeds." This address could not do less than excite my risible muscles, when casting his eye pointedly on me, he said, "How dare you laugh in my presence? But come, I will tell you something you never heard before, and will never hear again."—He then opened the Bible and found Genesis, chapter xxii. which he proceeded to expound in a most extraordinary manner, denying that Abraham ever intended to sacrifice his Son, or was so directed by the Almighty Being.—The exposition he gave of the intention of Abraham, from reasons of delicacy, will not bear recital. He then attacked the Orthodox Doctrine of the Atonement with feeble effect; he informed us also, that the Day of Resurrection was passed, &c.

Of this tirade Mr. Rawson became weary, when Mr. Cowherd addressing him, said, "Do not yawn so." I then held up my watch for him to see what time it was, when he very good humouredly said, "I dare say you want to go and hear some Methodist Preacher or other, and I am quite candid. Come John, open the pew door for the gentlemen, and I will proceed."

We each moved to him on retiring, and returned home not a little amused, but not in the least instructed by the teaching we had heard. Mr. Cowherd was frequently called Doctor, in consequence of some skill he possessed in Medicine, and his exertions were often successful among the poor in his vicinity. He denied himself the use of animal food, and all intoxicating liquors, and recommended the same abstinence to his flock; some of whom zealously embraced his opinions, and were called Pudding-eaters, and those who continued the ancient practice were called Beef-eaters. He died 29th of April, 1816, aged 51 years. I have read the eccentric Epitaph on the stone which points out the place where his earthly remains are deposited, and which states, "He was understood by few: feared by all: and loved by none."

He certainly was a man of talent and ingenuity. When Minister of the New Jerusalem Church, I once heard him preach an extempore Sermon on the Evidences of Christianity, well deserving Publication. He published a rather valuable, as well as a curious Work, entitled "Facts Authentic," in a thick quarto volume; being an immense number of Short Extracts from Books of Travels, &c. in illustration of Bible History. The copy I possessed at the time of my Fire was partly, but not entirely consumed; the Fragments are preserved.

THE OLD DISSENTERS' CHAPEL is situated in Cross Street. "This is a very hand-

some and spacious Building* of brick and stone, encompassed on three sides by a burying yard.—The original and first place of worship possessed by the Dissenters in Manchester, was built upon this site in 1693. The first minister was Henry Newcombe, M. A. who had been the minister of the Parish Church, during the Interregnum; but who, on the restoration, was dispossessed, and the Church again placed in the hands of the Wardens and Fellows. Mr. Newcombe did not long enjoy the new situation which his friends had prepared, for he died in 1695. The Chapel was nearly destroyed by a mob in 1714, and Parliament granted the sum of £1500 to repair it. In 1737 it was enlarged and re-built, and in 1788 it was again enlarged. Originally, the persons assembling in this Chapel for worship, were called Puritans; for many years they were chiefly Arians, but are now decidedly Unitarians."

"The inside of this Chapel is very spacious and handsome; the wainscotting of the pews is remarkably good; the gallery encompasses it on four sides; and the whole is capable of accommodating a great number of people. A clock is placed opposite the pulpit; behind which, at a proper elevation, is a large and powerful Organ, which was erected, by subscription, in the year 1799. To this Chapel is attached a Cemetery; an appendage which most of those used by Dissenters are wanting."

"The congregation attached to this chapel," says Mr. Aston, in his Picture of Manchester, "is composed of persons of the first respectability; and they have provided liberally for their two ministers, who are now the highly gifted and highly respected Rev. J. G. Robberds, and the Rev. J. H. Worthington, the former being elected by the congregation on the death of the Rev. R. Harrison, and the latter on the removal of the Rev. J. Grundy, to Liverpool."

In the interior of this spacious and venerable structure, a few feet only from the front of the reading desk, rest the remains of the Rev. Joseph Mottersbead, (previously spoken of in pages 21, 22, and 122) over which is a grave-stone, containing the following Latin inscription; the dotted letters being the only ones defaced.

Hic sepultæ su:: ::::
quæ Margret Uxoris
secundæ Josephi Motter
shead V. D. M. obt Jan. 31. 1739.
Necnon Abigail Uxoris
tertiæ obt Decemr 28. 1751.
Utræque fuerunt gratios.

The Revd Mr. Joseph Mottersbead dy'd
Novr 4. 1771. Aged 83.

Sarah Blackmore died October 27th
1792. Aged 81 Years.

The Revd Gabrl Nichols died
March 23. 1778. Aged 74 years.

For the copy of the above inscription, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. J.G. Robberds, obligingly communicated in answer to an enquiry I recently made; who, also very amusingly corrects the error of the Chapel being dedicated to St Plungent. "The name of St. Plungent's Chapel" he says, "was originally given to it in joke, from the circumstance, that the ground on which it stands once belonged to a Mr. Plungeon, but for many years past it has been called only "Cross Street Chapel." This excellent and beloved Divine, in continuation kindly observes, "Though so many years have passed since the death of your venerable ancestor, I am only the second Minister in succession from him; my predecessor, Mr. Harrison, having filled the pulpit for more than forty years, and I being now in the fortieth year of my ministry in the same Chapel."

Soon after leaving Manchester, I once attended the Cross Street Chapel, when I heard the late Dr. Barnes deliver a splendid Discourse on the Being and Attributes of God.

But of all the places erected for Public Worship in Manchester, none are so interesting to my feelings and sympathies, as the venerable COLLEGIATE, now CATHEDRAL CHURCH. My limits will but admit of few particulars relative to this venerable structure, in addition to those already given, (see page 122.) Often when passing near on business, or in my leisure walks would my veneration for this Ancient Temple of Religion, direct my feet to the place of my first

* Vide Aston's Guide, third edition, also page 122 of this volume.

vows—and where in after years I confirmed those promises. It was while entirely resident in Swinton, that my mind was duly prepared for the solemn duty. Though much taller and older than any other of the young people who had been prepared for Confirmation, I walked from Swinton to Manchester, with the juvenile candidates, proud of being placed nearest to Mr. Nuttall, who was at the head of the Procession. After entering the Church, such was its crowded state, there being 5000 candidates, with their friends and spectators, that I was soon separated from my company; and in the rush towards the chancel and to the presence of the Bishop, I was involuntarily carried forwards, until I came to the partition doors, separating the choir from the body of the Church; when by some accident or pressure, my right arm, like the right arm of the letter T, became extended along the partition as we entered, and my body forced through the entrance into the choir. The pressure against my arm was extreme, I could not by any possibility withdraw it. At the same time there was an equal pressure on my body; at this moment I conceived the arm must necessarily be torn from the shoulder. I should have fallen to the ground from exhaustion in the struggle, had not the crowd borne me up. In this extremity, I cried out, O my arm will be torn from my body, I shall be killed; instantly, as if stayed by a Divine Power, the pressure ceased, and I was permitted to withdraw my arm, which had suffered a painful dislocation at the elbow. Notwithstanding the pain, I persevered, and with sincere gratitude to God, and fervent resolutions to abide by the obligations entered into at my Baptism, by my Sponsors; I knelt before the Altar, and with feelings I cannot describe, received the blessing of the venerable servant of God. From first to last of this memorable day, I believe I may truly say, it was one of the holiest of my life.

Since that period, the Church has undergone great improvements and repairs. It was re-built in the reign of Henry VII. and still remains a noble specimen of the decorative style of Gothic Architecture. The utility and propriety of the improvements alluded to, have been the subject of constant panegyric.

.oo

"When the alterations of the Church commenced," says Mr. Aston, "the Font, by permission of the Earl of Derby, was removed to the Chapel, which is large and spacious, at the North-east end of the Church, much to the advantage and comfort of the congregation; whose devotion was too often diverted, and their attention to their duties annoyed by the cries of the infant candidates for Christianity."

After the conclusion of these alterations, some of the old wainscotting became useless, a few yards of which being exposed for sale at a broker's door in the Old Millgate: out of reverence for the sanctuary, and a foolish fondness for old carved oak, I became the purchaser, and have it still in my possession; always designing, if ever I should have a Church, to introduce the the precious remain into some appropriate situation. I have twice, within these last twelve months, attended Public Worship in the Manchester Cathedral; the congregation on each occasion was immense; and I considered the Parish Church, of the place of my nativity, to be the most spacious and splendid of any Parochial Structure in the British Empire.

I find my feelings are leading my pen to extend its labour far beyond the apportioned limits; this has so often been my failing, that I do wish, that instead of commencing a work which should embrace so many places, subjects, and circumstances, I had confined my labours to the History of my Native Town and its Inhabitants—yet I must notice a few particulars connected with the "Old Church," and one of its Ministers—though in all probability, at this period of time, and to the present generation, they will be of little interest.

The Rev. Joshua Brookes was Chaplain during the time of my residence in Manchester. He was an industrious minister of the Church, and I do believe, though we had many disagreements on religious subjects, he had some esteem for his youthful, friendly opponent. I sometimes attended my Parish Church, but Mr. Brookes wished to see me there constantly; and when I told him that when I did not go to Swinton, I attended Dr. Bayley's Church. "Oh! he's a rank *Methody*, and you may as well go to John Wesley's Preaching Shop in *Owdham* Street at once."

[illegible] an undue
[illegible] ng in your own
[illegible] sentiments of Mr.
[illegible] ing all by not wit-
[illegible] on being at
[illegible] company with a
[illegible] Establish-
[illegible] being disen-
[illegible] selves;
[illegible] indulged
[illegible] which Mr. B.
[illegible] -How dare
[illegible] Divine
[illegible] ing his feelings,
[illegible] you any more?
[illegible] was instantly com-

[illegible] I could relate, I will add, Mr. [illegible] but he was [illegible] Church, and [illegible] Chaplaincy, he in- [illegible] pale of Christi- [illegible] the bands of [illegible] ever prece-

[illegible] College. In [illegible] ster, (see page [illegible] notice is given of [illegible] Summary of sound learning; [illegible] myself to pass it [illegible] information.

[illegible] was [illegible] Charter in 1655. Hum- [illegible] benefactor; who, [illegible] and brought up [illegible] Salford, ordered [illegible] number should be aug-

---

would have [illegible] a meal of "stark porridge," which he said [illegible] servant, would partake of with him; and if they [illegible] at the same room with his [illegible] complied with. [illegible] custom, [illegible] two holes filled [illegible] dipped his ap- [illegible] spoon in his [illegible] Doctor, that [illegible] returned, by [illegible] throwing a spoonful in John's face—who then threw a hand- [illegible] fist at John, who returned the compliment, continuing it until each were besmattered and nearly blinded. This the patient witnessed, and became so diverted with the scene, that he fell into a fit of laughter, and the effort bursting the tumour, his life was saved.

---

[illegible] ing [illegible] ing [illegible] ing [

mented, viz: 1 from Droydlsden, 2 from Crumpsall, 4 from Turton, and 10 from Bolton: leaving the interest of £7,000 for their maintenance and instruction, from six to fourteen years of age—at which period they were to be put out to some trade. The scholars are instructed in Reading, Writing, Grammar, and Arithmetic; they are clothed, fed, boarded, and lodged in the venerable building denominated "The College." The School is conducted with great attention and ability. The number of scholars at the present period may exceed one hundred.

The PUBLIC LIBRARY‡ occupies an extensive Gallery in the building, which, like the School, ever since its foundation, has been attended with increasing prosperity. The original annual sum appropriated by the Founder for the purchase of Books, and the salary of the Librarian, was £116; but by improvements in the appropriated estates, the income is more than trebled. He also bequeathed £1,000 for the purchase of books to found the Library, which were to be with any increase, "for the use of scholars, and all others" (of Manchester,) "well affected to resort thereto." He further directed, that the books should remain there for ever, "as a Public Library," and "that care be taken that none of the Books be taken out of the Library at any time."

The Rev. John Ratcliffe, M. A. a late Librarian, published in 1791, a Catalogue of the Books, in 2 vols. 8vo. under the title of "Bibliotheca Chethamensis." A Supplement was published in 1826, by the then Librarian, the Rev. P. Hordern. A complete Catalogue is now preparing by its present Librarian, T. Jones, Esq. B. A. which from the specimen sheet I have seen, promises to be of great utility to the Institution, and to Students generally. The Books now amount probably to 30,000 volumes, in various Languages, and on every branch of Science; besides some very curious MSS. Amongst others, rare and curious, are the following, viz:—"Visitation to Lancashire, by Flower and Glover; Hollingsworth's Mancuniensis; Keurden's Collection for a History of Lancashire; Smith's Visitation of Lancashire in 1529; Lyndsay's History of Scotland, the original MS., and several others. Pedigrees and Papers collected by the late Mr. Barrett, &c. Besides the Books and MSS. (enclosed in cases, and in pew-like classes) are several Natural and Artificial Curiosities.

Free admission into the Library, and access to the Books is allowed to all orderly persons, from half-past eight o'clock to twelve in the morning; and from one o'clock 'till five in the afternoon; or in the winter 'till dusk; no candle being allowed to be burned in the Library.

Little is known of the Private History of the munificent Founder of this College, beyond that he was born in 1580; that he acquired a large property in trade; that he was High Sheriff in 1635, and died in 1653, in the 74th year of his age.

Again I have to regret, that the limits of my Publication precludes the possibility of introducing one-half the histories and anecdotes I have recorded of ministers and other individuals connected with the Church and the Dissenters of my time. I had also compiled a memoir of the late Sir Robert Peel, and his illustrious Father; also of Col. Ackers; Messrs. Yates and Halliwell, not forgetting the *Chocolate*† *story of the latter*, and many

‡ I have this moment been kindly informed by the Librarian, that the Books I had the happiness to present, (through your medium, my dear Charles,) to the Institution, have safely arrived; and one portion of them deposited in the general Library, and the others (being of a minor character) were placed in the Collection formed for the use of the Boys in the Hospital—an arrangement most useful, and gratifying to my feelings. This will afford those relatives and friends in the Town and vicinity, who have kindly expressed their desire to have some acquaintance with the County of my adoption, an opportunity of reading or consulting the following humble productions of my Pen and Press.

The History of the Town and County of Salop, 1 vol. quarto.
An improved and enlarged Edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, 1 vol. quarto.
The Manual of Shropshire Biography, and Chronology, Annals of the Severn, &c. royal 8vo.
The Antiquities of Cheshire, 1 vol. quarto.
The Museum of the World, 4 vols. 12mo.
The Religions of Britain, 12mo.
Christian Memoirs, 12mo.
The Christian's Book, 12mo. &c. &c.

† I cannot however in justice to my readers, cancel an anecdote which shews vividly the change of manners and times during one man's life. Mr. Halliwell it seems was President of the 'Commercial Clerks' Society,' at Manchester, and after dinner he was usually called upon to relate 'The *Coccolate* Story,' which he could do with inimitable humour and effect, in something like the following words. "When I first set out as a Commercial Traveller, I was *grandly* equipped with a pair of saddle-bags across my shoulder, containing in one end a few scores of Patterns, and in the other my KIT—a pair of shirts, stockings, &c. Towns and Drapers' Shops

[illegible]

[illegible]

Your sorrowing for the disappointment,

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

[illegible]

## LETTER XXII. MANCHESTER CONTINUED, VISIT TO HALTON,

LIVERPOOL, &c. HAPPY DEATH OF AN INFANT. AND OF MASTER JOSEPH PICCOPE, ACCIDENT FROM A RESTIVE HORSE. AWFUL DEATH OF AN UNBELIEVER, ENGAGEMENT TO LEAVE MANCHESTER, &c. &c.

"All hail, religion!—thou alone can'st give
Our wishing thoughts with views around the tomb;
To brighter prizes, by thee we dare aspire,
And snatch a foretaste of the worth to come.

Oh! still as through life's dreary vale I stray,
On my sad soul thy cheering influence pour,
That guided by thy bright unerring ray,
My feet may gain at length that heavenly shore."

MAURICE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

To the present moment I look back with delight to the whole of the period of my engagement and employment with good Mr. Piccope. During my residence under his roof, his business prospered many fold, and my happiness advanced in the same proportion, as did also the attachment of my Manchester friends; but I felt myself still the heir of the Westwoods, beloved also by my Brother and Sister, and other friends in Swinton: and the circumstance of my only Brother becoming decidedly religious, increased that affection, and the enjoyment of the Sabbath duties at Swinton. And notwithstanding our difference with regard to the Truth of Religion, Messrs. Roberts and Howarth often walked over to Swinton on the Sabbath, and never hesitated to attend with me on Divine Service. These gentlemen perceiving that nothing could induce me to change my religious views, Mr. Robberts declared that he was so convinced of my sincerity in religion, and that it tended so much to make me happy, that he could not in charity ever wish me to change. Hence our friendship for each other, from that time, was rather increased than diminished.

You have often heard me relate, my dear Charles, at home, and in the Factory Sunday School, the following circumstances. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Rawson, chief clerk in the house of Messrs. Charles Wood & Co. Manchester, and myself, during the Whitsuntide holidays of 1800, visiting Halton, Runcorn, and Liver-

pool. At the latter place we had private lodgings with a very respectable family of the name of Wilkinson, the master of which was Captain of a Merchant's Vessel, and had also with his wife, lately become very religious. The cause of which, the good lady with many tears of grief mingled with joy, thus related.

"You see, gentlemen, we are in mourning, and that is in consequence of having lost our only child, a son of three years and a half old, the sweetest little fellow that ever lived," (here grief almost prevented her proceeding) "but why should I sorrow," she remarked, "since his death was so happy, and has been of so much importance to ourselves. For you must know, gentlemen, before his being called away from us, we were living without God in the world, breaking the Sabbath, and neglecting all religious duties; and little did we know what was daily passing in the mind of our dear infant. For some weeks before his departure, we remarked his great desire to be alone, and that several times a day he would retire into his own little bedroom—for what purpose we could not divine; so one day I went gently up stairs, and my boy's bedroom door being only partially closed, I saw him on his knees by the bedside, and heard the little angel praying most earnestly for his parents, and in conclusion said, "Lord if thou art about to take me, do take my Mammy with me." You may judge what I felt. I related all to his Father, and his heart was equally affected; we each concluded that the Lord was about to take him to Heaven—and so it was; he lived a short time, but died very happy: sometimes praying for his parents, at other times expressing his desire to be in Heaven, and saying he should soon be there. In this frame of mind he closed his dear eyes. The whole (continued Mrs. W.) was wonderful to us, particularly how the infant could have attained to so much knowledge in religion, for he had never received the slightest instruction from ourselves, nor was religion ever the subject of our thoughts and conversation—in fact we had read the works of Thomas Paine. But since the death of our boy, we have attended the Methodist Chapel, not having a pew in the Church, and we are now united to the Wesleyan body."

Mr. Roberts and Mr. Rawson looked at each other with intense surprise for a few moments, when the former enquired if the child had ever been to a Sunday School? "No, never," was the reply. Oh! how my heart rejoiced at the relation, but I made no remarks to the disadvantage of my companions; my own opinion was, that either from a nurse or a neighbour, the child had received some instruction, and that the Spirit of God blessed it with extraordinary success.

My honoured and beloved employer, Mr. Piccope, and the whole of his affectionate family, consisting of Mrs. Piccope, two sons and a daughter, were embued with generous religious feelings and sympathies. Joseph, the younger son, by his own express desire, often shared my bed, and many were the happy hours we spent in religious conversation and prayer. Dismal to him were the Sabbaths I spent at Swinton. His health was delicate, and he lived only a short time after my removal to Rhodes, but his sweet religious feelings continued. In his last moments, his great desire was to see me, and to assure me of his happiness; he was under twelve years of age. I received intelligence of his danger, and was on my way to take a last farewell, when the horse on which I was riding, took fright at a huge caravan we met on the road—became restive—plunged and reared, and finally threw himself down—his rider undermost. I received many bruises, but how my head escaped being trampled upon by the horse's feet when rising, I cannot tell. My situation may be conceived, but cannot be described. Providence was again my preserver. Some of my readers who may have less religion than I could wish them, will say, Mr. Hulbert sees a Providence in all his escapes from danger, and the observation will be very just.

Sometime before I left Manchester, Mr. Piccope built himself a new house, warehouse, &c. and did me the honour of the appointment to lay the first stone of the erection. To a similar office I was also chosen by Mr. Bound, sen. on his commencing the erection of a large Cotton Factory, in New Islington; which I have no doubt was with the intention of its being occupied by Mr. Peter Bound and myself, in case I had become a relation.

I remember while living in Henry street, before we entered upon the new premises,

being very much grieved at witnessing the dreadful state of an individual who had lodgings at the next house to Mr. Piccope's. He, like many others at that period, had imbibed infidel principles, and was most awfully opposed to religion. There being only the thickness of a slight partition wall between the room he occupied, and the sitting room of Mr. Piccope, in which we usually assembled, and the family being in the habit of singing a hymn before evening worship, the poor victim of infidelity would become so excited and enraged on hearing the song of praise and adoration, that he would curse and swear, and wish that the time we were singing might be our last. It so happened that he fell dangerously ill, and had his bed in his sitting-room, so that his groans and imprecations could be heard by Mr. Piccope's family into their own room, very much to their sorrow and annoyance. I much desired to see him, but the ill-will he had manifested towards us, made me afraid to visit him. At the earnest desire of the nurse who attended him, I ventured to enter his apartments—but oh! what a spectacle! Here was a man reduced to a skeleton by disease, and just verging on the grave,—without faith—without hope—in infidel hardness. I trembled in his presence—taking courage, I enquired the nature of his complaint, &c. I then asked if he had any hope of a life after death, which he declared he had not, nor did he believe in any such nonsense. I attempted to reason with him in the gentlest manner I could, which only excited his reproach and contempt. I will not repeat the horrid epithets he bestowed on the Bible, the Priests, and Believers generally, nor the blasphemies he uttered. I felt fully convinced that the Almighty had given him up to a reprobate mind, and that all argument and remonstrance were vain. I offered to pray with him—this he absolutely refused; I therefore left him, but not without inward horror and secret prayer.

"Down to the grave the bad man goes,
Loaded with guilt and heavy woes:
No hope his guilty soul can cheer,
He raves, blasphemes, then yields to fear."

The nurse who urged me to visit the unhappy man, was with him in his departing moments; and she related "that his hardness continued to the last, and his blasphemies beyond enduring." She however added, "that is not the only scene I have witnessed of a like nature; as nurse, I attended the dying moments of a Mr. Gratarex, who had, as it is suspected, murdered his servant maid. She was found drowned in the Irwell, not very far from the place of his residence, and he had been seen in company with her on its banks the same evening." She stated likewise, that "he was the man who shot the boy in the tree, at *Shude Hill Fight*, in 1757. That Mr. G. refused all clerical and ministerial assistance—that he believed infernal beings were in the room waiting for his departing spirit." This story the nurse related to me as true in every particular, with much more. I can in no other way vouch for its authenticity, then what the good woman's testimony affords; her name I have forgotten, or it should be recorded.

Looking at the difference between the death of a good man and that of a bad man, who would not say, "Let *me* die the death of the righteous, and may *my* latter end be like his."

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies,
Yes! but not *his*, 'tis *death* itself, there dies."
COLERIDGE.

"When from this life, Heaven calls the just away,
Serene his soul the summons does obey;
No guilty dread—his evidence is clear,
And all is hope, and nothing left to fear."

I must necessarily pass over many events connected with Manchester, Swinton, and the Westwoods, which my feelings would gladly have recorded. I had many delights, and few sorrows; but the period of my leaving Manchester as a residence, was now fast approaching. Messrs. Daniel Burton & Sons, Calico Printers and Manufacturers, at that time, second only in extent and respectability, to the greatest concern of the kind in the World, that of Sir Robert Peel & Co. were admirable customers to Mr. Piccope for his goods. Mr. William Volans was their salesman, and many a battle have we had in defence of our employers interests. It was the business of Mr. Volans to buy as low as he could, and I felt it my duty to sell at as good a price as could be obtained. My zeal for my employer's interest was not unnoticed by Mr. Volans; and often when he appeared

To be most offended with my *obstinacy*, he was most delighted with my zeal for my employer's interest; so that when Messrs. Burton determined upon engaging a confidential Superintendant for their extensive Works at Rhodes, near Middleton, Mr. Volans thought of me, and spoke to Mr. Piccope on the subject, who considering the great advantage the change would be to myself, consented that Mr. Volans should communicate with me—he did so in the kindest manner, and held forth the honour and advantages of the situation for my comfort and encouragement.

I may here relate, that being on Mr. Piccope's business, at the counting-house of Charles Frederick Brandt, Esq. he very kindly enquired after my prospects in life, the situation I then filled, &c. It would appear as the extreme of vanity, were I to repeat his kind parental advice and good opinion—and which prepared me for the change. I had some difficulty in breaking open the business to Mr. Piccope and the family; I loved them all, and the affection was mutual: but all saw the great advantage of one situation over the other, and as I could when at Rhodes, visit Manchester every week, and make Mr. Piccope's house my home, I should still be as one of the family. I therefore, with due acknowledgment to Mr. Volans, informed him of my readiness to enter upon the situation he had with so much kindness obtained for me. Mr. Volans was a truly religious, honest man. He was, though a member of the Methodist Society, a true and zealous Churchman, we continued faithful friends all his life.

"What is grandeur? what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the Good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of GRATITUDE."

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XXIII. BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF MIDDLETON, RHODES, &c. ENTER ON MY DUTIES, CHARACTER OF MY EMPLOYERS, VARIOUS MINOR INCIDENTS, &c.

"Oh! there are moments when the full heart turns
To long-lost dear ones, and the spirit yearns
For sweet communion; as in by-gone days,
When smiles could minister our sweetest praise."

*Sketches of Character, &c. by* ANNA H. POTTS.

My Dear Charles,

Of the Town of Middleton, as far as it relates to myself, I need say little; the trade and population must have been doubled since my residence at Rhodes, within one mile of the Parish Church. It is a Market Town, 6 miles from Manchester, and an equal distance from Rochdale; few, (at least when I was living near it) attended its market. Middleton is one of the most Ancient Towns in Lancashire. The Parish Church is dedicated to St. Leonard, is very ancient, and has been erected at different periods; the tower is low, and surmounted by a superstructure of wood. In my time the Rev. James Archer, was Curate. The Rev. R. Durnford was Rector in 1841. The living is in the gift of Lord Suffield, and worth £1070 per annum. The parish contains eight townships, in each of which the Manufacture of Cotton and Silk gives employment to a great portion of the inhabitants. Coal Mines are also in the immediate neighbourhood.

Middleton Hall, anciently the seat of the Ashton's, though much has been taken down and altered, is still an object of veneration.

the mill, which was set
. Here the mischief
of a large body of
restored tran-

formerly the seat of the
summer of the Lever-
time the residence
honoured relict, Lady

of importance, ex-
the extensive Print-
James Barton & Sons.
cheerful resi-
property, and coun-
Barton in my happy
evening of
Esq.
Father
nearly
how the
Barton, Esq.

introduced the preceding
with the an-
prospectus. I
Middleton Parish

Manchester Courier, of
electing a Lord
during the Easter holi-
Easter Monday is
the White
the Election
which a person
Jan
Tom
Sir Ian Aitken was made a

Baronet on the Field of Battle. In the year 1483, he was created Vice Constable of England. Sir Richard, the grandson of Sir Rafe, was one of the distinguished Heroes of Flodden Field.

At the time of the Great Rebellion, a Ralph Asheton was Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces in Lancashire. After two successions, the name became extinct; two daughters only surviving, one married into the family of Harboard, now Lord Suffield, and the other married Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Grey de Wilton.

In consequence of the sad destruction of my former manuscripts and memorandums of the period of which I am now writing, I cannot inform you on what day I left Manchester to enter upon my new engagement at Rhodes. But as far as memory affords me assistance, it may have been the beginning of August, 1800; and I have no one near me to revive in my recollection, days, months, or years; circumstances and events.

Before I proceed with my Personal Narrative, I wish to impress on the minds of all my young readers, in circumstances similar to my own at this time, the importance of character, and the good-will of those by whom they have been employed. As I left my former situation with credit, so I entered upon my new one with advantage.—My total ignorance of the nature and variety of my new engagements was entirely overlooked by my worthy and kind-hearted employers. My dear friend, Mr. Volans, had impressed them no doubt with a belief, that a short time would enable his young friend to attain a knowledge of the various duties he had to perform; but neither Mr. Volans, nor his young friend, had any idea of their importance and extent.

Before I enter upon a description of those duties, I will briefly introduce you to the persons and character of my employers.

The style of the firm, was Daniel Burton & Sons; and as Calico Printers and Manufacturers, a Company, as I have intimated, second only to Messrs. Peel, Yates and Halliwell. But as a Company, endeavouring in every way to promote the comfort, temporal and spiritual happiness of all employed under them—second to none!

Mr. Daniel Burton, the parent, and senior partner, was in person most pleasing; he had a countenance—fair, and handsome, tinged with the rose of health, beaming with good nature and affability: his stature middle size, person rather portly. Messrs. John and George Burton, still living, were then in the bloom of life and health, and amongst the most talented and active young tradesmen in the kingdom. Mr. Emanuel Matthew Burton, now sleeping with the dead, was also a lively handsome young man. At the time I entered upon my engagement at Rhodes, Mr. Emanuel had the principal superintendance of the Works, and on him devolved the task chiefly, of introducing and instructing your Father in his new duties and employment, viz:—To manage and direct the hundreds of hands employed in the works; to inspect the quantity and quality of their work; to reprove or reward, to pay wages, and to attend to every expenditure on the premises, as if the whole establishment had been my own. A young man of 22 years of age, had he not been kindly instructed, and firmly supported in his authority by his employers, could not by any possibility, have overcome the trials and difficulties of his situation.—The masters under Providence, were his directors and supporters; and his own diligence and exertions never once relaxed, or grew weary: the result quickly manifested, was, the acquirement of the perfect approbation and confidence of my employers, the most perfect order and obedience of the hands in employment, with their often expressed esteem, and almost filial regard; especially after the following circumstance had taken place.

As it is, and will always be the case, where a number of men are employed together, that there will be some one or other ready to magnify inconveniences, to point out disadvantages, and to rail at employers, particularly as it regards wages; never reflecting that masters have on many occasions, when trade is low, to harrass their minds, and rack their invention to find out means of keeping their men in constant employment; and never were masters more anxious in that respect, than Messrs. Daniel Burton and Sons, yet their exertions were often misrepresented.

On one occasion, some of those evil

spirits alluded to, brought information, that men were wanted at Sir Robert's and other Works; and that much greater wages were given than at Rhodes. This induced a Turn-out among the Dyers, and other classes of workmen connected with them; so that one Monday morning after pay-day, the discontented assembled on a wooden bridge over the Irk, at no great distance from the Works: and then, and there, entered into resolutions never to return to their employment without an advance of wages. Not one of my employers was on the spot at the time, so I boldly marched to the men, and with the look of confidence, passed through the midst, and gained a situation on a near bank, commanding a view of the whole. I then called them forward, and as I perfectly knew the nature and extent of their complaints, I took off my hat, and begged their attention for a minute or two; a few of them did the same, which I considered a favourable omen,—yet I observed some daring spirits ready and willing to have thrown me into the river, which was intended when they first saw me approach.

I first endeavoured to gain their confidence, by referring to several improvements much to their advantage, which had been adopted since the time I had come amongst them; and assured them of my unceasing endeavours; and of their employers hearty wishes for their comfort and happiness. I then spoke of the losses and difficulties experienced in such an establishment; and that however bad trade might be, their wages were never lowered. I pointed to the comfortable houses they occupied, to the employment of their wives and children, and to the religious instruction afforded and supported for them. I soon perceived more heads became uncovered as I advanced, and tears ran down a few of their cheeks. When I had concluded, I ran amongst them, shook each by the hand, and desired them like *good lads*, to return to their work, be content and happy, when all obeyed. The masters, like men of Christian feeling, and having a knowledge of mankind, took no notice of the proceeding; all went on better than ever—my authority was complete. I mention this little occurrence at this time, my dear Charles, merely to show the influence my conduct had acquired. If any thing of vanity appears in the relation, I do hope, both yourself, and all my readers, will pardon its introduction.

I acknowledge my irregularity in noticing occurrences, but I shall now proceed to a recital of some events, as nearly as my memory will permit, in the order they happened.

Within a month after I entered upon my new employment, having carefully attended to the instructions and example of Mr. Emanuel Burton, he thought me capable of undertaking the payment of the hands without assistance; he therefore entrusted me solely with the duty, which I undertook, and went through the whole without any apparent difficulty. Anxious to inform my relatives in Swinton, and at the Westwoods, of my *cleverness*, and knowing how interested they were in all my duties and engagements, instead of going to Swinton Church, I walked from my Brother's to the Westwoods, in *Church hours*. This was on Eccles Wakes Sunday, I felt no small degree of compunction at trespassing on the Sacred duties of the Sabbath, yet in spite of my feelings, I did so. And I must now inform you, that previous to leaving Rhodes, after payment of wages, I carefully added up every page of the wages-book, and transferred to my private memorandums, the sum on each. After dinner, my dear Aunt and Uncle leaving me in the parlour alone, I thought I would add up the amount of the pages, and compare the sums with the amount of cash I had in my trust before the payment of wages commenced, deducting therefrom the sum I had expended, when a fearful balance appeared against me. Many times did I examine and cast up the amount of the pages, but the result was always the same; and as I had liberty to remain a day or two with my friends, Mr. Emanuel kindly offering to take my department upon himself, I had left him the books added up, stating the amount of cash he had delivered to my trust, which money, on the Friday evening, I had taken with me home to my *first* lodgings, and for the night deposited in my portable desk; from thence I took it to the pay-room to make my payments. This circumstance was the source of the greatest misery I ever endured for the same period of time. Observing so great a difference between the sum received and the sum paid, a degree of

nervousness seized me in a moment, Oh, I said, the people where I lodge,or some others, have broken open or unlocked my desk, and have stolen therefrom the sum I am deficient. What shall I do? I have left with Mr. Emanuel the statement of the amount I have paid; he will see the deficiency, and will conclude I have stolen the money, and have it with me. I shall be disgraced for ever; to replace the sum will appear as an after repentance. I am sunken in the eyes of every one, and the character I have laboured hard to acquire, is now lost for ever. What will be the best remedy? Death! And how shall that be accomplished? By throwing myself into the Duke's Canal, just ready at hand; and such was my determination, when it was suggested to my mind, Pray first, and ask God to help you in this extremity; you are innocent—and if no way of escape from ruin presents itself, hesitate not to retire from life. Oh! how horrid the idea. To this suggestion I yielded, and as I might be interrupted any moment on my knees in the room, I retired to a private corner of the orchard, and there poured out my heart to God, in the best manner my agitated state of mind would permit. The answer was, "Go back, write out the items you have on a fresh piece of paper, and then cast them up again." I did so, adding perfectly unconsciously, at the same time the balance of CASH remaining on hand, which on being thus cast up, the amount exactly agreed with the sum I had received. My joy and astonishment were beyond bounds, exceeded by nothing but the inexpressible gratitude I felt to my Great Deliverer. I then saw, that had I not suffered my heart to be entirely engrossed with business, and affairs of the world on the Lord's day, but left them until my return to Rhodes, all the agitation I had experienced would have been avoided. So surely does one sin lead to another sin, and sin to punishment.

I related to my dear Uncle and Aunt the deep trial I had passed through, and my merciful deliverance; they wept with me, while they fervently expressed their hope, that under no circumstances in life, I would ever despair or think of self-destruction. I then said, much as I desired to be in their company the whole of the day, I felt it my duty to go to Church that afternoon, as a token of my sense of the goodness of my Gracious Saviour, which I did, and never before felt like devotion within the walls of Eccles Church.

Thus my first payment was perfectly correct, and I do not remember that in the whole of my cash accounts, and they were various and extensive, from that period to the end of my engagement, I was ever more than one shilling in error.

Being honoured with the confidence and esteem of my employers, it was agreed, that for the advantage of the firm, and my own personal comfort, every degree of honour and respect shown by the workmen and overseers to their employers, should be shown to me, the representative of the firm. This distinction it was ever afterwards my unceasing endeavour to deserve. My salary was generously advanced; and I had also the great happiness to acquire the esteem of Mrs. Barlow, a venerable lady, who as before related, occupied a distinct portion of Rhodes Hall; and this lady being a widow, and having lost an only son, to whom, she said, I bore a near resemblance—I was admitted, not only as a boarder, but esteemed in every respect as her son. My income being liberal, and Mrs. Barlow's charge for my board very inconsiderable, and finally the whole returned; every succeeding day found me richer, more independent and happy.

I continued to visit Manchester as often as convenient, and as my dear Grandmother being dead, the little property left by my Grandfather became due, and was faithfully paid by my Uncle Samuel Mottershead, through the medium of Thomas Shelmerdine, Esq. the executor, as previously related in page 18. Being now situated so respectably and comfortably, I invited my Uncle to pay me a visit. and I had the happiness to introduce him to Mrs. Barlow, who knowing I had some expectation from him, he being nearly sixty years of age, and unmarried, was not sparing in her commendation of his Nephew; with which, and the attention he received, he was not a little gratified. On his leaving us, I walked with him on his road to Manchester, as far as Cheetham Hill, to take the boat for Altringham, when at parting he slipt into my hand

a purse of guineas, and with tears of affection took his leave. I had now a sum of money, including the legacy, and my savings, to begin business if an opportunity offered, so as not to interfere with my engagement with Messrs. Burton and Sons. As I before stated, I occasionally walked over to Swinton on Saturday evenings. At one of these opportunities, a Partnership was formed with my Brother Samuel, and Mr. Richard Hulme, and myself, under the firm of "Hulbert, Hulme, and Hulbert," and in the excess of their civility to your Father, they placed him at the head of the firm, with the privilege of a sleeping partner, not being called upon to bestow any other attention to the business than the occasional inspection of the accounts of the Partnership. The Business was nearly the same as my first employer carried on, the manufacture of calicoes and dimities; and as the goods manufactured were disposed of to one particularly rich and honourable house, as will be mentioned hereafter, no losses were sustained.

This period will ever be remembered as the most successful and prosperous of my life. My partners were prudent, faithful and managing. No wonder, you will say, being thus situated, if I did imagine that the only way to secure and increase my happiness, was to *divide* it.

I will return to my employment and the events of the period more particularly connected with Messrs. Daniel Burton and Sons; in the meantime observing, that the more I saw, and the more I knew of the firm, and the family of my employers, and the more perfect was my admiration and esteem. With the Sire of the family, it was my happiness to have daily intercourse. He was the depositary of all my personal secrets, and I had the honour to possess, I believe, his unbounded confidence. My esteem was founded, not only on the gratitude I felt for his kindness and affectionate attention to myself personally, but from what I daily observed of his kindness to others. At that period I believe the partners each made a point of setting aside one-tenth of his income to charitable purposes. Not only were the temporal wants of the needy around them, and work-people belonging to the establishment attended to, but a Sunday School was admirably conducted on the premises; Mr. Burton confiding to your Father the chief superintendance.

On Sunday evenings after Church hours, there was preaching in the school-room by a minister of the Old Methodist Connexion, generally a local preacher, and many pious and excellent men attended. Among that number I particularly recollect the present John Johnson, Esq. Treasurer of the Manchester Annuitant Society, of which your Father has the happiness of being a Member and Annuitant. From the first moment I beheld his then youthful countenance to the present day, he has had my sincerest regard, and he now ranks among the very few remaining of my valued friends of this period.

There was preaching also on a week-day evening, generally by a regular minister of the Oldham Circuit. There were prayer or class-meetings almost every night in the week. Mr. George Burton was a very useful and popular local preacher, few travelling ministers could equal him. His appointments being arranged for Manchester chiefly, we seldom had the advantage of his ministry on Sunday evenings.

Through the blessing of God on the zeal and exertions of Mr. James Daniel Burton, then a mere youth, (feebly assisted by your Father,) a Revival took place, and a greater degree of feeling and zeal for the spread of religion was the consequence; and I do always believe and maintain, that it is the nature of the new-born soul to desire to impart knowledge and happiness, to the whole of the human race, hence several of the members became preachers or exhorters. Your Father, at the invitation of Mr. Burton, had his name enrolled for the first time on a Methodist Class-paper,—yet his opinions were the same as now, he always considered himself a true member of the Church of England; so did Mrs. Barlow, and according to my best recollection, every member of the Burton family, when at Rhodes, attended Middleton Church, one portion or more of the Lord's day.

The Church of England at that time afforded few, if any opportunities for pious zealous indivduals to carry out their benevolent feelings: hence nearly the whole, if not every one

the family were attached to the Methodists, and in some way or other engaged in spreading the knowledge of salvation, supporting religious and charitable institutions, visiting and relieving the poor. With the liveliest recollections of friendship, I often think of every member of the family, and delight to dwell on some yet remembered token of their kindness and good will.

At this time, Mr. James Daniel Burton, the youngest son but one of Mr. Burton, was a dear and confidential friend. Often did we sleep together, or rather *wake* together, for we spent the whole night in conversation—sometimes rising at five o'clock, not having closed our eyes in sleep. On one occasion we were very much against our inclination, not only kept from sleeping, but from going to bed at all. Having constantly an eye to my employers interest, I had discovered some neglect in the Watchman who protected the bleaching grounds, and who had a residence placed in a commanding situation, for the purpose of observation. The hour of entering on his duty was ten o'clock. One night I prevailed on Mr. James to accompany me to the Watchman's residence at eleven o'clock, and ascertain if the man was on duty, but as we suspected he was among the unseen ones, we instantly surrounded the cottage, talking as if we intended to rob the croft, on the security of the Watchman being then asleep: and so we walked down the the field among the pieces, and pretended to be gathering some up for the purpose of carrying away, when it being a bright moonlight night, we were distinctly seen by the Watchman at about sixty yards distance, when just as I was stooping to gather up a piece, a bullet grazed the grass close to my hand; throwing up soil into my face; instantly followed the report of a gun, and immediately a second discharge, when another bullet passed close to each of us: the first was from the Old Watchman, and the second from his son.

I need not describe our alarm, nor the haste with which we retreated from the ground; the Watchman instantly sprang his rattle, which, together with the report of the fire-arms, called out all the men in the vicinity. Like lightning we flew up the fields behind Mr. Burton's house, not daring to stop a moment, lest another shot should be fired before we could inform them who we were. A pursuit commenced, and we ran for our lives, nor did our pursuers give up the chase until we were near to Bury. Being convinced that the party were returned home, we made the best of our way also, and arrived just in time to change our clothes, wash and refresh ourselves before the bell rang for the workmen to commence their daily labours. Upon a review of this height of danger and fatigue, I consider the affair one of the most thoughtless adventures of my life; and had not a Gracious Providence again watched over us, and given strength to our limbs, one or both of us must have perished. As soon as duly prepared, we walked down to the Works, found the workmen all in alarm, and those who had joined in the chase were a sort of oracle to the rest. To the Watchman we applied for a relation of his adventures, which he related as most extraordinary and courageous. No fewer than six great men first surrounded the cottage, and threatened to kill him. Notwithstanding which, he valiantly came out of the house, fired, and drove them lower down the field. Springing his rattle, he ran in pursuit of the thieves, and was joined by several of the crofters, who came forward and testified to the number of thieves, whom, like Falstaff of old, they had manfully pursued.

This was great diversion to ourselves; we however disclosed the secret to Mr. Burton, whose surprise and grief was great beyond description. Instead of applause, we had to encounter blame, and very justly. "Oh!" said Mr. Burton, "if either of you had been killed, I should never have known happiness again. What are all the pieces in the crofts worth, compared with the value of one of your lives?" The whole affair, as far as related to ourselves, was kept secret from the men, who became doubly diligent; and often have we enjoyed the Watchman's relation of the six great men, and his own distinguished prowess. Mr. James D. Burton was one of the most truly pious young men I ever knew; yet, something like your Father, he could enjoy a *real* diverting history, or comical adventure.*

* Numerous are the times that I have amused my friends with the particulars of the following occurrence, of which I

To record every little incident of the period, would be, even to yourself, my dear Charles, tedious and uninteresting. Even some of those I have related, or may hereafter relate, may partake of that character; all indeed, my Son, require the exercise of your patient indulgence. I have already had frequent occasion to advert to the care of a superintending Providence. In the language of the Poet, I can truly say to my Gracious God and Father,

"In all my ways, Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see."

Impressed with these sentiments, I commenced my humble Memoirs, and the further I proceed in them, and the more evident the Mercy and Goodness of Jehovah appears.

If my conviction of the care and protection of an Almighty Being be considered enthusiastic, I willingly bear the stigma. Infallible Truth hath said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father," and that "the very hairs of our heads are all numbered." "That he is about our bed, and about our path." Yet this care, and this Providence, do not supersede the necessity of my own diligence, care, and watchfulness. I know too, that if I forsake him, he will forsake me—that is, I have no reason to hope he will manifest on my behalf, any other than his general mercies, and his general protection. Nor has a pious believer any ground of assurance that he will be protected always from the common calamities of our being. If Providence invariably protected good men in this world, there would be no need of Prayer, Faith, or Watchfulness. But this we may rely upon, that God knows best what to give, and what to withhold from his servants. Afflictions often sanctify by his grace, and therefore he sends or withholds them, as will best answer the purposes of his righteous government. But he often most miraculously relieves men from such afflictions, and that in answer to prayer; thereby encouraging them to pray, believing that he will deliver, where and when deliverance would be a real blessing.

Sometimes the Providence of God is exerted in one continued stream, promoting continually one end, and one object; which like an under current in the ocean, moves unseen. A once very popular but inconsistent Poet hath written,

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, *direction*, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony, when understood,
All partial evil, Universal Good."

POPE.

Sometimes Providence relieves our wants,

---

now only present an outline. Mr. Burton had a tenant, a truly worthy, pious and religious man, a Methodist Class-leader, whose residence was distant two miles from Rhodes. This Mr. Wilde made a complaint to Mr. Burton and myself, that his house was haunted. That noises were particularly heard in one bedroom, day and night: that often would the doors in the house be shut and opened by some invisible hand, that the appearance of a man had been seen to walk through the house, &c. and ended by saying he must leave the premises. We calmed him as well as we could, assuring him there must be deception somewhere. In a month's time he returned again, declaring the noises and disturbances not only continued, but increased, and asserted the terror of all his family. This aroused the curiosity of Mr. James Burton and myself, and we determined on visiting the house without apprising Mr. Wilde. Accordingly one cold winter's night, the snow deeply covering the ground, we walked thither and arrived by eight o'clock in the evening; without ceremony we opened the door and pounced into the house, saying, "Where is the Boggart?" This boldness alarmed the family, fearing the Boggart might injure us; of this we assured them there was no danger. We collected the family into one room, (the kitchen) and seated ourselves on a sofa or couch, when instantly there was a noise behind our backs, and the sofa seemed to be lifted up, and ourselves thereon. We searched under the sofa most particularly, we then heard noises in the bedroom over the kitchen, as if all the furniture was being thrown about. All the family seemed terrified beyond degree—I snatched one candle from the chimney-piece, and lighted another, giving one to Mr. James B. desiring him to stand at the foot of the stairs, and see that no one came down or went up, and I would dash into the room where the noises were, and surprise or detect the disturber. There were only two rooms up stairs, I entered the one disturbed and found all the furniture and articles had been removed out of it, so that there was nothing left, as Mr. Wilde supposed, for the Boggart to act with, or upon. With my candle in my hand, I searched every corner and yard of the room, the noises continuing, and I either perceived, or believed I perceived the footsteps of some invisible personage walking by my side. After a thorough investigation, without any discovery, I came down stairs, no one else had gone up or descended.

The noises continuing over our heads in the kitchen, with a good deal of resolution, there being no ceiling to the room floor, I struck it with the tongs several times, using my whole strength, and demanding at the same time, that if the disturbance was supernatural it would immediately cease. We then left the house. I have related the facts, and make no remarks, only adding, that from that moment the disturbances ceased.

Previous to our visit, every effort had been made by Mr. Wilde and his family, to discover if possible the real cause of the disturbance, but no discovery was ever made. There was a tradition, of a murder having been committed on the premises, the perpetrators of which were never discovered. Not long afterwards, Mr. Wilde removed into Cheshire, and I left for Shropshire; so that whether the unwelcome visitor ever returned, I know not.

or mitigates our sorrows and afflictions insensibly, and we know not how; at other times by clear and distinct, manifest tokens of his interposition. Sometimes by a direct or angelic agency. In the moments of sleep and retirement, he reveals to us the means whereby he intends to effect our deliverance from existing or threatened calamities.

Instances in illustration of these sentiments, it is presumed will be found recorded in the pages of this work. To do that was one great purpose of its being written. I pray, my dear Charles, the truth and cause of God may not suffer from the feebleness and unworthiness of the advocate.

In writing on the subject of Divine Providences, I cannot perhaps refer to a more direct interposition, through the medium of a dream, than one you have often heard me relate; which occurred a little before this period, to an individual with whom I was afterwards perfectly acquainted, and have often heard the relation from her own lips; and also from the concurrent testimony of every individual connected with the fact. Twelve years ago, I published the anecdote in a little Tract, entitled "The Goodness, Condescension, and Providence of God," and not long afterwards in my Narrative of the Fire at Providence Grove, and shall present you with it as there given.

In the winter of 1799 or 1800, the time when provisions were excessively dear, the cotton manufacture, and trade in general, calamitously depressed, and the poor in Lancashire in almost a perishing condition, Mrs. Martha Wilkinson, a truly pious and respectable female, was called upon to suffer the most afflictive of all family bereavements—the loss of an affectionate husband, the entire support of his family. Martha mourned and felt deeply her loss, and had she not, at the same time, placed her reliance on Divine support, must have sunk beneath the weight of her affliction. She instantly commenced a small weekly school, as a means of subsistence for herself and two or three infants; the times were however unfavourable. She instructed the children committed to her care, with kindness and diligence; but, alas! even two-pence a week was more than poor distressed weavers, &c. could afford to spare from their then miserable earnings: and Martha was compelled in consequence, often to give them long credit, and sometimes to relinquish her claim for payment altogether.

One Saturday evening, if the memory of the writer be correct, but of the evening he cannot be certain, so many years have rolled on their course since he resided in that neighbourhood, but the impression made by the circumstances to be related, can never be obliterated or removed.—We will suppose Saturday evening,—poor Martha had divided her last morsel of bread among her children, herself being destitute; she prayed with them, put them in bed, and retired to her own chamber to rest. She, however, again poured out her soul to Him, who has often proved himself to be a Father to the Fatherless, and the Husband of the Widow. She slept, as the pious sleep, without horror, even if without bread; her sleep was not disturbed, it was visited by a communication, that a Mr. ———, an excellent man, but not particularly religious, residing in the town, by eight o'clock in the morning would send her relief. She arose ere the approach of the hour, and made ready for breakfast, believing the heaven-directed supply would arrive. She was not disappointed, the relief was exactly of the nature and extent presented in her vision, *in every particular*, money and provisions. Only imagine we see the grateful pious widow on her knees, her children surrounding her, weeping for joy. These were moments, even an angel might desire to participate. She hastened to thank her benefactor, and related to him her dream:—with amazement, he exclaimed, "This is most extraordinary; I sent you the relief in consequence of a dream I had, and that you were ready to perish for want."

The care of Divine Providence did not end here,—Mr. John Davies, a young and respectable mechanic, in the employ of Messrs. Burton, and a truly religious man, earning a guinea a week regular wages, came to her, and in the most frank and honourable manner offered her his hand; she modestly hesitated, he allowed her a given time to make up her mind,—at the expiration of that period he again presented himself, and could Martha refuse?—no, she accepted him, and a more happy devoted pair never lived.

was held. On the eve of
I had a crowd of business,
a large pay day. I went
with accuracy and des-
I had the high commendation
solicitor to the family;
I returned with him at Mr.
The following morning when
honoured employer in
on my entering the
me with a smile, so
and put into my
filled with guineas.
Mrs. Barlow was no less
in the delicate manner in
greatly en-
present. Mr. Emman-
new Gold Watch,
and being at Man-
evening, I saw one in
in the corner of the
and I went into
price, but did not
on my return home,
conversation I mentioned
Mrs. Barlow with
what shop was.
indifference I again
afterwards, Mrs.
had still a desire
"Certainly," I
number in the
Mr. Emmanuel's,"
identical
like that?
the same. Then
accept it,
Never was a
more gratefully
My companion
the dreadful calamity of
have I now before
its re-
From that time to this,
whose me-
was purchased, though I
by means
Mr. Jarvis's family,
by Mrs. Barlow, and
to read this record.

During the earlier events of this period,
was the unexpected visit of the Rev. Thomas
Wildman, of Kingsley, my first and dear

Pastor, see page 36. He had been on a clerical visit to some Clergymen and Churches in Yorkshire; and had previously received information from my Uncle Mottershead, of my comfortable situation and residence, and had taken Middleton in his route in order to see me.

Many were the happy Sunday walks to Middleton Church,* and the Wesleyan Chapel, at this period. Mr. Burton or his Lady, seldom, if ever taking their carriage, though they had a very handsome chariot, a pair of noble horses, and John the coachman, a very respectable personage. Yet, Mr. B. the Sundays he spent at Rhodes, (for he had a Town residence) would often accompany Mrs. Barlow and myself, and some other members of the family, on foot, to the above Places of Worship. You will say, my dear Father, such circumstances are scarcely worth recording—but as links in the Chain of Providence, connected *even with your own existence*, they are important.

There happened at that time to be on a visit to a highly respectable family in the vicinity of Mrs. Barlow's residence, a young lady of fortune, great amiability, and truly religious. On the occasions referred to, she would not unfrequently accept of my arm. From this and other circumstances, it was soon apparent, your Father's company was far from being disagreeable to her. I say no more, than that I endeavoured to make a suitable return; but another, to whom I had never disclosed my feelings, always presented herself to my recollection. Notwithstanding, it was my intention to marry Miss M. being assured she loved me for myself alone; and to which union Mrs. Barlow eventually assented, still recommending the one, my own heart had chosen: she also kindly intimated her intention to present me with a handsome sum on the marriage day. But as I have often said, "Man proposes, and Heaven disposes." So it was in this case. Soon as our apparent attachment was known to her relations, an objection was started to the acquaintance, on the ground of my inferiority in fortune.—But in justice to the objectors, I must say, they were not aware,

* Mrs. Barlow and myself returning from Church, were occasionally honoured with the company, cheerful and friendly conversation of Lady Lever; by whom I had the happiness of being kindly commended. Being then in the neighbourhood of Heaton Hall, I mentioned to her Ladyship the circumstance of my Father's attachment to Lord Grey de Wilton, and my own veneration for the name, &c. which, on being communicated to his Lordship, I received an invitation to the Hall, which was gratefully accepted, and I had the honour of an interview; when his Lordship enquired if I was that son of Mr. Hulbert who had been balloted for the Militia, and applied for a Commission? I answered in the affirmative. On which his Lordship informed me, that Colonel Patten and himself, from feelings of regard to my Father, had interested themselves on my behalf, and that a Commission was reserved; but to the surprise and disappointment of each, no more was heard of me." On hearing this, I blushed, and my mind became quite confused; I had however the courage to explain to his Lordship, the change, which at that time had taken place in my feelings: but that subsequently, French aggression, and the progress of French Revolutionary principles had so far restored my former feelings, that I considered War, under these circumstances, perfectly justifiable, and could now embrace a Soldier as the Defender and Saviour of my country. His Lordship kindly commended my adherence to the conviction of my own mind, and said, "he could excuse my seeming ingratitude to Colonel Patten," but added, 'you should have waited on him, and have related the circumstances of your change of mind, and you might have been befriended in some other way. But I am glad you are respectably situated, and are so deserving of the esteem of your friends and employers. I have not a doubt you would have succeeded as a soldier."

I returned home to Mrs. Barlow's, full of admiration of the Noble Lord's kindness and condescension, ruminating in my own mind, in which way I might have been befriended; sometimes I thought by promoting my great desire to obtain Holy Orders, or by appointing me to some office, or suitable agency. Good Mrs. Barlow, to whom I communicated the whole, shared in all my feelings, as did Lady Lever, our venerable friend. I had afterwards the honour of waiting upon his Lordship on business for Mr. Burton, when I met with a gracious reception and polite attention, with expressions of the most friendly feeling. My sincere regard for his memory induces me to extend this note, and give place to the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Egerton, Baronet, was elevated to the Peerage, May 15, 1784, by the title of Baron Grey de Wilton, and subsequently, Earl of Wilton. His Lordship married in 1769, Eleanor, younger daughter and co-heiress of Sir Ralph Asheton, of Middleton, as previously noticed, by whom he had several children; one only survived, namely, Eleanor, who married in 1794, Robert, Viscount Belgrave, afterwards Earl Grosvenor. Lord Grey de Wilton died in 1814, and was succeeded in his title as Earl of Wilton, by his grandson, (according to the Patent of Limitation) the Hon. Thomas Grosvenor, (now Egerton) second son of the late Earl Grosvenor, (Marquis of Westminster) and resides at Heaton Hall, near Rhodes. The Baronetcy devolved on John Grey Egerton, Esq. of Oulton Park, lineal descendant of the first Baronet, Sir Rowland Egerton, through his second son Sir Philip Egerton, Knt. This family, and the Houses of Bridgewater and Cholmondely, derive their descent from one common progenitor, a Baron of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester; and the line of which I am speaking, also from him, through Beatrix, daughter of Hugh Kevelioc, fifth Earl of Chester.

I have no doubt from some gracious expressions of Lord Wilton, that had I ever applied to him to have rendered me a friendly act, he would cheerfully have performed it.

either of what I possessed, nor what I expected; and I was too proud and indignant to offer any explanation, or to make a reply to the otherwise kind and friendly intentioned ones who made the objection. I mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. Barlow, who sympathized with me, and again assured me of her unchangeable friendship, and design of making me her heir.

The visit of the young lady, as you may suppose, was soon terminated, and without a parting farewell, she returned to her parental home. Here I take all the blame to myself; I well knew the extent of her attachment, and ought to have explained my circumstances to her friends, and pleaded my own cause: which, as I afterwards understood, was all that was desired. So far, I acquit all parties of blame but myself; and never in the record of my life, will a more cruel act appear against me, than my indifference towards one so deserving of my entire affection. But it was otherwise designed by the Great Disposer of Events, as will appear hereafter.

The Cotton Trade at this time, (1803) in consequence of the recent return of Peace, was all prosperity; Manufacturers and Printers were all gaining fortunes apace: workmen were in great request, especially weavers, so that goods could not be produced by the masters, to the extent of the demand of the home and foreign markets. This fact being known to me, and having now acquired all the knowledge of the Cotton business I could desire; for I could at that time, if called upon, take a quantity of the raw material, and with my own hand have carried on its manufacture through every process, until it became either a piece of printed calico, dimity, gingham, velveteen, muslin, &c. I suggested to Mrs. Barlow that I would forego all further thoughts of Miss M. dissolve partnership with my Brother and Mr. Hulme; and either enter into business on my own account, or follow up the great desire of my heart, and become a Clergyman of the Church of England. To the latter design, many objections were opposed, but none of them seemed insurmountable. But while my heart seemed set upon the Church, my hands and feet were always doing something towards a daily preparation for business; when having calculated the length of time it would take to prepare for Orders, I resolved to enter upon business, and abandon my long cherished design until some future opportunity.

I therefore, with much hesitation, took up my pen, and wrote a notice of three months, to my beloved and honoured employer. My situation was a profitable one, and a happy one; I therefore could not reconcile my mind to relinquish it, without many forebodings that my next might be less fortunate, and more subject to variation and unforeseen disaster. I had however, previous to giving notice, visited Frodsham, and found a building suited for a Factory; and also a dwelling house with suitable accommodations, for a genteel family.

The morning after the notice was received by Mr. Burton, he met me on the road near the Works, "Oh Charles!" he said, "I had rather you had put a pistol to my breast, than have sent me that note. What is it you want? Come along with me, and let us think what can be done." We then retired into his private room, when he enquired, "Is it an advance of salary you desire? if so, (here he named a sum far beyond my deserts or reasonable expectation.) Do you desire to commence business? If so, I will place James and you in a Manufactory at Middleton, and I doubt not you will do well."

To describe my feelings at that moment would be impossible; with the most grateful affection I offered my thanks, but was compelled to inform him, that I had already made arrangements for commencing business on a plan of my own, in a distant part of the country; or nothing should have prevented me accepting either of his most generous and friendly offers. I did not inform him, of course, what was my secret motive for leaving, (mortified pride) nor of the intention of Mrs. Barlow and her servant to accompany or to follow me, whithersoever I went. Before parting, he kindly consented for me to be absent a few days to make arrangements for my new sphere of action.

I returned home to Mrs. Barlow, related the generous offers of Mr. Burton, and the conversation that had passed. She again assured me of her determination to support me, and to follow my fortunes with her own. I consequently went down to Frodsham,

secured the Manufactory on a lease for eleven years, and engaged conditionally, the house I had before seen.

This being done, I also engaged my Brother to accompany me, and to dissolve Partnership with Mr. Hulme, which was instantly done; and I waited on Messrs. John and Thomas Cooke, the gentlemen who had agreed to purchase all the goods we made, at a fair market price, and gave them the required three months notice, that our engagement must cease; that I was leaving Messrs. Burton, and that I should personally attend the Market, &c. and conduct my business and manufactory at a distance from Manchester, and on a plan not generally known. On hearing which, he instantly enquired, "Where, and in what manner?" From the great regard I had for him, and the confidence I placed in him, I made no secret of my full intention. To which he replied, "Why, Mr. Hulbert, Frodsham does not contain half inhabitants enough for your spirit and enterprise—we have thought of the same thing, and have heard of premises in Shrewsbury, extensive and appropriate, and you had better join us." I was delighted with the proposal, and said I would see my Brother and other friends, and sincerely hoped we might eventually be enabled to realize our mutual desires. I need not inform you, that our great object in removing from the neighbourhood of Manchester, was, to obtain labour at a lower price than was then given in the vicinity of that and other manufacturing towns.

The greatest difficulty which presented itself with regard to the change of places for commencing business, was, that I had taken the lease of the Frodsham Manufactory, and should have it upon my hands, unless it were possible to assign it to some other. On my mentioning this to my sincere, though still unbelieving friend, Mr. Roberts, he mentioned the circumstance to his uncle, a considerable manufacturer, who entered into the spirit of the plan, and immediately agreed to take an assignment of the lease, should I finally arrange with Messrs. Cooke. Mrs. Barlow was quite satisfied with the change, if every thing else should prove as eligible as Frodsham.

As Mrs. B. had received intimation, that the convenience of the family of her landlord required the surrender of the premises she occupied, she did not feel so much the idea of removal. I again met the Messrs. Cooke, when terms were agreed upon, in which my good Brother was appointed Superintendent of the Manufactory, with a salary of £156 a year, for twelve years; for which term our Partnership was to continue: the proposed advantages to myself, should the concern in any degree answer our expectations, were the early income of £15 a week, (£780 a year) advancing until Thousands a year might be realized. And all our expectations were based on fair and prudent calculations. An agreement was signed, and the Deed of Partnership ordered, containing a penalty of £1000 should either party refuse performance.

After this meeting, I returned home to Rhodes; elevated, and depressed with conflicting prospects and affections. I had lived there in the enjoyment of every degree of happiness my heart could desire; while the proposals of Mr. Burton even offered an increase. I could not quite give up Frodsham, it was near my beloved Halton, and not far from Manchester; there was a house ready for occupation, Mrs. Barlow having adopted me, her property alone would render me independent, and the Factory would give me full employment. A marriage with the young lady, whose affection was fixed from the moment we first met, and to whom I was certainly engaged, would increase my fortune, and raise me beyond independency, and above all, enable me to go to College, and eventually become a Minister of the Established Church: and had my affection for Miss M. agreed with my judgment, that desire, in all human probability, would have been accomplished.

I had also become deeply attached to the people and the country, I had been useful to some of them, whose sorrow at the thoughts of my leaving, wounded my heart. To my dear young friend Mr. James D. Burton,* I unreservedly communicated the state of my mind; on doing which, he informed me,

---

* To put on record all I could desire of one so dear to my remembrance, as James Daniel Burton, would fill many pages instead of lines. An excellent Memoir of him will be found in the Methodist Magazine, for 1817. Like myself, he was a native of Manchester, born July 25, 1784, consequently nearly six years my junior. He was baptized by Mr. Wesley. He entered on his ministerial labours in the year 1805.

it was his intention to become a Methodist Itinerant Preacher, and earnestly entreated me to do the same.—I loved the Methodists and their Ministers, but my greater partiality for the Established Church could not be removed.

Time rolled on, and my intended kind Partners announced to me that the Deed of Partnership would be ready for signature on a certain day, and invited me to dinner, and to meet the Solicitor at their house in Pendlebury. This seemed for a moment to arouse my mind to decision, and I set out, not without a conviction that Marriage and the Church would still be the best. When this thought entered my mind—if I go to Shrewsbury, and the business succeeds, I shall be rich enough to marry Miss ——— or any other lady to whom I may be acceptable, to build a Church and become its Minister. Gratified by this view, I went more cheerfully on my way for about three miles, when after passing Agecroft Hall, I came to a narrow lane on my right hand; down it I passed a little way, determined on my knees once more to implore Almighty direction before it was too late. I did so, but not finding my mind in any way relieved, with a degree of profanity and self-deception, I hope no one will ever imitate, I set up my walking stick as the umpire, intending to follow its decision; and if it fell towards Middleton, to return home and go to College; and if it fell towards Pendlebury, to proceed on my journey. At that moment, a worldly ambitious feeling seized my mind, and I gave my stick a gentle bias towards Pendlebury. I arrived in proper time, signed, sealed, and delivered the Deed; and returned to Middleton *no longer free*. The guilt, the sorrow, the depression, the forebodings, which afterwards seized my mind, I will not attempt to describe. Many, and fervent, were the prayers I offered to my God for his forgiveness, and for a continuance of his gracious, though unmerited protection.

It now become necessary that Mr. Thomas Cooke and myself should visit Shrewsbury together. On our journey we stayed all night at Wollerton, near Hodnet, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Cooke's relative, Rowland Dickin,* Esq. On reaching Shrewsbury,

---

A brief notice in the Obituary of the volume which contains the Memoir, records the following particulars.

"James Daniel Burton, who was a native of Manchester. His parents taught him, from his infancy, to know, fear, and love God, as the principal end of man. When he was about the age of sixteen, an awful Providence, of which he was an eye-witness, was sanctified to his effectual awakening. He very soon obtained the peace of God; and gave unquestionable evidence of a sound and scriptural conversion. In his 21st year he was called out to travel. He cheerfully left an affluent home, and many flattering prospects of a worldly nature, to preach amongst perishing sinners, the unsearchable riches of Christ; and in a few years he became an able minister of the gospel. His affable, uniform, and pious deportment endeared him to all his intimate friends; and caused him to be greatly and generally beloved, in the different circuits in which he laboured. His course was short. In the tenth year of his itinerancy, his health failed. More than two years and a half, he was the subject of severe and complicated afflictions, which he bore with exemplary patience. Often under the most painful sufferings, his expressions of resignation and gratitude to God were such as affected and delighted all who heard them. A few hours before his death, he was asked if he were happy? He replied, "O yes! very happy. What now should I do without my Saviour?" He triumphantly entered into his Master's joy on the 24th of March, 1817, in the 33rd year of his age."

To his unvarying piety, and his ministerial talents, I delight to bear my testimony. The entire of his correspondence with me, and some excellent verses he wrote on the Beauties of Hawkstone Park; his sweet volume of Advice to the Young, &c. all perished. I scarcely dare repeat *when*, having so often referred to the event. Very early after I left Middleton, I had the happiness to receive him as a visitor; when with the smile of sincere friendship, he entered my dwelling, bringing in his hand a letter of invitation he had received, and good humouredly referred to the verses it contained, which he was pleased to say, were irresistible in their pleading. Happy also was the visit he paid me, when invited to preach a Charity Sermon, in St. John's Chapel, Shrewsbury; all were charmed with the discourse of the preacher, nor was his attached friend less proud of his performance.

"Sweet is the savour of his name."

Yes, yes, and

"If friendship were frail, and a perishing flower,
Born only on earth to decay;
Oh! who, if it blooms but for life's fleeting hour,
Would fling all its sweetness away?"

*Our venerable Host was then a Coroner of the County of Salop. A few years afterwards, having filled that important station for half a century, he resigned his office, desirous to be succeeded by his son, Mr. Joseph Dickin. As some return for the hospitality and general kindness I had received from the family, my best exertions were promptly afforded. On the day of election, he was proposed by the venerable William Smith, Esq. Alderman of Shrewsbury, and a Magistrate of the County; and with feelings of true esteem, I zealously seconded the nomination. He was elected without opposition.

It was not a little singular, that the retiring Coroner, had also on his election, been nominated by Mr. Smith. The father of Rowland Dickin was also Coroner; his election is said to have cost £5,000. Rowland Dickin has been dead many years, and Joseph, a few months ago, retired from his office into the shades of death. Our friendship continued until the last.

accompanied by Mr. Thomas Dickin, we proceeded to inspect the premises. Aided by the advice of the late John Carline,* Esq. we waited on the late Joseph Loxdale, Esq. and gave him instructions to prepare the lease according to the proposals of Messrs. Rowton and Simpson; which being completed, I became a Shrewsbury man.

We returned to Lancashire, and I proceeded to Middleton to complete the period of my engagement, and to take leave of all my dear friends. Painful indeed was the duty, but the distance was not so great, but that I could return to them often; and as soon as I could erect a suitable habitation on our new premises, Mrs. Barlow agreed to reside at Shrewsbury, and Mr. Burton promised ever to remain my friend. Many were the prayers of the kind and pious people at Rhodes, for my prosperity; and the Sunday (May 8th, 1803) before I left the country, I consented to address all my friends from the pulpit, in the Methodist Chapel, at Middleton. As the day appointed approached, I felt anxious fears, lest I should not be able to go through the duty I had engaged to perform; and when I entered the pulpit, which was ascended from a room, a portion of the premises of my excellent friend, Mr. Topp; so that I had not previously to entering the pulpit, a view of the Chapel. On seeing the galleries, the pews, and aisles so densely crowded, my heart almost sunk within me. I did however most fervently lift it up in prayer. In a front pew of the gallery on my right hand, was good Mrs. Barlow, and other venerated friends; on my left, Mr. Thomas Topp and his family, whom I knew to be, not only a pious, but a talented family, and I had a hope that Mr. T. would judge favourably, and I was not disappointed. There were Mr. Joseph Heap, John Davies, James Vare, George Smith, Samuel Howarth, and hundreds more, lifting up their eyes and hearts to heaven, to whom my fears were not unknown. With trembling hands I held the Hymn Book, and with trembling lips gave out the Hymn. During prayer my fears a little subsided,* and afterwards, I was enabled with some degree of freedom to address myself to the congregation; whose kind and feeling hearts, in many tears, gave evidence of their affection towards me—all I said was perfectly extempore. On my concluding, dear Mrs. Barlow, adopting the language of pious Simeon, in the Gospel, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

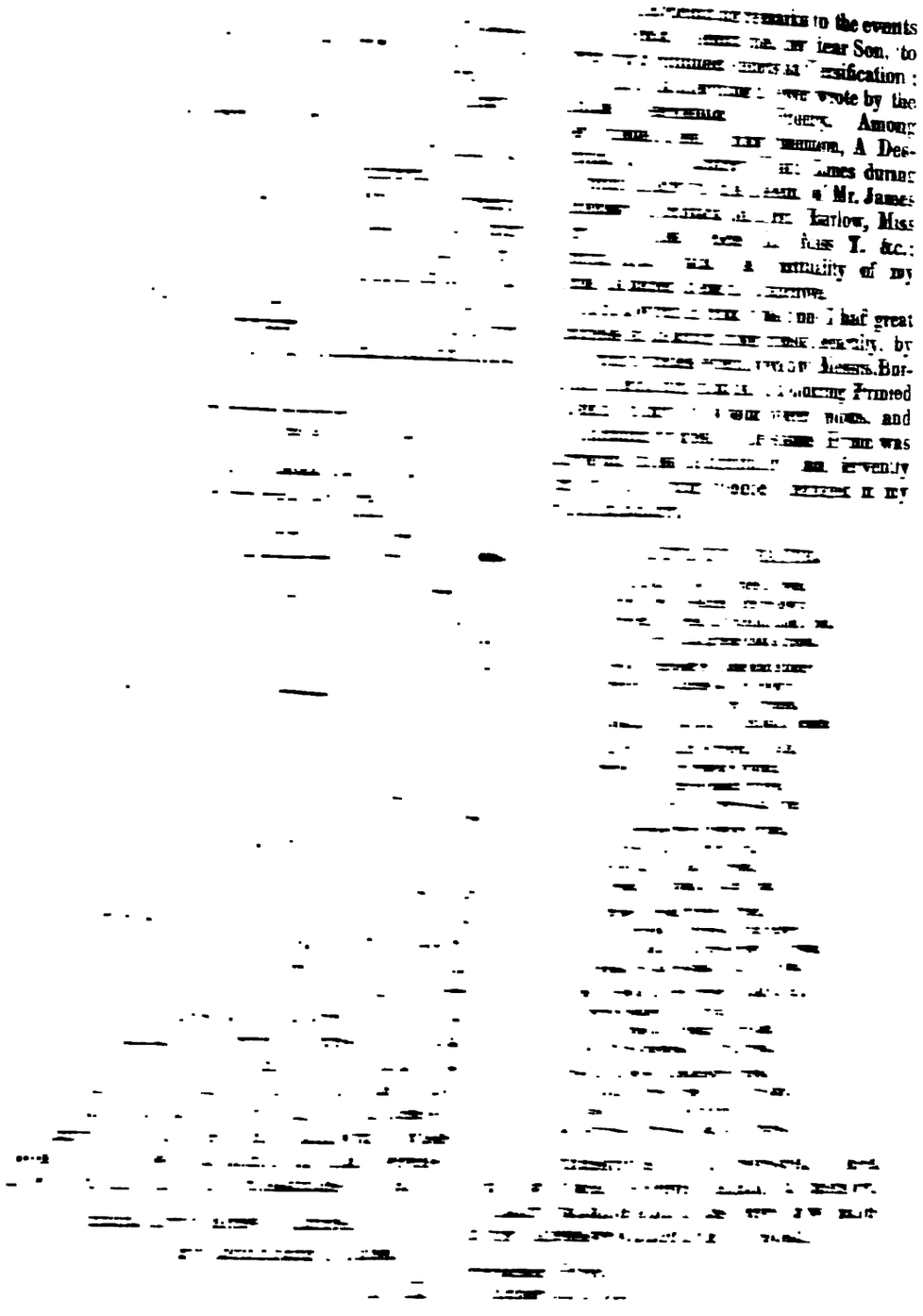
Though I never saw a congregation more affected, little did I think that my poor feeble efforts had produced any particular effect; but the next day, just as I was preparing to leave Rhodes, a respectable individual came to Mrs. Barlow's, and with many tears confessed that he had long been an unbeliever, but that, while I was exhibiting the evil tendency of infidelity, and the happiness of those that believe and remain steadfast in the faith, he felt so deeply the awfulness of his situation, that he was determined to seek the mercy and forgiveness of God, and he was come to desire an interest in my prayers, and to be instructed by me. The hour was then arrived when I had to depart, and therefore could only offer for him a short, but fervent prayer; and I do hope, if alive, he is still a believer, and living in the faith and fear of God.

On parting with my faithful friend, Mr. Burton, he took me aside to offer me his best advice. "My young and dear friend," he said, "you are about to leave me, and will no doubt be desirous to marry. I am confident you will marry well, and will be very anxious to have a religious wife, and will make that a first consideration; but above all things, seek for a good-tempered female.

---

* With gratitude I record, that after Mr. Carline had carefully and deliberately inspected the premises, &c. and answered all enquiries, being solicited to name his professional charge, he hospitably invited Mr. Cooke and myself to dinner; when, as he said, he would name the amount of his fee. Dinner being concluded, he was pressed for the performance of his promise, when most respectfully rising from his seat, he said, "Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome to my services, and every thing else I can do for you; I am confident you are deserving of success, and I do most fervently pray, that you may meet with it to the utmost extent of your wishes and anticipations."

* The following extract from a letter written to my Brother at that time, dated 5th May, 1803, and found among his papers, expresses my particular feelings. "I have a great task before me; I am called upon to address some hundreds of people the next Sunday; but as I desire to speak for the Glory of God, and for the benefit of man, I look to the Strong for strength, and do pray for Divine support."



# LETTER XXIV. ARRIVAL AND SETTLEMENT AT SHREWSBURY, DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AS IT WAS IN 1803, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CHURCHES, CHAPELS, AND MINISTERS, CASTLE, TOWN HALL, INFIRMARY, &c. &c. WITH ANECDOTES OF THE INHABITANTS, &c.

"EDITA Penguerni late vestigia splendent,
Urbs sita lunato veluti mendiamnis in orbe,
Colle tumet modico duplici quoque ponte superbit,
Accipiens patria sibi lingua nomen ab alnis."

LELAND.

"YES! as I gaze upon thy fair green hill,
Mine eyes with tears of pleasing sadness fill;
In morning's gay, or evening's hallowing hour,
As slow I wander through thy peaceful Bower,
I feel a magic bind my heart to thee,
And all my feelings melt to Sympathy;
For every shade, that offers ease and rest,
Speaks of that dear Enchanter of the breast;
And o'er yon river, every waving leaf
Tells of those friendships which have chased my grief."

*Poetical Recreations, by the Rev. C. A. HULBERT.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

To a feeling and sensitive mind, there is something almost devotional in the recollection of former or ancient peculiarities, of persons and places; by which, in early life, we were strongly impressed. The distinctive character of the objects of our affection, as they appeared the first moment of their making an impression on our hearts, in after life, in memory, we behold,—if individuals, in the same dress, of the same age and appearance; if towns, villages, or habitations, of the same dimensions, splendid or humble: even improvements, if they destroy the character of a town or a building, impart not the same charms to some, as they do to those, to whom remembrance yields no regrets for change, or to whom every change is an improvement. From a perhaps childish veneration for old things, your Father's mind is not wholly exempt. Hence, notwithstanding I have published the History of Shrewsbury in so many forms and publications, I still read with unalloyed entertainment, all relations, facts, and circumstances connected with the Ancient History of the venerable but lovely Metropolis of Shropshire. The only Work I had ever met with prior to my removal to Shrewsbury, containing any account worth noticing, or at all descriptive of the Town, was "Pennant's Tours in Wales," and from that Work I received a most favourable impression, which has never been removed; and, I do hope, the humble labours of your Father, in endeavouring to delineate the true character of the Town and County of his adoption, in the Histories and Descriptions he has ventured to offer to the public, will in like manner, even after his departure from this life, continue to uphold their character* as a happy portion of Old England; and where long life is no rarity,—where nature exults in lovliness, and hospitality blooms and flourishes in every season of the year. Suspending the expression of sentiments and feelings, I hasten to commence a brief Description of SHREWSBURY, as I found it, on leaving the Town and County of my Nativity.

---

It was on a delightful evening in the month of May, 1803, that I entered the Town of Shrews-

---

* I hope it will not be considered out of place or indecorous, to refer to some opinions which have been kindly and encouragingly expressed. One Nobleman§ of our County, when proposing a Subscription to relieve my Loss by Fire, said, "It is not as charity we propose a Subscription, but as some reward for the benefits you have conferred on Shropshire, by your Publications." Another, a Gentleman‡ of Montgomeryshire, said, holding the History of the County of Salop in his hand, "It is from Publications such as this, that a correct National Work can ever be compiled." Another Gentleman† still living, on a Public occasion, kindly, I fear too flatteringly, expressed his conviction of the "BENEFITS conferred on Shrewsbury and Shropshire by Mr. Hulbert's Publications."

§ The late General Lord Viscount Hill, of Hardwicke Hall.
‡ W. Owen, Esq. of Glansevern Hall, Montgomeryshire.
† J. T. Esq. of Ellesmere, still living, &c. &c.

bury. The quiet and peaceable appearance of the place, the apparent comfort and respectability of the inhabitants, the total absence of bustle and care, impressed my mind with sentiments of esteem; and inspired the hope, that as a resident for the next coming twelve years, I should find myself in the midst of a virtuous, peaceable people—nor were my hopes disappointed. The Coach and Horses Inn, Raven street, then kept by Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, afterwards by Mr. Lunt, being the house frequented by my excellent friends, the family of Mr. Coroner Dickin; there I took up my abode for a short time, and then removed into private lodgings in High street. Your Uncle Samuel Hulbert, being a married man, had a house conveniently fitted up for him, in a portion of the premises from this time named "Coleham Cotton Manufactory."

No sooner was your Father settled as a Salopian, than he felt anxious to become particularly acquainted with the History of his adopted Town. A very humble Publication by Thomas Minshull, a Printer, entitled "A Guide to Shrewsbury," comprising also a Directory of the principal inhabitants, published by Mr. Hodges,* Printer and Bookseller, then living in the Market Place, was of some utility. "Phillips's History of Shrewsbury," in one volume quarto, I found extremely useful and valuable; but as it came down no later than 1778, I *then* felt a great desire for a New Edition, especially as it was with difficulty that a Copy of the Work could be obtained.

With Phillips's History as a reference, accordingly on every suitable opportunity, I perambulated the Town on week days, and on Sundays paid visits to the different Places of Worship, listening attentively to their various Ministers; by which means I acquired a knowledge of the sentiments and ministerial qualifications of each, and in every instance, as far as I recollect, received particular attention from the ministers and their respective congregations.

* By a mistake of the Printer, at the foot of a Handbill or Circular, the name of Mr. Hodges appeared as BULLSELLER. In all Printing Offices, accidents of a like nature will sometimes happen. I regret extremely my loss (by Fire) of the little Guide he printed, it was a very fair specimen of the workmanship of the day.

My first perambulation included a visit to the Quarry, and a walk round the Town, confining my observation within the Ancient Walls, the Castle and the Bridges. From the resources I mention, and private information, I learned that a soft red sandstone had formerly been raised in the meadows forming one of the most splendid Promenades in the kingdom, and from this circumstance received the name of the Quarry. The Trees were planted in the year 1719, during the Mayoralty of Henry Jenks, Esq. and in June, 1803, were in full bloom and verdure. At the extremity of the middle walk, on the Banks of the Severn, was a double seat, which had succeeded a covered arbour. On these seats, many a lover had pledged his vows, and many an invalid reposed his weak and weary frame.

THE TOWN WALLS.—Shrewsbury was anciently, not only defended by its Castle and Towers, but by a Wall which surrounded it. At this time, as now, there existed a portion of the Walls on the South side of the Town, between the Crescent and to nearly opposite the Catholic Chapel, in excellent repair; and also a short portion, and a Tower now existing, between the Crescent and Murivance, forming a short but very pleasing walk. Along the verge of the River from the Free Schools to the Welsh Bridge, another portion of the Walls formed an agreeable Promenade. The first portion of the Wall or Rampart was raised by Robert de Belesme, son of Roger de Montgomery, first Earl of Shrewsbury. Another portion was built in the reign of Henry III. and the Roushill Wall in the time of Oliver Cromwell, from the Ruins of Shrawardine Castle; of which I had several interesting particulars, in a valuable and curious Manuscript I lost in the Fire of 1839.

THE CASTLE is *said* to have been founded by Roger de Montgomery; but Mr. Pennant assigns to it a more remote origin, and from its exploratory Mount, thinks it of British foundation. This may be the case, but if so, it was by Earl Roger greatly extended; for he scrupled not to destroy 51 houses, to make room for his intended buildings; which proves that the Town was in that place thronged with inhabitants. It continued a place of strength and importance, until the reign of Henry VIII. when Leland

THE CASTLE, SHREWSBURY.

remarks, "It was a strong thing, but much in ruin."

In the Civil War it was garrisoned for the King, but was cowardly surrendered to the Parliament in 1645. In the reign of James II. it was deserted as a Fortress, and consequently its Outworks were neglected, and probably removed. It does not now present to us any adequate idea of its former state and greatness. Its situation is the most commanding of any in the Town, standing boldly on a narrow elevated neck of land, of 500 yards in breadth, made by the windings of the Severn. Very little remains of the Ancient Castle, except the Keep, now converted into a handsome mansion; and the Ancient Gateway, through which it is approached from the Raven, now Castle street. At the time of my becoming an inhabitant of the Town, the Castle was the residence and property of Sir W. Pulteney,* Bart.

THE OLD ENGLISH BRIDGE was constituted of seventeen arches in the whole. Within two arches of the eastern extremity, was a Gate and a strong embattled Tower, with its chamber and portcullis, and beyond it a Drawbridge. This Bridge was only twelve feet wide, and encumbered with houses. Its Northern Parapet was taken down in 1769; and the present admirable structure erected, not exactly in the same place, but in its stead. It extends 400 feet, the breadth being 25 feet; built entirely of fine white Grinshill stone, and in appearance vies with most Bridges in the kingdom. Mr. Gwynn, a native of Shrewsbury, was the Architect. Another Bridge, called Coleham Bridge, crosses the Meole Brook, also in my way to the Manufactory; in after days, when passing over it with my youthful Wife and young family, joyfully have I sung

"With my staff and my crook,
I passed over this brook,
Now lo! I am become two bands."

In an opposite direction (say Westerly) is the WELSH BRIDGE, completed in 1795. The plan was by Messrs. Carline and Tilley, whose Marble and Stone Works were at the time of my perambulation, near the English Bridge.

The Western or Welsh Bridge consists of five arches, the length 266 feet, the breadth 30 feet, and the height 30. This is also built of Grinshill stone, and is a beautiful and convenient structure. The Old Welsh Bridge was very much admired for the Architectural beauty of its Gateway, and its Tower. A Quay faced with stone, and Warehouses are built upon the River nearest the Town. On the opposite side of the street were the Warehouses of Mr. Maxon, Manchester Carrier, and Messrs. Crowley and Company, Carriers to London.

My next walk was to inspect the Market Hall, Town Hall, Infirmary, Free Schools, and Market or Butter Cross. Proceeding from High street to the Market Place, which is both commodious and handsome, the Statue of Richard, Duke of York, placed in a niche, of the handsome MARKET HALL, attracted my attention—probably the only relic of the Ancient Welsh Bridge. This spacious and convenient Building, is entirely of white Free stone, and in the style of the sixteenth century; erected about 1595, and it remains an honour to the Town of Shrewsbury, the Architects and Builders of that period. The Arms of Queen Elizabeth ornament the gable fronting the Market Place.

The then TOWN HALL, was also a handsome and most convenient edifice, the Front of white Free stone, from Grinshill quarry. The courts and rooms were all appropriate, and admirably adapted for the purposes

* Sir W. Pulteney was one of the M. P's. for Shrewsbury, at the time of my perambulations. His original name was Johnstone; by his marriage with the heiress of the House of Pulteney, he became possessed of a very large estate, and took the name of Pulteney. He died, June 5, 1805, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. In private life he was remarkable for frugal habits, yet it is well known, his charities were liberal and extensive. I remember hearing the late pious and excellent Mr. Howell of St. John's Hill, relate, that while the Wesleyan Chapel was in course of erection on St. John's Hill, that he, in company with the late Mr. Hugh Antrobus, waited on Sir William at the Castle; when being introduced into his presence, they found him engaged in tearing the sealing wax from letters, and melting it into a mass for future using. As the errand of the gentlemen was to solicit a Contribution towards the erection of their New Place of Worship, this circumstance occasioned, for the moment, some dismay; but on stating their business, the countenance of Sir William brightened up into benevolence, and enquiring as to the style of the erection, size, &c. he said, "Well gentlemen, I approve of your plans, and here's Twenty Guineas for you." *See also my Edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.*

designed. The former Town Hall, I understood, was an Ancient Wooden Structure, and stood across the Market Place, in front of the Market Hall; very inconvenient, and ill adapted for the Public purposes for which it was generally occupied. Its successor answered every purpose, Assizes, Sessions, &c. while the Exchequer Room afforded accommodation for a Subscription Library, Public Meetings, Dinners, Balls, &c. In winter, the Court of Requests was often held in this room; of which Court, not a long period after my settling in Shrewsbury, I was sworn a Commissioner; and am probably at this moment, the senior Commissioner on the Roll.* I remember with great pleasure, as Brother Commissioners, the names of Messrs. Thomas Brocas, John Carline, E. Cullis, Joseph Gittins, Samuel Harley, Richard Hilditch, James Sayer, William Smith, (Magistrate) James Watkins, &c. &c.

I remember one occurrence which happened in this place, which I have often attempted to forget. Never having attended any Court of Assize,—the Autumn of my first year's residence, I was endeavouring to make my way in the Criminal Court, to a seat behind the Jury Box; when the Deputy Sheriff, the late J. Williams, Esq. a handsome young man, as I supposed, to repress my earnestness, struck me a violent blow on the head with his wand. I instantly left the Court, with feelings I had never previously felt; and penned a challenge, which was delivered by a proper messenger the next morning, to the no small astonishment of my anticipated antagonist; who in reply, assured me in the most polite terms, he had not seen me in the Court, that the Hall was so thronged, and the rush and press so great, he had indiscriminately used his wand; and expressed his "sincere sorrow that a gentleman of my respectability should have received a blow." This ended the affair.

My attention was next directed to the SALOP INFIRMARY, Standing near St. Mary's Church. It was, I found, originally intended for the Town residence of Corbet Kynaston, Esq. and stood on a portion of the Old Town Walls. It was opened for the reception of Patients in 1745, being one of the earliest Institutions of the kind in the kingdom. With this intelligence I was highly gratified, as I was indeed with all I learned or saw, relative to my already beloved, adopted Town. To this Institution I had great happiness in becoming an Annual Contributor, while prosperity crowned my manufacturing endeavours. The rules of the Institution, and its internal regulations—the skill of its medical staff, and the success with which their endeavours were crowned, made so deep an impression on my mind, that I have often said, should misfortune reduce me, and sickness assail me, do take me to the Salop Infirmary: and all I beheld while a visiter, confirmed and enhanced my first good opinion. The Right Hon. the Earl of Bridgewater, Treasurer; Dr's. Darwin and Tayleur, were Physicians; Messrs. Sandford and Sutton, Surgeons; and Mr. Outlaw, the then House Surgeon; Mr. Jones, Secretary. I recollect Mrs. Williamson, was Matron. I record their names as a manifestation of my esteem. I have myself, in this case, no record or report, but my feeble memory. Treasurers changed annually.

In the year 1815, being in the procession accompanying the Treasurer of that year, on occasion of the Anniversary Meeting; I had the honour to be selected by my ever revered friend, the late Colonel Lyster of Rowton Castle, as his companion in the procession to St. Chad's Church; where a Sermon, as usual, was preached for the benefit of the Institution, and a Collection at the doors made; the plates being held by the Hon. H. G. Bennet, M. P. and his newly-married Lady, sister of Lord John Russell. On receiving my humble contribution, Mr. Bennett seized my hand, and whispered, "I will see you soon." A few minutes after my arrival at home, Mr. B. was there, eagerly though affectionately asking, "How do you like my Wife?" Oh! I said, she is every thing that is lovely. "Aye," he replied, "but the best of all is, she is out of a good stock."

THE FREE SCHOOLS. This admirable School I became chiefly acquainted with through the medium of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, which says, "The Original School was

* This cheap and very useful Court is now superseded by the County Court.

a Timber Building, but in the year 1595, a fine range of stone building was finished; the ground floor of which is the Chapel, which was consecrated May 10th, 1617." In the year 1630, another building was finished, joining to the former at right angles, in the same style, and consisting of the same materials, "white, or Grinshill stone." The whole of the buildings, with the Masters' houses, make a very fine appearance, resembling a College, and handsomer than many in both Universities. "The School revenue is now very large," arising from the Tythes of Hay and Grain, in Astley, Clive, &c. and of Grain, in Betton, Woodcot, Bicton, &c. &c.

The Rev. Samuel Butler, M. A. (afterwards Dr. Butler) was Head Master; who, in the short period of five years, had succeeded in raising the school from a sinking state, to a most flourishing condition. The polite attention I received while passing through the various apartments, is still in vivid recollection; and the walk I had some years afterwards with the Doctor, to Berwick Chapel, where he, at that time officiated, is no less in happy remembrance. Of this great and excellent man, I shall have more to say hereafter.

THE MARKET, OR, BUTTER CROSS, then stood at the summit of Pride Hill, opposite to where the present spacious Market House is erected. It was a very unsightly building of brick and stone, over which, resting on arches, was the water cistern, capable of holding 700 barrels of water, for the supply of the town. The water was forced up into the Reservoir, by the action of a large wheel erected under one of the arches of the English Bridge; and which, from its constant motion, was esteemed a very interesting object, from the windows of my Miniature Castle.

When I first came to Shrewsbury, there was often there on market days, a Book-stall; which, as it reminded me of Hopps's stall in Manchester, I felt great pleasure in paying to it a visit. At that time I possessed the first of two volumes folio, of "Poole's Paraphrase and Commentary on the Scriptures," which I had long desired to complete; when on one of my earliest visits, I found the second volume of the work, in the very same binding, and in which were written the same names as were found in my first volume, certifying most perfectly, that they formerly belonged to each other: a circumstance rather extraordinary, as the Bookseller had never visited Manchester, nor had any communication with that town. My desire was however gratified by the circumstance. This building was taken down in the year 1817.

I visited each of the Endowed Schools, viz: Bowdler's, Millington's, and Allatt's; which visit to the latter seminary, was the commencement of my great esteem for its then worthy master, Mr. George Bagley. *See my Phillips's Shrewsbury.* The Brown, or Subscription, now National School, was also in considerable repute. My Sunday visits to the Churches and other Places of Worship, were, if possible, more gratifying.

ST. GILES'S CHURCH, at the end of Abbey Foregate, on the London road, was pointed out to me as the oldest in the town. At that time it seemed some distance out of town, there being no houses in its near vicinity, except the Almshouses, and the White Horse Inn. St. Giles's is a small low building, at that time it had Service only twice a year.* From its being stated that St. Giles's Church was situated near the Eastern Gate of the City, it has been thence conjectured, that the Town at one time extended much further Eastward. It is a dependency on the ABBEY CHURCH, a venerable fabric, situated at the opposite extremity of the Abbey Foregate, or Abbey street. This Church is only a portion of the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, founded in 1083, by Roger de Montgomery. The West Tower, the Nave, and the North Porch are all that remain. This was a Mitred Abbey, containing the remains of St. Winifred; whose Shrine was honoured by the resort of many pilgrims. The Tower contains a fine gothic window, over which is a statue of the founder. The stained glass windows are rich and beautiful. The monu-

* The erection of the Column in honour of Lord Hill, and the sale of land by the Earl of Tankerville, have led to the great improvement in that portion of the Abbey Parish. St. Giles's Church is now handsomely fitted up, and has a highly respectable congregation. The present Minister, (1850) is the Rev. W. Walshaw How, son of my honoured friend, W. Wybergh How, Esq. late Mayor of Shrewsbury.

mental figure of Roger de Montgomery, remains in the Church, and is carefully preserved.

In the *then* Garden is a most beautiful Stone Pulpit, admired by every visitor. In the rear of this Remain, stands the Abbey House; at the time of my first visit, in the occupation of the beloved Sir Charles Oakley, Bart. and his lovely family.

The late Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. of Atcham, was the revered Vicar,* who resigned in 1825.

Leaving the Abbey Church, I crossed the English Bridge, and passed the Roman Catholic Chapel, Bowdler's School, and the Crescent, and the verge of the Quarry, to NEW ST. CHAD'S CHURCH. The Old Church of St. Chad, which stood near the centre of the town, was an ancient spacious fabric, founded before the Conquest. The main portion of the Church fell† on the morning of July 9th, 1788, leaving only the Chancel standing; occupied as a School, and as a Chapel for reading the Burial Service, when any one is interred in the ancient Church-yard. *See also my Edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.* I remember a few years after my settling in Shrewsbury, being at the house of Mr. John Blower, Princess street, when that kind-hearted, pious, then young man, introduced me to a workman, who said, "he was leaning with his back against the wall of the Church-yard, looking at the Clock to observe it to strike four, when it fell with a tremendous noise; with which he was so alarmed, that he almost lost his recollection for a moment. On recovering, he returned thanks to God for his Merciful Deliverance." A public day of Thanksgiving was gratefully and seriously held by the inhabitants of the town. The Rev. T. Stedman, the Vicar, published an affecting Address to his Parishioners on the occasion.

The New Church is erected on a gentle eminence, bordering on the Quarry, from the elegant walks of which it is a splendid object. It is constituted of Grinshill stone, on a plan extremely novel, though not I believe entirely unique. The body of the Church is a circle of one hundred feet diameter. The steeple is surmounted by a dome. The portal is placed in the front of the lower story of the tower. Before the front is a portico, elevated on a flight of steps, supported by Doric columns. The interior it has been said, has too much the resemblance of a Theatre; and though it is admirably adapted for hearing the preacher, it is said not to be calculated to inspire devotional fervour, or solemn feeling.—A conviction, that God is present every where, especially in the assemblies of his believing people, will impress the mind with due solemnity and devotion; whether the style of the Temple be that of a Theatre, Grecian or Gothic, a Cathedral or a Cottage. Yet, it cannot be denied, that

---

* The present venerable and highly venerated Rev. W. G. Rowlands, Incumbent of St. Mary's Church, was then, and for many years afterwards, Curate of the Abbey Church. His venerable and also venerated father, the Rev. John Rowlands, who died in March, 1816, was many years one of the Masters of Shrewsbury School; fifty-five years Rector of Llangerrha, in Cardiganshire; Chaplain of the Salop Gaol; and also of the Shrewsbury House of Industry. Of his eloquence in latter years, I cannot say as much as I can of his amiability, integrity, and humility. Often in the first years of my residence at Miniature Castle, has he called on a Sunday morning, and kneeled with us at family worship, on his way to perform Divine Service at the House of Industry. Happiness to thy soul, and peace to thy ashes, venerable man!

† I love to record, and also to trace the hand of Divine Providence, not only in the events connected with my own existence; but in events of a more general and important character. Such I consider the preservation of life, in the fall of St. Chad's Church; of which, the Author of "Some Account of Shrewsbury," (the Rev. H. Owen) thus relates.

"So insensible were the parishioners of the danger of this disaster, that divine service was continued in the Church nearly to the day of its fall. Not more than a month before this happened, it was unusually thronged with spectators on the solemn occasion of an officer's funeral, attended with military honours, when it was computed that several thousands were assembled. Had this vast weight in the galleries brought on the dreadful event at that moment, is it in the power of human imagination to conceive the horror of the scene! A very few evenings previous to the accident, some members of a ringing society had assembled in the steeple to enjoy their favourite amusement, but as one only of the proper number was wanted, they dispersed, after waiting some time for his arrival. An attempt to raise the bells, it is highly probable, would then have brought down the tower, and buried them beneath its ruins. The slight vibration caused by the motion of the chime-barrel at length hurried on the disaster. At the moment when the church fell, the masons were gone to the house of the sexton, which adjoined the church-yard, to procure the keys, in order to resume their destructive work, had the misfortune therefore been delayed only a few minutes, they would have entered the church, and of course have fallen miserable victims of their own ignorance and rashness. These remarkable instances of providential interference, thus arresting as it were, the progress of gravitation, ought to excite an increasing sentiment of gratitude in the breasts of those whose time upon earth was thus prolonged."

ST CHAD'S CHURCH, SHREWSBURY

PULPIT IN THE ABBEY GARDEN.

SHREWSBURY.

surrounding objects have a very undue influence on our feelings. Often have I listened with solemn attention to the pious and elegant discourses of the venerable beloved Christian Pastor, the Rev. Thomas Stedman,* Vicar of the Parish, and his successors. Within those walls, in days gone-by, I have heard those devoted servants of God, the late Bishop Heber, then Rector of Hodnet; the late Rev. John Eyton, Vicar of Wellington; the late Rev. J. Buckworth, Vicar of Dewsbury, Yorkshire; our eminently learned and talented townsman, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Lee, the present Rector of Barley Royston, Herts; and within a less distant period, I have listened, with no *common feeling*, to a Discourse by a beloved Son, (C.A.H.) and also to various by the present excellent Vicar.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, also had very particular attention. This venerable edifice stands on the north-eastern part of the town, in a small area, which has the appearance of a Collegiate Close. It is a large venerable Building in the form of a Cross. From the tower rises a lofty and beautiful spire; the whole height of the steeple is 216 feet. The interior is solemn and impressive. To attempt a description in so small a space as that allotted on the present occasion, would be impossible.—Its numerous interesting monuments, painted glass windows, &c. would alone, fill many pages. St. Mary's is a Royal Peculiar, formerly Collegiate; founded by King Edgar, and had once, extensive revenues. The present Annual value of the living is little more than £320. At the period, to which I have so often alluded, the Rev. J. B. Blakeway,† M. A. was Minister and Official; and the late Mr. Price, (and for many years afterwards) was Parish Clerk.

ST. ALKMOND'S CHURCH, it is said was founded in the Tenth Century, by Ethelfleda, a daughter of King Alfred. Like other ecclesiastical buildings of the town, it was erected at different periods, and exhibited various styles of architecture. Of its once venerable appearance, few features remain. Fearing their own Church might share the same fate as Old St. Chad's, the parishioners had it taken down, except the steeple; and in the year 1795, the present structure was opened for Divine Worship. In a few words it may be said of New St. Alkmond's Church, that it is light, airy, spacious, and convenient. Over the communion table, is an elegant window, painted by Egginton, representing Faith kneeling, with her arms extended to receive the Crown seemingly suspended over her head; with the motto, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In casting my eyes on this beautiful device, often have the following simple but pious lines rushed into my mind.

"Who suffer with our Master here,
They shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure,
The cross, shall wear the crown."

It fortunately happened on my first visit to this Church, that the Rev. Richard De Courcy was in tolerable health, and delivered a most admirable discourse, with great faithfulness, power and eloquence. Within a few months afterwards, the lips of this Evangelist were silenced for ever, and he entered on his great reward.

---

* The Rev. Thomas Stedman was Author of several Tracts and Sermons; and also Editor of Orton's and Stonehouse's Letters. A copy of which, together with small portions of the manuscript in their own hand-writing, he kindly presented to me, and which I greatly valued; I lost them in my sad calamity. This really pious and excellent Divine, was born at Bridgnorth, in the memorable year of 1745, and died at Shrewsbury in 1825. Numbers of his fellow-townsmen, of all religious denominations, followed him to his resting-place; in which sorrowing procession, was the humble Author of these Memoirs.—*See also my edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.*

The venerable relict of this beloved Divine, still survives, (November 10, 1850.) Mr. John Stedman, his son, married Miss De Courcy, daughter of the Rev. R. De Courcy. He died a few years ago.

† Mr. Blakeway was born at Shrewsbury, in 1765, and died in 1826. He was a wise and learned man, although suffering a little from an impediment in his speech, his pulpit discourses were always well received; and his addresses in the Town Hall were generally effective. In the year 1809, on the occasion of an Address to Colonel Wardle being proposed, which reflected on the conduct and character of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Mr. Blakeway, speaking against the Address, forgetting his usual courtesy towards his fellow townsmen, remarked, as near as I can recollect, (for I have no memorandum) "Gentlemen, you dont understand the question. In your shops, behind your counters, and engaged in the common affairs of life, you are all clever fellows; but when you meet to discuss Politics or the affairs of Government, you are a mere Hodge Podge." The confusion which followed lasted some minutes. *For a Memoir of Mr. Blakeway, and Lines on his Death, see my Phillips's Shrewsbury.*

St. Alkmond's Church and Mr. De Courcy are connected with many events in the history of the family with which I had the happiness to be united, as will be seen hereafter. On the south side of the church-yard, on a flat stone, are recorded the names of departed individuals, dear to your parents, and yourself, my dear Charles, not only as relatives, but for the virtues they possessed—viz: Thomas and Mary Wood; Percival, Thomas, and Zacharias, their sons, who died in the bloom of life; also Sarah and Theodosius, in their infancy: and Thomas Wood Hulbert, my lamented, but holy and happy son, of whom some notice is in reserve.

After the death of Mr. De Courcy,* the living was vacant for a time; during which period, the services were conducted by various Clergymen. The Rev. D. Campbell diligently officiated, prior to his appointment to Bicton; during which period he resided at Meole Brace. The following incident which happened at that time, I have heard him. with great good humour, relate. "One Sunday morning," he said, "being on my way from my residence to St. Alkmond's Church, I overtook a plain, decent countryman, whom I thus accosted, Good morning, my friend; so, you are no doubt on your way to some Place of Worship?" "Yes sir." he answered. "To St. Alkmond's probably?" "No sir, I am going to hear Mr. *Paumer.* (Palmer) When Mr. De Courcy was alive I went there." "Why dont you go now? There is a new Minister, whom most likely you have never heard." "Oh! but I have, sir," "And dont you like him?" "No sir, I dont like him, he is so muddy." "Meaning that I was not a thorough Calvinist. So that while I was *fishing* for a compliment, I *caught* a reproof."

After leaving Bicton, Mr. Campbell removed to another part of the kingdom. He lately died rich, and bequeathed large sums to Charitable Institutions and purposes. He was a kind, open-hearted man, and a tolerable Preacher. On the verge of the Church-yard of St. Alkmond, stands

ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, which, as far as it regards myself and my own family, is the most interesting of any in Shrewsbury. In this Church I was married, in this Church my three eldest children were Christened; yet, though at one time it was my lot to possess more Building Property, including more than forty-five Houses, a Manufactory, &c. than any other person in the Parish of St. Julian, not a single seat could be allotted to it; hence St. Julian's Church could never fully become my own Church, though I loved and revered it as such. To the ancient house I purchased and occupied in the Parish of St. Mary, no pew or seat was attached; nor was there to the last one I occupied in High street, in the Parish of St.Chad, though that house, it is said, had been standing since the reign of Richard II. In ancient times there were no pews, which may account for the desfitution of these and other old houses—or the houses in question, may be portions only of more extensive dwellings; and the pews or seats have been attached to the larger or principal dwelling. My last purchase of Property, where I now reside, in Hadnal, was in the same destitute situation, without a sitting in the Church, and must have remained so, had not my humble exertions as Churchwarden, to improve and renovate the Church, and increase the number of pews and free sittings, been kindly approved by my beloved fellow Parishioners; who, in consequence. allotted a pew for my family, and another for my tenants.

To return to St. Julian's Church. The former and recent alterations in the exterior of that beloved edifice, have rendered it, much to my sorrow, very unlike what it was when I first entered its Sacred walls. And such is my veneration for every thing connected with that Church, that when the present handsome communion table was introduced, I became the purchaser of the old one, and with joy presented it to Hadnal Church; which table has again been superseded by one more splendid, and it is now, though considered my property, in the poss-

* The remains of the Rev. Richard De Courcy rest in the lovely church-yard of Shawbury, seven miles from Shrewsbury. Sometime after his death, a subscription was raised for the purpose of erecting a Monument in St. Alkmond's Church. The sums subscribed not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, were returned to the subscribers; and it remained for the piety of a daughter, Mrs. J. Stedman, to erect a memorial to the memory of her honoured parent, and one of the most distinguished Ministers that ever graced an English Pulpit. *See my Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, and my Christian Memoirs.*

ession of the Rev. William Oliver, who has promised to return it to me when desired. Why do I venerate so humble an object as a table? For the same reasons that I do the Church of St. Julian—the recollection of former happy days, and because before it, the beloved Incumbent, the Rev. Hugh Owen, pronounced the blessing on myself, and the now venerable partner of my life. "The Lord, mercifully with his favour look upon you, and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting." From my heart I pity those who prefer a *mere* business-like transaction at the Registrar's Office, to a solemn, *sacred* engagement, made in the Sanctuary of our Holy Religion; to which pertains the solemn blessing I have recorded.

In the Views which I possess of the Old Church of St. Julian, it appears to have been an Anglo-Saxon building. The present is a plain substantial structure, and was completed in 1750, excepting the tower, which is a preserved portion of the Old Church.

At the period of my marriage, the summit of the tower, (not very appropriately I must admit) was crowned with eight vases; yet that was a distinction, my fancy, for reasons assigned, would willingly have retained. The gallery on the eastern end, contains the Organ, a great addition to the laudatory services of the Christian Temple. In the east wall of the chancel, was placed a small female figure, said to represent St. Juliana, the Patroness, a noble lady of Florence.

The services of the Church were admirably conducted. The Rev. Hugh Owen* read the Prayers with great solemnity, as were also the responses by Mr. Thomas, Parish Clerk. His appearance was very respectable, wearing hair powder, and a slight black gown.

Situated in the centre of High street, and within less than two hundred yards of the Parish Church of St. Julian, stands the MOST ANCIENT DISSENTING MEETING HOUSE in the Town. Formerly a Presbyterian congregation assembled within its walls; whose doctrines assimulated to those of the Established Religion, being the same as now denominated Orthodox—differing chiefly from that church, from which they had departed or separated, on opinions connected with church government and discipline. The original building was erected in 1691, and in the year 1715, was destroyed by a mob; it was re-erected at the expense of Government, and the Royal Arms still remain in token of loyal gratitude.

Though differing so essentially in religious sentiments from the *present* occupants of the venerable structure, I look upon its dark oak Pulpit with a degree of veneration; from the circumstance,† that my venerable relative, (so often mentioned in this volume) the Rev. Joseph Mottershead, was one of the

* This venerable Divine held the dignity of Archdeacon of Salop; and surrendering the Incumbency of St. Julian, he accepted that of St. Mary, in 1826, and died in 1827. As co-author with Mr. Blakeway, of the History of Shrewsbury, 2 vols. 4to. his name will live to the latest period of time. *See also my Edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.*

† Objects, circumstances, and events, often derive their interest from the place in which they exist, or the time and occasion of their happening, as in the following instance. During one of my perambulations of the town, taking a circuit on the Dana walk, near the Gaol, I met with, and entered into conversation with the late pious and excellent Mr. Hay, watchmaker of High street; father of the present Mr. Hay, watchmaker, of the same street, and of Mr. John Hay, of Brewood, Staffordshire, Mr. William Hay, &c. to whom I addressed many enquiries relative to the objects and places, of which we had so comprehensive a view, and received the most intelligent answers. Coleham Manufactory, at last attracted our observation, and I enquired the purport of the erection of the buildings, and their present occupiers and occupation. This was coming home—when after informing me that "the premises had been erected at a vast expense by a Clergyman, Mr. Powis, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodges, for the purpose of a Woollen Manufactory, which did not succeed: that recently the premises had been engaged as a Cotton Manufactory, by gentlemen from Manchester, who were doing a deal of good in the neighbourhood, and that one of them, a young man, had opened a large room as a Chapel, and attracted large congregations; that he read the Church Prayers, &c. he had not heard him himself, but he feared he was tainted with Unitarianism, for he had been known to attend the Unitarian Chapel." After thanking the kind stranger for his information, I left him, saying to myself, I shall next be considered a Roman Catholic, for I have been at the Catholic Chapel!

In after years, the kind and good man would refer to the circumstance, and express *his regret* that *he had said what he did.* Singular enough, about twelve months ago, being on a visit at Runcorn, and calling on one of my greatly-valued friends of that place, enquiries were made after the family of Mr. Hay; when giving all the information I could, and expressing my good opinion of their character, I had the smiles of a young lady in the company, who was pleasantly announced as Granddaughter of Mr. Hay. How much did I rejoice that my opinion of the family was entirely in their favour and sincerely expressed. More fortunate than Mr. Hay, I shall never *regret* that *I said what I did.*

Presbyters who ordained the good and pious Job Orton,‡ and that in that very Pulpit, my relative preached the Ordination Sermon.

The Rev. George Case was the Minister when first I came to Shrewsbury. He had not a particle of bigotry or ill-will towards other sects; in his conversation and preaching, he was, as in manners and conduct, most amiable and worthy. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and on various occasions have heard him preach; and I should think, from what he then delivered, that his opinions of the Son of God, approached nearer to orthodoxy, than those generally maintained by Unitarians.

THE INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, Swan Hill, was erected in 1767; and, as inscribed on a stone tablet in front of the building, "For the Public Worship of God, and in Defence of the Rights of Protestant Dissenting Congregations, to choose their own Ministers." The Rev. Job Orton having the year previously resigned the pastoral care of the flock, in High street, differences arose in the choice of a successor, and a separation took place. The Rev. Thomas Weaver, was Minister when I first visited the Meeting, and he still lives, the venerated and venerable Pastor of the highly respectable congregation.

In the earlier period of my residence in Shrewsbury, it was my delight to cultivate the good-will of every Minister and every Denomination, of regular discipline and foundation; hence my house frequently received § or entertained their Ministers: and while differing in opinion from many of my visitors, we held the great doctrines of the Gospel in perfect uniformity. I remember on one occasion, Mr. Weaver's friendly visit in Coleham, when some trifling discussion happening relative to our little differences, I observed, "There is no rule without an exception." "Yes," said the pious and amiable Divine, "there is one rule which admits of no exception; and that is, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'" The answer would have done honour to a Reginald Heber or a Daniel Wilson.

Though few were the occasions on which I was a hearer within the walls of the Independent Chapel; yet I look back with great satisfaction to the period, when that Christian Institution, "THE SICK MAN'S FRIEND," was established. Its formation had my hearty concurrence, my best assistance and support. Few, alas! of the founders now remain, to tell the story of its birth. Mr. W. Pidduck, Mr. Lewin, Mr. Blunt, &c. are no more.

THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, in Claremont street, formerly Dog lane, was erected in 1780. The late Rev. John Palmer, was Minister at the time of my perambulations, and continued Pastor 23 years afterwards. *A Memoir of this excellent man will be found in my Phillips's History, and also notices in other pages of this volume.*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, situated near the south walls, was opened in the year 1776. The late Rev. James Corne, its first Priest, was a grave, pious and intelligent man. Many friendly conversations we had together, and to his valuable assistance I am indebted for the article on the Romish Religion. in my first edition of the Concise Statement of Religious Opinions. He was a venerable, modest, unassuming man; kept "on the noiseless tenour of his way," without controversy, or an effort to make proselytes to his faith. I had the pleasure of entertaining him several times at my house, as I had also his successor, the Rev. Mr. Jones, now sleeping in the dust; and I can truly say, not a word on our difference of sentiments, was ever suffered to disturb our friendship. Mr. Corne died in 1817, aged 72.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS have a Meeting House, on St. John's Hill, erected in the year 1746. The only members of this congregation with which I was acquainted, were Mr. Davies, the Bookseller, in High street; Messrs. Joseph and Robert Enoch; Mrs. Clarke; Mrs. and the Misses Young, now all sleeping in the dust.

---

‡ The Rev. Job Orton was a distinguished native of Shrewsbury; born in High street, in the year 1717; in a house which formerly stood on the site of premises, which for years were occupied as Messrs. Beck and Co's. Bank. His opinions as manifested in his valuable Notes and Paraphrase on the Bible, Sermons, &c. were perfectly Orthodox. He died at Kidderminster, in 1783. *For additional particulars, I refer the reader to my Salopian Magazine, of 1815; and my edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.*

§ In a later period, while resident in High street, I had the honour to entertain the now venerable Poet, James Montgomery, Esq. of Sheffield, along with more than twenty Ministers of the Gospel.

As I have often stated, and now do it again, that one evil attending works published by subscription is, the price and number of parts being fixed, in order to complete the work within the given number of pages, it often happens, that the Author is compelled to reduce or omit many articles he had prepared for his publication. This happens to be my case in the present Work, hence my feelings very often give place to brevity; and notices of kind and friendly acts are passed by, which, if the dictates of my own heart had prevailed, would have induced a lengthened history. In that situation I feel myself as it respects the late Mrs. Deborah Darby, of Coalbrookdale, and that most worthy and estimable family. I have a memoir before me, which I should feel great pleasure in transcribing, but for the reasons above stated. Mrs. Deborah Darby, was the widow of Samuel Darby, Esq. and died in 1810, aged 58; she had been a very acceptable minister among the Society of Friends, for 30 years. She paid a religious visit to the Meetings of the Society, in America; exercising her ministry in the Chapels and Meeting-houses of the United States. There she was welcomed with holy joy. In England, she not unfrequently was invited to the pulpits of the Wesleyan Methodists, and had the sincere esteem of the members of that body, and was the friend of the late pious Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley. The Author of these Memoirs feels great happiness in recording, to himself, an interesting event, connected with the ministry of Mrs. Darby. While the Friends Meeting House, (1806) was being enlarged, I had great happiness, one Sunday evening, in accommodating the Friends' and Mrs. Darby, with the use of the commodious room I had recently fitted up in the Manufactory as a Chapel and School-room; the Wesleyan Chapel on St. John's hill, was also in course of erection, or recently finished. The place was very much crowded, and the congregation deeply affected. After service she walked with Mrs. Hulbert and myself, to my residence, (the little Castle) on entering which, she piously said, "Peace be unto this house." She partook of a little refreshment, and in the course of conversation, the circumstance of the Wesleyan Chapel was named, when she kindly offered Ten Pounds towards the expense of erection. On leaving the house she embraced my infant sons, Charles and Thomas, when laying her hands on each their parents heads, she most devoutly and affectionately pronounced the following blessing, as nearly as can be recollected. "May the God of Abraham bless you, may the Holy Spirit dwell in you richly; comforting, enlightening, and guiding you through this world to everlasting life." Never did our hearts feel more grateful, or more solemnly affected.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, was in the year 1803 & 4, (the period of my perambulations) in Hill's lane, a very humble structure, bequeathed to the Society by a Mr. Appleby; and was at that time, from indications of danger, supported by wooden pillars, and a beam thrown across the interior of the building. Mr. Tattershall, Father of the late Rev. Dr. Tattershall, Incumbent of St. Augustine's Church, Liverpool, was the head or Superintendent Preacher of the Circuit; his Colleagues were Mr. Francis West, and Mr. John Martin.

Mr. Tattershall was a TRUE Wesleyan, he loved the Church of England, as well as the Methodists; and he considered every sincere Methodist, to be also a sincere Churchman. Mr. Tattershall was very much esteemed by Mr. Wesley, and was frequently the companion of his Tours, and had the happiness to possess one of the silken gowns of that great and eminent man: which gown I had several times the gratification of having on my person.

As a proof of the attachment of the Wesleyan body to the Parent Church, I may again instance the frequency of the sons of distinguished members, being educated for the ministry of the Church of England. many of whom have proved an ornament and a blessing to that Church and her people—perhaps none more eminently so, than the son of Mr. Tattershall. He died in Liverpool, after a short but severe indisposition, October 29th, 1846. As I knew him in his early years, I feel more particularly interested in his Memoir. A writer in the '*Liverpool Standard*,' on the occasion of his lamented death, says, "Dr. Tattershall was a man ready to do every good work.—As a Scholar, he was profound rather than brilliant; a reasoner,

clear and perspicuous. As a friend, affectionate and constant; as a Christian, holy and devout; as a Minister, active, energetic and useful. He descends to the grave, embalmed in the affections of his brethren and friends, and honoured and beloved by all who knew him." He further says, "After leaving College, he took a Curacy in Gloucestershire. His father and mother he buried the church-yard of All Saints, Huntingdon. In 1820 he took the Degree of M. A. and in 1821 was elected Fellow of his College. In 1838 he took the Degree of D. D. and entered upon his ministerial duties in Liverpool in 1824, at St. Matthew's Church; about the year 1831, St. Augustine's Church was erected for him, of which Church he was Minister when he died. In his last moments he said to his beloved wife who was weeping by his bed-side, and deploring his pains and agonies, "My love, there is no pain in heaven." He said he was "Quite happy, yes, quite!" and that he felt God with him every moment. "He died," says the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, in the sermon he preached on the occasion of his funeral, "without a struggle, without even a sigh to mark the precise moment "when the silver cord was broken." Who would not say, "Let me die the death of Mr. Tattersball, and may my latter end be like his."

Taking a circuit from COLEHAM, I passed over KINGSLAND, visited the Arbours of the Trading Companies; sat a few minutes at the Kingsland Coffee House, kept by Mrs. Oliver; formerly by a Mr. Johnson, who lost his life in the river Severn, at the time of the great flood in 1796, while endeavouring to save some property floating down the stream. From thence I proceeded to the House of Industry, (late Orphan Asylum) the inmates were not very numerous, and the house seemed to be under good management. I was very much amused with the eccentricities and talents of one of its inmates, Evan Thomas. Prince Thomas, Astrologer, as he called himself. He had written several copies of verses for the Shrewsbury Almanack, and on local occasions; but his great pretension was to the knowledge of the fate of man, from the aspect of the stars.—Hence he was consulted by many an aspiring youth and love-sick maiden. Sometimes he took a stroll from his PALACE, as he called it, and solicited the favour of a shilling, to make known the destiny of the giver. On one occasion, in after years, he called at our house in Coleham, and obtained the usual fee from the nurse-maid. On examining her hand, he foretold that "she would be very happily married, and become very rich." On hearing this, the spirited damsel exclaimed, "I am married very miserably, and made very poor. Give me my money again, give me my money again." The demand was complied with, and Prince Thomas lost his fame in our neighbourhood. He pretended to wonderful skill in Welsh Pedigrees, and could trace his own to Cadwallader the Great, or any other Prince of the Welsh Royal Family. He was by trade a journeyman Printer, and had he lived in the days of tee-totalism, and been introduced to the system of abstinence, he might have been an intelligent and highly useful member of society.

Wending my way over the Welsh Bridge, along the Walls, and up the Dana steps, I came to the GAOL; a plain handsome building, and most admirably adapted to the purposes intended. The bust of John Howard, is placed in a niche over the entrance doorway. Mr. Cartwright, son of Dr. Cartwright, the last of the nonjuring Bishops, was then Governor. A Mr. Thomas, who married a daughter of Mr. Cartwright, was Surgeon. In passing through the various wards and apartments, I met with Monsieur Mongenot, then a confined debtor. I found him an ingenious artist, though professing rather more than he could perform. By way of giving him some encouragement, I engaged him to engrave a small view of the premises in Coleham, and gave him some idea of the house I *intended* to build. The idea he endeavoured to carry out, but did not quite succeed. At the same time he was employed by the late Mr. Bowley, to engrave a View of the Town, its principal Buildings, &c. which he did, and the identical plates I afterwards purchased, and still possess. On being liberated, Mongenot went to reside at Coalport, and was employed by Messrs. Rose & Co.; he invented a Pantheon of *Papier Mache*, which was exhibited in the Town Hall, Shrewsbury, and might have succeeded in various efforts, but like Evan Thomas, he submitted to be

governed by Sir John Barleycorn, and other intoxicating rulers; and his abilities were lost under their miserable dominion.

I have in the preceding Description, perhaps too closely attended to my first announcement, TO GIVE A VIEW OF SHREWSBURY, as it was when first I beheld

> "Its gothic towers, resisting time's decay,
> And giant monuments of ancient day."
>
> C. A. H.

To many who were then, and are now my living cotemporaries, the brief notices I have introduced, will not, I presume, be entirely uninteresting. To such as require more extended information relative to the good Old Town, I beg most respectfully to refer them to my former Publications;* or, to the learned and extensive labours of Messrs. Owen & Blakeway,—and to those excellent Guides, 'Memorials of Shrewsbury,' by Mr. Henry Pidgeon; or the 'Guide through Shrewsbury,' published by Mr. John Davies. I need scarcely remark to you, my dear Charles, that I am never more happy, than when I am writing or relating something connected with Shrewsbury, or the places of my previous and subsequent residence; it will therefore afford me additional pleasure to continue my descriptions, particularly noticing its increase,† the additions, and improvements, the ancient Borough has received with n the last thirty years.

THE COLUMN, at the extremity of Abbey Foregate, was erected in honour of the humane and gallant Lord Hill, by voluntary subscriptions, at an expense of nearly £6000. I lament to state, that my poor contribution was little more than one-thousandth part of the whole sum. I had however the gratification to witness the laying of the first stone, by Richard Phillips, Esq. then Mayor, June 18th, 1814, and completed June 18th, 1816; it is considered the finest Doric Column in the world. The design was furnished by Mr. Edward Haycock, and the masonry executed by Mr. Straphen.‡

I may here mention, that the Column proudly overlooks THE MILITARY DEPÔT, a substantial brick building, erected in the year 1806, at a cost of £10,000. Previous to its erection, for about two years, the arms and stores of the Volunteers were deposited in spacious rooms pertaining to my Manufactory, rent and charge of superintendence, only £100 per annum; cheap, when compared with the after establishment, £1,000 a year. The Depôt is now the private property of the Rt. Hon. Lord Berwick.

---

* New Edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, 1 vol. 4to.; History of the Town and County of Salop, same size; Picture of Shropshire, ditto; Manual of Shropshire Biography, Chronology, and Antiquities, ditto; Salopian Magazine, 1816, 17, & 18, 3 vols. &c. &c.

† In the commencement of my Description of the Town, I ought to have noticed the increase of its Population. In Edward the Confessor's reign, it is said, "The City contained 252 houses, inhabited by so many Burgesses." In 1750, 8141 inhabitants within the Borough. In 1850, probably 23,000, the population trebling its numbers within one hundred years.

I had also previously omitted the names of the several Incumbents of the six Parish Churches described; they, and those of the three New Churches, are here recorded with great respect and esteem.

The Rev. Robert Lingen Burton, Vicar of the Holy Cross, admitted 1826.

The Rev. William Gorsuch Rowlands, Minister of St. Mary's Church, admitted 1828.

The Rev. John Harding, Incumbent of St. George's Church, admitted 1832.

The Rev. John Yardley, Vicar of St. Chad's admitted 1836.

The Rev. James Colley, Incumbent of Trinity Church, admitted 1837.

The Rev. C. E. L. Wightman, Vicar of St. Alkmond's, succeeded his Father 1841.

The Rev. J. J. Rogerson, Incumbent of St. Julian's Church, admitted 1844.

The Rev. W. W How, Curate of St. Giles's, a dependency of the Holy Cross.

The Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Golwin, officiate at St. Michael's alternately, as Curates of St. Mary's Church, of which it is a dependency.

‡ Mr. Straphen liberally presented to the fund, the expense of the staircase, £500. He was the nephew and successor of that eminent Builder and Architect, John Simpson, Esq. It is a rather singular coincidence, in the annals of successorship, that the original founder of the extensive Building Establishment in St. Julian's Friars, Shrewsbury, had his moveable tools, implements, &c. distinguished as his property by the initials J. S.; they were transferred to Mr. J. Straphen, and required no alteration. The present Mr. J. Stant succeeded Mr. Straphen, and the ancient initials, after a period of more than half a century, remain the same. This may happen in the case of the present Messrs. Birch, also Builders and Architects, with this difference, theirs would be an *hereditary* succession. I well remember their highly respected and venerable Grandfather, his name is recorded in my History of the County of Salop, page 320, among other greatly respectable gentlemen of the same period, wearing BROWN wigs or POWDERED hair. As the description there given of many of my long-departed Shrewsbury contemporaries, was kindly approved and commended by the late Bishop Butler, and Dr. Du Gard; if limits will permit, I will introduce the *memoranda into* some portion of the present volume.

THE PUBLIC ROOMS, situate on the south side of the Market Place, were erected in 1840, by Mr. Stant. In front of the Market Hall are important business establishments, particularly

THE NEW POST OFFICE. Postmaster, J. W. Towers, Esq. son of the late Postmaster, whom I delight to record, as one of my early and most esteemed Shrewsbury friends. When first I received letters from his hands, the Office was in Dogpole; we are each, now, nearly forty-seven years older than we were at that period.

> And he who gave to youth its active strength,
> Now gives to age its peaceful, quiet length.
> C. H.

THE NEW COUNTY HALL, on the site of the former one, was opened for business in 1837; it is a spacious, substantial erection, completed by contract, for about £12,000 by Messrs. Birch and Sons. Mr. Birch, sen. has subsequently paid the debt of nature; bequeathing his talents and integrity to his sons, his successors.

THE NEW INFIRMARY, erected on the site of the old one, in 1830; expense of erection, £18,000. The first stone of this noble edifice was laid by General Lord Hill.

But the most important of all additions and improvements, are the New Ecclesiastical Buildings, among which are

ST. GEORGE'S, in Frankwell, now a District Church, a commodious handsome edifice, by Messrs. Birch and Sons, after a design by Mr. Haycock, at an expense of about £4000.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, Castle Foregate, consecrated August 24th, 1830. Expense of erection about £2000.

TRINITY CHURCH, Coleham, is a commodious handsome building, erected at a cost of less than £2000.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, on the Town Walls, near the Crescent, belonging to the Wesleyan New Connexion, is an elegant edifice, erected in the year 1835.

THE NEW INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, Castle Gates, erected a few years ago, is a very commodious and handsome Place of Worship.

I may also refer to improvements in the interior of the Ecclesiastical Buildings.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH. Windows of stained glass, executed by Mr. David Evans. A cotemporary Author, speaking of the talents of this eminent Shrewsbury Artist, has expressed* my own opinions with the greatest accuracy. An elegant Monument to the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, executed by that eminent Architect and Sculptor, Mr. John Carline, son of my late beloved friend. A

---

*"It would ill-beseem us to pass the talents of our ingenious townsman, Mr. David Evans, who, by unwearied exertions and consummate skill has raised the Art of Glass staining to a degree of perfection unequalled in modern times, and nearly approaching, if not entirely equalling the rich and mellow tints of the 'royal glass' of ancient days."—*Davies's Guide.*

Mr. Evans had in early life the advantage of instruction in the Art of Glass staining, by the late Sir John Betton, with whom for some years he was a partner; but though Sir John was considered a clever Artist, Mr. Evans has left him far behind. I had various specimens of stained glass, executed by Sir John, in my windows at 'Miniature Castle,' and also specimens by the late Mr. William Bowley; whose colours were not very rich or brilliant, yet they gave the character of taste to many of the windows in private residences and public houses in the County of Salop. Ingenious, but unsuccessful in life, the late William Dodd, was for a time, the humble rival of Sir John Betton. I have seen windows intended for Roman Catholic Chapels, and Coats of Arms of the Nobility and Gentry, very creditable in their execution. Many of the windows pertaining to my residence, Providence Grove, and destroyed January 7th, 1839, were executed by Mr. Dodd. I may particularly notice the Arms of the Hulberts' and the Mottersheads' separately, and also the same quartered with those of Wood. On the latter were the Crests of the Mottersheads' and the Hulberts'; the former, (see page 24) the Stump of a Tree, a branch issuing from the dexter side: the latter, an Arm bent, grasping an Halbert.

The tradition attending the adoption of the Crest, is, that an eminent Saxon Ancestor of the family, fought and conquered a Danish Giant, in single combat. My much esteemed friend, J. B. Esq. of Broseley, says that "In the window of an ancient residence, now a farm house, in the parish of Tamworth, near Henley-in-Arden, once pertaining to the Hulberts' and subsequently to Mr. B's grandfather and father, was a pane of ancient stained glass, in which was represented a Warrior in Armour, standing erect, grasping in his hand a Halbert; and round the figure in old english characters, was inscribed 'Some time was, I therefore pray to God.'" Very nearly the same figure I had in one of my windows at Miniature Castle, from thence removed to Providence Grove, for introduction into a window, in the course of composition at the time of the Fire, but by the care and friendship of my excellent neighbour, George Blantern, Esq. was preserved, and still exists, a portion of a window in the restored house of Providence Grove. The figure was by Sir John Betton. My very kind Broseley friend also informs me, that "Near to the ancient residence of the Hulberts' is a place called 'Hulbert's Green,' to this day, (see also page 24 of this volume) and a field called 'Hulbert's Meadow.'"

Ancient as the family certainly is, and members of it scattered in many parts of the United Kingdom, yet no where are they to be found located in any considerable number; the greatest cluster at this time, may probably be, in the village of Slaithwaite, County of York.

Monument to Bishop Butler, executed by Messrs. Carline and Dodson. Monument in white marble to our gallant townsman, Admiral Benbow, at the instance of Mr. D. Parkes.

ST. ALKMOND'S CHURCH. A Marble Tablet, (as previously alluded to) to the memory of the Rev. Richard De Courcy, on which is an elegant and appropriate inscription. Such a Memorial had been long desired. I have before me, a Printed Letter, addressed to the Editor of the '*Shrewsbury Chronicle*,' by you, my dear Son, in 1828; in which you vainly endeavoured to resuscitate the feeling in favour of a Monument; and which you were so much rejoiced to see *effected*, though not by a *Public Subscription*, in your recent visit to Shrewsbury.

ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH. An elegant Monument to the Venerable Archdeacon Owen.

ST. CHAD'S CHURCH. Marble Tablets to the memory of the late John Simpson, Esq. surmounted by a Bust; William Hazledine,* Esq. also surmounted by a Bust, by Chantrey. And in the same Church, additional windows of painted glass, by Mr. David Evans, the gift of the late Rev. Richard Scott, B. D. to whom Shrewsbury owes a deep debt of gratitude.

CHURCH OF HOLY CROSS. Additional elegant windows, presented by the Rev. W. G. Rowlands, executed by Mr. Evans.

Several of the Endowed Schools, Subscription Schools, and Sunday Schools, will be noticed hereafter, if limits will permit. In the mean time, refer to my History of the Town and County of Salop.

Continuing to speak of improvements, the greatest of all are the most recent, the RAILWAYS, and the splendid RAILWAY STATION, the Viaduct over the Severn, &c.; next in consequence is the NEW CATTLE MARKET, in Roushill Meadow, recently opened for fortnightly Fairs. The minor erections, for want of space must be omitted. I will briefly observe, its principal Streets have been widened and M'Adamized; Shops enlarged and beautified, splendidly lighted with gas, rivalling those of Liverpool and Manchester. The extensive LINEN MILLS of Messrs. Marshall and Company, remain without a rival. Of minor establishments, a few may be named. The extensive Timber Yards of Messrs. George and Joseph Chune; the Iron Foundry of Mr. Stuttle, (late Mr. Hazledine) the Timber Yard of Mr. Blockley, (late Mr. Hazledine) the Timber Yard of Mr. Wilson; The Brewery of Mr. Trouncer, (originally Sir John Heathcote & Co.) the Brewery of Messrs. Jones and Davies, (erected by my ever-revered friend Mr. Hawley) the extensive Lead Works of Messrs. Burr; the Water Works, and Gas Works, by respectable Companies; the Shrewsbury Baths, founded by Mr. Onions.

Thus I could go on for hours, but I stay my pen. Sitting in my Arm Chair in my study at Providence Grove, enjoying all the delights of memory and pleasing recollections, I mentally behold my beloved Shrewsbury, not only as it is now, but as it was when I passed through its venerable streets. Having in memory made my observations, I ask for the Old objects and scenes, but they have vanished from my sight. I ask for the Old inhabitants, and say, "Your Fathers! where are they?" Alas! alas! that generation, and a great portion of a second are departed from my sight, and a period of nearly fifty years has been added to my worthless existence. How few of the dwellings of Shrewsbury are in the occupation of the same inhabitants, as when I first became one of their number? How many friends, faithful and true, have left this perishing world before me? but I remember their friendship and good deeds; I should like to record their names, but I cannot do it now—I trust to meet them in heaven, with a faithful record, in my continued affection; but as the mantle of Elijah rested on Elisha, so does the mantle of the Fathers of Shrewsbury rest on their Children, and I can yet say, as I did thirteen years ago.

AND still there lives a noble generous band,
With open face and honest friendly hand,
To welcome ONE whose heart remembers still,
Ten thousand acts of friendship and good-will.
On these my grateful love and blessing will abide,
Throughout this changeful life, what good or ill betide;
In future sphere or world, were'er my lot may be,
Shrewsbury the Good, the Proud, I will remember thee.

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

*Providence Grove,*
*December 25*, 1850.

* See my Manual of Shropshire Biography, Chronology, Antiquities, &c.

## LETTER XXV. COMMENCEMENT OF COTTON MANUFACTORY

AT COLEHAM. SHREWSBURY; ESTABLISHMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP ON THE PREMISES; DEATH OF MRS. BARLOW; LOSS BY FIRE IN THE MANUFACTORY; INTERESTING EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED THE ACCIDENT, &c.

"I look with pity on myself, when I attached so much importance to my life and labours. The more I see of my own works, I am ashamed the more of them; for coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of man; but am relieved by reflecting that we have a City whose builder and maker is God.—Well, let the moments pass."

"They waft us the sooner o'er this life's tempestuous sea,
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore of blest eternity."

REV. HENRY MARTYN.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

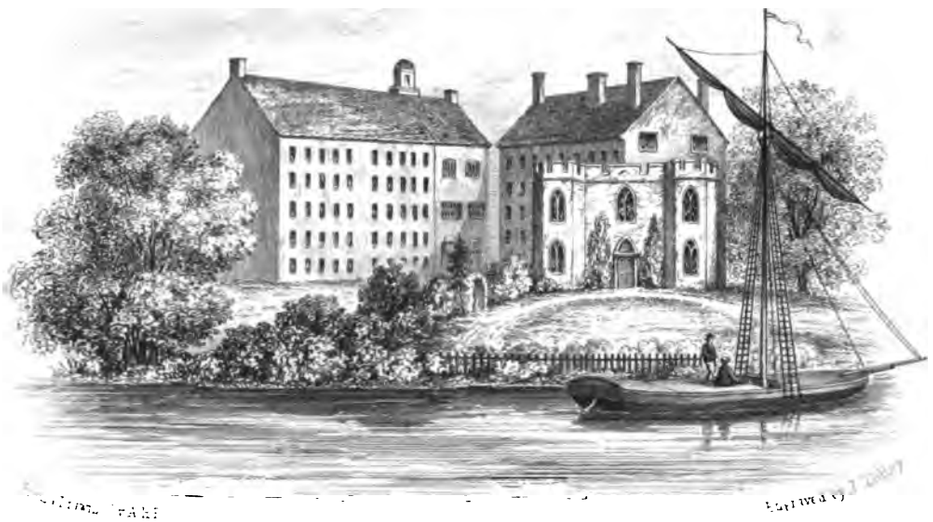
FOR a considerable portion of the period which I have yet to review, you have, my beloved Son, been my active and zealous Assistant: you have rejoiced in my prosperity, you have grieved for my losses and sorrows. Few of my relations can therefore be new to you, or to my still surviving Shrewsbury friends. I shall therefore simply proceed with my Narrative, and pray to my Heavenly Father, to enable me to relate with candour, according to my best recollection, events in which parties now living may be interested, at the same time not to shrink from a faithful relation. I am aware, that to shew the Chain* of Providences in connection with the great event of my life, my Marriage, I must expose myself to the charge of egotism and vanity; and no less on some other occasions: but whoever attempts to write his own Biography, must make up his mind to write truth, and tremble not for the consequences. With Job of old, he might say, "Oh! that mine Adversary had written a Book!"

The premises, which, as stated in my last letter, my partners and I had engaged as a Manufactory at Shrewsbury, were situated in Coleham, a suburb of that town. They had cost the original Proprietors, Messrs. Powis and Hodges, more than Ten Thousand Pounds. They were as suitable and appropriate as if they had been erected under our own direction. The terms proposed by Messrs. Rowton and Simpson were liberal: viz. To put the premises into complete repair; to be entered upon immediately at £160 per annum; purchaseable, if desirable to the tenants, at the end of seven or twelve years for £2,000. They consisted of two immense, substantial brick buildings, and a very considerable area of unoccupied ground for future erections, extending to the verge of the River Severn, (there navigable) which separates Coleham from that beautiful peninsula which contains the Town and its Walls; and near where the River Rea, or Meole Brook forms its confluence with the Severn. This lovely situation commands a fine view of the Town, rising with its Spire and Tower crowned hills before it, the English and Coleham Bridges. It was perhaps my misfortune to discern these advantages too quickly—but I will not anticipate events.

Having entered on the premises, as sole resident partner, the other gentlemen continuing to reside near Manchester, I had much to engage my attention, but with the able assistance of my dear Brother, Looms and Machines were soon erected, many various workmen were in employment, and the noise of the Wheel, and the rattle of the Loom, soon gave life and spirit to the vicinity. Yet we early discovered that the great Linen Mills of Messrs. Marshall, Benyon and Bage, had taken the lead, and the great por-

---

* "To a great mind nothing is little, from the knowledge that in the moral and intellectual, as in the physical world, the smallest point is only a link in that great chain, and holds its appointed place in that great whole which is governed by Divine Wisdom."—*Prince Albert at the Dinner of the Lord Mayor of York, October* 24, 1850.



COTTON MANUFACTORY, SUNDAY SCHOOL & MINIATURE CASTLE,

SHREWSBURY

*Many years the Property and Residence of Mr HULBERT.*

tion of the young people, willing to be employed in manufactories, were engaged. There was also a small Factory in Coleham, called "The Noggin Manufactory." In point of healthfulness, cleanliness, and comfort, the work in our Mills, as Factories are frequently called, had preeminently the advantage. We had all the persons whom we engaged, (except Overlookers from Lancashire) to instruct in the business entirely; and we soon found that young people living in manufacturing districts were much quicker at learning than those reared in agricultural neighbourhoods. This was also soon discovered by Messrs. Roberts and Warren, at Oswestry; and Mr. Turner, of Llangollen, brother adventurers, having the same hope that, wages being lower in those districts, we should make a profit after our hands were instructed from the sole difference in the price of labour: and this was so far correct. But many of our instructed workpeople, notwithstanding all were engaged at regular wages for three years, left us for Manchester, Stockport, &c. We soon found that if business must be carried on to any great extent, where hand labour mostly is required, it must be in the neighbourhood of like manufactories, where an advance of wages would speedily obtain the number of hands required.

We commenced with the manufacture of Calicoes, Dimities, and Cotton Shirtings; soon after Ginghams, Chambreys, &c. Our Manufactory speedily acquired eminence in the County; and a wholesale and retail warehouse was opened. Cotton Shirtings were then a new article, and I had the good fortune to introduce their wear into the first families in the Town and County.

Finding my poorer neighbours in the vicinity of the Manufactory were not only ignorant, but in many cases, whole families from choice or necessity, absented themselves from the Public Worship of God; and the instruction of young children entirely neglected; perceiving, I say, this melancholy state of my neighbours, I desired greatly to improve their situation; first by encouraging and attending the Parish Sunday School, held in the belfry. A paid Teacher, Mr. Lewis, was employed, and about thirty children, boys and girls, attended. I saw no progress in the children's humble attainments, nor any encouragement given either to teacher or children. The parishioners felt no interest whatever in the instruction of the children of the poor; and as it regarded their acquaintance with religion, Mr. Lewis, the teacher, admitted they were not sufficiently instructed. I therefore, as a principal parishioner, interested in the morality and improvement of the rising generation, proposed to him that I would instruct them in the Church Catechism, teach them to sing Hymns, and that I would dismiss the School with Prayer. This was, I must say, highly pleasing to poor Lewis, and he ever after expressed for me the most sincere veneration and affection. Our School was increasing rapidly, and my heart was in it; but alas! my efforts were considered to approximate too nearly to Methodism, and I was informed by poor weeping Lewis, that 'he had been desired to acquaint me, that my visits and assistance could be dispensed with.'

This was indeed very discouraging, and I felt the trial deeply. I prayed most earnestly for direction, and I believe Heaven itself suggested the plan I adopted, which was, to open a room in my Manufactory, assemble all the young workpeople in our employment, and as many children of the town as chose to attend, teach them the Church Catechism, explain to them its meaning, and thereby instil into their young and tender minds the principles of true religion.* This plan suc-

---

* The following Address was printed, and a copy presented to every Attendant.

To the Children assembling at the Manufactory Chapel, Coleham, Shrewsbury, for the purpose of Catechetical Instruction.

DEAR CHILDREN,

THE advantages arising from catechetical instruction, cannot be too highly esteemed, nor over-valued by you. By learning a form of sound words, you will be put into possession of a fund of knowledge, which, if improved, may be to you of eternal benefit. Many forms are offered to the world, and each claiming some peculiar advantage over the rest. The Church Catechism in our humble opinion still remains without a rival.

You are there, in the first place, reminded of your baptismal vow, of the promise which was made in your name that you should, when come to years of discretion, believe all the articles of the christian faith, as contained in the BELIEF or apostle's creed; renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; that you should keep God's holy law as contained in the ten commandments, and walk in the same all

ceeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and blessed were the effects.¶

Still remembring the many resolutions I formed before I left Rhodes; that as I had to all human appearance shut myself out from being a Minister of the Establishment, I felt bound in every possible way within my power as a layman, to instruct my fellow-men

---

the days of your life. In virtue of this engagement or promise by your sureties, (godfathers and godmothers) you are admitted into fellowship or communion with your baptized christian brethren, and are considered as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. In this situation you are supposed to remain till you arrive at the period when you can distinguish good from evil—right from wrong: at which period, if you do believe all the articles of the christian faith, if you do keep God's holy law, if you do renounce the devil and all his works, with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, and continue firm in the faith, and full of good works unto your life's end—your title to eternal happiness is as firm as the pillars of heaven. If on the contrary when you arrive at the age of discernment and responsibility, you reject the articles of faith agreed to in your name by your sponsors; if you live after the sinful lusts of the flesh, seduced by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and break the commandments of God—you will receive no benefit from your baptism; it will be a plain proof that you are not regenerated nor born again: consequently you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Baptism in itself can never save your souls: it is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Look at the ordinance as an agreement made by your sureties in your name; read over the baptismal service in your Prayer Books, and consider that all the promises there made, YOURSELVES are bound to perform. And then pray to God to enlighten your minds, and to strengthen all your resolutions by his grace, that you may walk harmlessly and blamelessly before him, proving to all around that you are indeed children of God, &c.

As the sum and substance of the first, second, third, and fourth commandments, you are taught that your duty to your neighbour is to love him, &c.; and then follows the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards that admirable explanation of its meaning or import, beginning,—'I desire my Lord God,' &c.

The latter part contains brief, but comprehensive illustrations of the sacraments of the christian church, viz. baptism and the Lord's supper, which for clearness and perspicuity can never be surpassed; consequently needs no comment of mine.

We would now, dear children, impress upon your minds the necessity of learning by heart, every question and every answer contained in this little treatise. It is not likely you will exactly comprehend the meaning of every sentence nor every word at present; but frequent repetition will make them easy and familiar, and you will every day find out something you did not understand the day before.

When you are committing sin, you will find that the remembrance of what you now learn, and what has been said to you, grounded on the catechism, will rush into your minds, and perhaps, prevent your final ruin. To any objection which may be raised against this excellent form of sound words, we hope you will ever be inattentive. The catechism has been of use to millions. Some parts of it may appear to require elucidation, and some things your infant minds may not yet comprehend; but every part can be made easy to you by those that understand it. Objectors are generally very ignorant of the contents, of this form of sound words; and they may as well object to your reading the bible, as to your being taught the catechism on account of some parts of it being above your comprehension.

In fact there is nothing, dear children, you can comprehend till it be plainly represented to you. How little did you understand the meaning of letters till you were taught by a master or mistress! But you now understand them, and will hereafter know more of their utility: just so will be your learning the meaning of the church catechism. All that is necessary for you to know of it, or of religion itself, will soon become plain and easy. Some words in this address may perhaps be more than you can yet understand, but we will explain them fully to you, when we have you before us, on those evenings appointed for the purpose of your instruction.

Be assured, dear children, of the love and regard of your sincere Friends,

C. & S.* HULBERT.

*Cotton-Manufactory Chapel, Coleham,*
*Shrewsbury, May* 23, 1804.

*My dear Brother approving of the Address, joined me in it; and it is with grateful feelings I also record the approbation of Dr. Butler, (afterwards Bishop Butler) who, in a kind note he addressed to me, was pleased to say of the little Tract, "It is well and piously written." That great and excellent scholar said it no doubt by way of encouragement.

¶ One or two instances of the efficiency of this mode of instruction, I may be permitted to record.

Hannah Hollis, the daughter of one of our overlookers, at the age of eight years had received deep impressions, and made great progress in knowledge, and an acquaintance with true religion; at that period her health became delicate, and consumption followed: she however not only manifested great patience under her sufferings, but gave the most lively evidence of a change of heart, rejoicing in the instruction she had received, and the hope and prospect she had of going to heaven. In this happy frame of mind she would often comfort her parents and her instructers. Perfectly sensible of the approach of her change, she affectionately embraced her parents, and sweetly closed her eyes in death.

Another sensible little girl, Jane Gresty, the daughter of a tenant and neighbour, when only two years and a half old, attended the catechetical instruction by her OWN DESIRE, without any direction from her parents, which induced me to pay a more particular attention to her; at the age of three years she was seized with fatal illness, which indicated speedy death, when she begged to see 'Master.' Being within a short distance. I came instantly, when the dear child in the extreme of agony and pain, looking at me with the most anxious desire, said, 'Preach to me, preach to me.' I attempted to speak to her, when she, as if in great haste, said, 'No, Pray, Pray.' I knelt down, and while offering up my petitions for the afflicted infant, she seemed quite at ease and composed: on my rising, then being in her mother's arms, she sprang forward to kiss me, which having done, she said, 'There, there,' expressing as much as if she had said, 'I am happy, I am happy,' when instantly turning herself to rest on her parent's bosom, her infant spirit took its flight to the regions of pure bliss, where pain and sickness will be known no more for ever.

in the grand principles of the Gospel, as comprehended in the Book of Common Prayer, the Homilies, &c. In conjunction with my Brother, on the 23rd of Oct. 1803, we opened a room on the ground-floor of the Manufactory, which was by far too small for the congregation that attended; and after consulting several wise and intelligent friends, we commenced Public Worship at six o'clock on the Sunday evening; reading the Liturgy, delivering an extempore Discourse, singing Psalms, Hymns, &c. conducting the whole, as nearly as we could, according to the practice of our beloved Church. The room, secondly appropriated, was spacious, but on a third floor, yet that did not prevent its being crowded with attentive hearers from every part of the town. We had our pulpit, reading-desk, and singers' pew, and the whole room was fitted up with convenient seats, ALL FREE; nor was a single penny ever desired or received from any of the congregation, in support of the establishment. The expenses were my own. But had the expense been a thousand times as great, the cheering gratification I received on seeing sinners converted from their evil ways, becoming holy and useful; the blessings we received from our neighbours, the order and decorum of the neighbourhood which followed, would have been ample recompense. The more successful my poor exertions were found to be, the more I regretted my want of Holy Orders. As it was, I stood alone, for a period, from Church Fellowship; yet I continued my attendance at my Parish Church, every Sunday morning. I may here relate, that on the occasion of our commencing Service on Sunday evenings, our bell was rung, which could be heard to the centre of the town. This was considered a great intrusion; the Minister of our parish, who, in company with the Rev. Mr. Rowlands, sen. paid me a visit, when each endeavoured to prove the irregularity of my proceedings. I could only excuse myself by reiterating the disappointments I had experienced, and the continuance of my great desire to enter into Holy Orders, which I believed would follow me through life. The heart of the good Mr. Owen was moved, and he shook me by the hand, saying, "I hope we may yet see you a regular Minister of the Establishment." And Mr. Rowlands taking me also by the hand, said, "Well, Mr Hulbert, whether in or out of the Church, preach the great Doctrines of Repentance, Faith, and Obedience; enforce sound morality, founded on Gospel principles. God bless you. I will sometimes call to see you."

I had many kind visitors, and my pulpit was honoured with occupation, for a Service each, by two regular Clergymen of the Church of England. One of them, a dear old friend, the Rev. S. Walter, then Curate of Madeley; afterwards Incumbent of the very Church, you, my dear Son, at present occupy, and whose remains rest in your Churchyard. The other still living, a pious and dear old friend, who, has also an Incumbency in religious Yorkshire. Several times did I this year visit my friends in Manchester, Rhodes, and Eccles Parish. The number of our hands kept increasing, but not with the rapidity we had hoped for and expected.

1804. This was an eventful year. For the use and accommodation of my congregation, now consolidated, I compiled a small Collection of Hymns, for Divine Worship, from the best Authors; including also some Original Hymns, suited to the wants of our Sunday evening assemblies. The following, an Original one, was the first in the Book.

OPENING OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

1 THIS house is open, LORD, for all;
Like thee, we've no partition wall,
Nor party int'rest in our view,
But welcome ev'ry christian true.

2 Great Master of Assemblies, come!
And with thy presence bless this room!
In that mild character appear,
To welcome ev'ry stranger here.

3 Should harden'd sinners here be found,
Each callous conscience deeply wound;
Then, O Physician! soon impart
Thy welcome balm, which heals the heart!

4 Thou know'st the mourner's secret grief,
Bestow thy smile, and give relief;
Now bid thy straying children come,
And welcome ev'ry wand'rer home.

5 We leave with thee our ev'ry case,
And wants, tho' various as each face;
Yet grant them thy peculiar care,
And welcome make our fervent pray'r.

6 Now may our gratitude arise,
And feeble song ascend the skies!
Great GOD! to thee our our hearts we raise,
O welcome make our humble praise!

C. H.

This was my first publication, and printed by Messrs. J. & W. Eddowes, A Copy of this humble endeavour, I had handsomely bound for presentation to Mrs. Barlow, whose good and pious heart was cheered with the present, and with the relations of good being done by her adopted Son. About March, we commenced the erection of the new house intended for her reception; at the same time we had so far made the experiment, that we were convinced that the number of hands we had contemplated employing, could never be obtained in Shrewsbury. It was proposed by my Partners, and accepted by myself, that the whole concern should be sold and transferred to me, together with all Looms, Machines, &c. and also my Partners' share in the Lease of the Premises. Having had the value of the lease duly estimated by Mr. Hazledine, who considered it worth at least £1,500, that benefit my partners entirely surrendered to myself, but which as it eventually happened, was one of the great mistakes of my life. Mr. Simpson, after I had purchased Mr. Rowton's moiety, and made my improvements, offered me £5,000 for my right and interest in the premises. This I ought to have accepted; gone to College, and been a Minister of the Church of England. But I am anticipating events.

As my Brother's salary was then a consideration, I proposed to take him into Partnership, which he cheerfully accepted; and the firm lost the name of Cookes & Hulbert, for that of Charles and Samuel Hulbert. I felt the great responsibility now devolved upon me, yet our business was not unprofitable at that period; for notwithstanding hostilities had re-commenced with France more than twelve months before, wages had not been so reduced in Lancashire, but that we in Shrewsbury had greatly the advantage. The retail business of the warehouse was exclusively my own, and had the promise of great success.

My New House or Miniature Castle, was quickly, not only covered in, but had the first floors laid: when after a series of years of uninterrupted prosperity; and just as I was attaining to the summit of all my desires, as to worldly prospects, I received a letter from good Mr. Burton, and from Mary Daniels, urging me to come over immediately, as Mrs. Barlow in her attempt to walk to Rochdale, to make a new Will in my favour, prior to removing to Shropshire, had ruptured a blood vessel, and was at that moment nearly speechless. Oh! what a shock! The world seemed as if at an end. I had still hope she might yet so far recover, that if she did not remove from Rhodes, she might fulfil her great desire as it regarded myself. I instantly took chaises from Shrewsbury to Drayton and Newcastle, thence to Manchester, and also the same to Rhodes, travelling all night. I found the venerable and ever-beloved sufferer in a state of stupor, almost approaching to unconsciousness, except at short intervals. My ever-honoured friend Mr. Burton, and good Mr. Robert Heap, aware of what her intentions were, stood by her bedside with pen in hand, to write down any complete sentence she might utter in my favour. I approached her bedside just as she rapidly made the enquiry, "Where is my Charles?" I instantly answered, I am here, Mrs. Barlow. Your Charles is here. "No such thing," she replied, "he is at Shrewsbury, a great way off." She then fell into a dose or apparent sleep, on recovering a little, she again enquired for me, and added, "Robert," (meaning Mr. Heap, who with Mr. Burton, under her old Will were appointed Executors, and which had been made some time) "Robert, you know what I mean, Mr. Charles must have—must have,—hundreds——thousands——pounds." "How many pounds, Mrs. Barlow?" "Pounds,—pounds, you know what I mean, Robert." She again commenced her enquiry after me, and I again presented myself with no better success. The moment of her departure was now at hand. A few moments before which, she recovered her consciousness, and grasping my hand, she looked a look of regret, and faintly uttered those ever-remembered words, "Oh! my Charles." All hearts were moved, except that of her aged Sister, to whom the property devolved; who within five minutes of the death of my venerated adopted Mother, seeing a number of medicine bottles partly emptied, on the dressing table and chest of drawers, poured them all, one after another, into a cup just at hand, saying as she did it, "This is good medicine, and has cost a deal of money; I

think I will take it myself.' and she drank it up.

This conduct greatly exasperated the Executors and Mary Daniels, who with myself, witnessed the deed. "Oh!" said Mr. Burton, "how can this be in the course of Providence, that Charles, who would have done so much good with the property, should be deprived of it, and one so rich and worthless should become its possessor." Disappointed and full of melancholy, I attended the mortal remains of my departed beloved friend, to their final resting place, and returned home. Stil more deeply to deplore her loss, and to call to my remembrance a series of acts of devoted friendship, espccially the munificent present she made me, when I left Rhodes for Shtewsbury.

My estimate of the Christian virtues of my ever-venerated friend, exceeds my power of expression. The Manchester and other local Papers, contained the following record.

"On the 16th (August, 1804) died at an advanced age, at Rhodes Hall, near Manchester, Mrs. Barlow, relict of John Barlow, Esq. In her were centered every virtue. She was the pattern of piety, and the most humble Christian. The poor will long revere her name, and with gratitude remember the hand that so often fed them."

Her Christian Name was Elizabeth, which name, together with that of Barlow, in grateful remembrance, was given in Baptism to my third daughter; and who, I trust, will never cease to imitate the virtues of one so worthy of being an example.

Mrs. Barlow died in religious connection with the Church of England, and the Wesleyan Methodists, in which union she had spent the greater portion of a long life. A melancholy visitation, during a storm of thunder and lightning, deprived her of the best of husbands. Their only son, a youth of great amiability, had passed from this life before his parent. The impression on Mrs. Barlow's mind, that my person and demeanour resembled them both, laid the foundation of that friendship, which will, I trust, be renewed in the regions of eternal blessedness; where I hope to meet likewise, with a host of departed relatives and friends. Filled with this sweet anticipation, death hath no terrors.

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

I spent a few days with my old Lancashire friends, and returned to my Shropshire home, in feeling many inches *lower* than I had considered myself. I had nothing to hope for now as it regarded legacies, except from my Uncle Samuel Mottershead. I therefore set about my business with renewed diligence and industry.

As I before mentioned, my retail business was in great prosperity, and being a Bachelor, keeping house,* I often invited customers to take tea or refreshment; among those so invited, my beloved Charles, was your dear Mother and your late excellent Grandmother. Many enquiries were made about my new house, and I took your Mother to inspect the Castle, conducting her over it with great delight, when I said, Well Miss Wood, how would you like to be *Governess* of this Castle? "A very unlikely thing, Sir," she answered. I however conducted the Ladies' home, made a direct proposal, pressed my suit, and had the grief and mortification to be desired, never to think of her more. This offer, my dear Charles, was not made without previous thought. I had taken tea at St. John's Hill, and I had often seen your dear Mother. You will smile, when I tell you, that a very humble and very eccentric individual, then well known in Shrewsbury, Lewis Davies, the Newsman; for months had been in the habit, whenever he delivered the 'Chronicle,' of dilating on the virtues of Miss Wood, and paying me the compliment of being '*King of Coleham*,' said 'he should like that young lady to be the *Queen*.'

The death of Mrs. Barlow, was within little more than two months followed by another, also disastrous event; each, permitted, no doubt, by my Heavenly Father, for wise and beneficent purposes, and which may have had their intended influence on many of the subsequent EVENTS of my life.

This event happened as follows. About 10 o'clock of the night of October—,‡ this year,

* I converted two cottages pertaining to my premises, into a temporary residence for myself; and similar ones for my Brother and his Wife.

‡ All memoranda, of this my first Destructive Event, being lost in the last, that of Providence Grove, I cannot ascertain the exact day on which the Fire at the Factory happened. The following printed announcement I have met

the smell of Fire gave an alarm to the neighbourhood of the Manufactory, and news was brought to my Brother and myself, then enjoying the company of a few religious friends at his house, that the Factory was on Fire. Nothing could have been more alarming. We instantly proceeded to the premises, one end of the large building fronting the street, and nearest to Mr. Hazledine's Foundry, and to our horror, discovered through a small window of the retail shop, that the whole interior was in flames. The window frames of the shop and warehouse behind being of iron, and the shutters lined with iron, the windows had not ignited, but the fire having destroyed the counters, the shelves and the goods, had reached the floor of the warehouse above, and was burning with intense fury in that department. The moment the doors were opened, the air rushing in, the flames received an accession of strength, which threatened destruction to the whole buildings and houses adjoining.

The Factory bell was rung with great force. The alarm went through the town, the bells of the churches were rung, as was the custom, backwards. The neighbours were all on the alert, and the engines of the Salop Fire Office, under the management of the clever and active Mr. Ralph Parsons, were within twenty minutes, or less time, on the spot; hundreds of people, with buckets and cans, supplied the engines. Streams of water from the River Severn were poured into the flames, and by twelve o'clock, all danger was at an end. I never, in all my life, saw equal zeal and sympathy called into action. The workpeople and neighbours were in agony, and exerted themselves, to the great hazard of their own lives. One faithful neighbour, the mother of one of the youths* under my catechetical instruction, standing about a yard in the Severn, filling buckets and cans; being reminded of her danger, heroically replied, "Never mind, I can cheerfully die for the man who is come to bless the neighbourhood."

Salopian kindness was at its height; though the flames were extinguished, the generous sympathizing crowd moved not from the premises, as new flames might ascend from the ashes. My heart and feelings were overwhelmed with gratitude, and some sorrow for my great loss.§ Among the assembled crowd and very actively engaged, I vividly remember Sir Charles Oakley, Bart. John Bishop, Esq. of the Stamp Office, &c.

The whole of the property in the Shop and Warehouse, was unfortunately uninsured, but being all my own, and paid for, no one sustained any loss but myself. Besides a Manufactured Stock, I had lately laid in Printed Cottons, Calicoes, Ginghams, Cords, Checks, Ticks, &c. to the amount of nearly One Thousand Pounds; a small part of which, with great effort, being saved, were sold by weight, as remnants injured by the fire. The Buildings were insured.†

After all was safe, and my generous friends had dispersed, I returned alone to my dwelling, and was seated in my little study, (like my present one, full of Books) partaking, about one o'clock, of a little supper which my housekeeper had provided, when a tall lovely female, clothed in a handsome night dress of white dimity, a gipsy bonnet tied close under the chin, entered the room, and proceeding towards me, uttered these memorable words, "Charles, I hope you are ruined;

---

with among some papers belonging to my late Brother.

COTTON MANUFACTORY, COLEHAM, Shrewsbury, Nov. 16, 1804.

"C. HULBERT begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that the Damage done to the Shop and Warehouse adjoining the Manufactory, cannot possibly be repaired in time for re-opening on Monday the 19th instant, as intended; but he hopes to have it completely fitted up by Monday, the 26th, when an extensive new stock of Printed Cottons, Dimities, Muslins, Calicoes, Woollen Cords, &c. with the Remnants of Pieces injured by the Fire, will be offered to his friends and the public, on very reasonable Terms."

* This youth was afterwards the Rev. George Sayce, twenty-seven years pastor of the Baptist Church, Wrexham; much respected by a large circle of friends, for his zeal and usefulness in his sacred office. He died February 20, 1847.

§ As promptly as possible, I offered my sincere thanks in each our Shrewsbury Papers, for the valuable assistance and unbounded kindness I had received on the occasion. I regret not having a copy of the Address, but perfectly remember one expression contained in it, viz: "That, I scarcely knew whether I felt more regret for the loss I had sustained, or satisfaction to find myself surrounded by so numerous and so highly respectable a body of friends."

† Here I desire to record the liberality of the Fire Office, of which Messrs. J. & W. Eddowes were Agents. The amount of loss being valued by a Builder appointed by these gentlemen. The damage to the buildings, was promptly paid, amounting to about £150. The whole Stock, &c. as in the case of Providence Grove, was intended to have been insured in a few days. How the Fire originated was never satisfactorily ascertained.

and I am come to tell you, that I shall go in the morning to my Solicitor, and settle my property upon you. I shall not do this with the expectation of having you; for I declare most solemnly, knowing, that I have not your affections, that I would not marry you, if every hair of your head was hung with diamonds." Do take a seat, Miss S——, I said, and reconsider your proposal. I am not ruined, far from it; nor could I under any circumstances, accept your proposal: at the same time, I regard the noble sacrifice you have intended to make, as another proof of the sincerity of your attachment, to one, who, alas! has not the power to return any other feeling than that of sublime gratitude. She then said, "Charles, I have discharged my duty, I shall fulfil my intentions," on her turning round to depart, I said, Nay, you shall not pass through the town alone at this time of the night, I will see you home, which I did; and returning to my own residence, I felt great satisfaction that I had not met any person, who might mistake the reason of our being together; that my feelings had not been so much excited, as to prompt me to give her encouragement to continue the attachment; and the next morning early, I hastened to Mr. ——, before he was up, and on seeing him, related the occurrence, and begged if Miss S. came, (as afterwards I learned she actually did, to accomplish her purpose) that he would shew to her the great personal disadvantage of such a measure, and dissuade her from it, which he faithfully performed.

That the attachment of this most talented lady was perfectly guileless, and to desperation sincere, I am thoroughly convinced; of this, during our short acquaintance I had many proofs, yet not having known her sufficiently, I sometimes doubted, especially after I had received an entirely false, and as I now believe, wicked relation. My informant, the landlady of my lodgings, when resident in High street, perceiving that there was an acquaintance between Miss S. and myself; and as I conjecture, fearing to lose her lodger, one day, with many courtesies, entered my sitting room, and apologizing for the liberty she was taking, said, that "Having my interest at heart, she had come to warn me of the danger of continuing my new acquaintance," and with expressions of *feigned* reluctance, she informed me, that she had herself, from the window of the room in which we were then sitting, seen Miss S. walking up and down the street with a young Solicitor, whom she named,* at twelve o'clock at night, and that on turning up the passage at the end of the Cross Keys Inn, the way to her home, he saluted her as a familiar acquaintance." My feelings at the moment baffled all description, and on the evening of the next day, I waited on her with the full determination that, that meeting should be our last.

Chusing a fit opportunity, and as calmly as I could, I communicated the information I had received. Oh! the feelings of an injured, falsely calumniated, sensitive, innocent female, I never shall forget, nor the manner in which they were exhibited. After an apparent recovery, and demanding the name of her calumniator, which from a vow I had previously given, could not be conceded; and being in the vicinity of St. Alkmond's church-yard, then without gates, though late in the evening, with female heroism, which nothing but love, justice, and truth could have inspired, she led me to a particular grave in the church-yard, and there on her knees, lifting up her hands to Heaven, she dictated to herself the most solemn oath I ever heard. I tenderly embraced her, and for a moment believed her innocent; but, returning home, my doubts and fears also returned, and as I could not give up my suspicions, I resolved to give up the engagement, and sent her a note full of excuses, for not seeing her again: this brought her to my lodgings, and in the presence of her calumniator, reiterated her innocence, at the same time she fully exculpated me from all blame except that of credulity, nobly declaring, "I do not now desire a continuance of the acquaintance. You have not known me Charles—I will henceforth seek consolation in those feelings of religious truth, which have been taught me by the only man I ever loved."

Deep was the impression this interview made on my mind, yet not satisfied, as politely as I could, I afterwards informed

* Afterwards, on our becoming acquainted, I asked him if the story was true, when he declared, "I never knew the Lady."

her that I had an undeclared affection for another lady; we never saw each other again, except in public, until our last meeting on the night of the Fire, as previously related.

Miss S. was, not only truly religious, but a female of extraordinary mental talents, and personal attractions; her literary acquirements, had they been called into exercise, were those of Miss Hannah More, and Mrs. Hemans. The Poetic Effusions she addressed to myself, shewed the versatility of her genius. She married a worthy and excellent Minister of the Gospel, and died in Staffordshire, of child-birth of her first child. Her husband, soon after her demise, published a Sketch of her Life, and a few of her Poems; several of which appeared in my earliest Publications.

Many were now the letters of condolence, and several kind invitations to a temporary abode among friends, until the remembrance of the misfortune had lost its effect. One from William Smith, Esq. Magistrate, was very pressing; all of which, as I instantly commenced repairs, and a preparation for resuming business, were of course necessarily, yet gratefully declined. But one letter I received some weeks after the Fire, was of the deepest interest, as my relation of the contents will certify. It was from the lady (see page 173) whose attachment I have previously mentioned, and also that her friends objected to a continuance of the acquaintance, on the ground of inequality of fortune.

The letter was couched in the most noble and affecting terms. After stating that all obstacles to our union were now removed, that her maternal parent had written to Mr. Burton for his opinion of me, when that gentleman had assured her, that "Mr. Charles Hulbert was worth any lady with £20,000; and that if he had solicited him to bestow a daughter of his, it would have met his hearty approval." Referring to the Fire, from which I had just been suffering, she said, "From the accounts I read in the Papers, I suppose you have lost your own fortune, but mine is at your command; and I hope the time is not far distant, when I shall prove that you are the dearest of all earthly objects, to your ever faithful,—HANNAH M."

Had our feelings been reciprocal, with what raptures I should have read so noble and open-hearted a communication of continued affection; as it was, my gratitude was raised to its highest degree of feeling—I sat down and wrote an answer, in which I expressed my admiration of her generous offer, and I promised a grateful return, assuring her of my presence at S——, in a short time, when a day should be fixed for our indissoluble union. But here again an over-ruling hand was intelligibly visible. No sooner had I finished my letter, and closed it with my seal, when your dear Mother, accompanied by Mrs. Zacharias Wood, came down to the Factory to purchase Cottons, &c. after waiting upon them, I invited them to my cottage to tea, and as I felt on the eve of marriage to another, I paid no less attention to the real object of my affection, than if she had not refused me, though under feelings of mortification, I had never previously been called to suffer. The Ladies, after much agreeable conversation, expressed a desire to bid good night, to which I answered, I have a letter to leave at the Post-office, and I will accompany you as far as the top of the Wyle Cop. Taking the contrary side of the street to which the office was situate; when we came opposite to it, I said to the ladies, if you will please to stand here, I will drop my letter into the Post-office, and return in a minute. At that moment, a rude fellow pushed your dear Mother off the foot-path into the channel, when I instantly said, I will not leave you to be insulted in this manner, I will see you home, and post the letter as I return. This was another intervention of Divine Providence, at the very last moment. Had the letter been posted, I should never have forfeited the engagement it contained.

Mrs. Z. W. turned up Dogpole, and I proceeded with Miss W. to her home on St. John's Hill. On the way a conversation took place, and I learned from the lips of her I loved, that when she gave me a refusal, it was contrary to the feelings of her heart; but she did it, supposing there was still an acquaintance with Miss S. I expressed my deep regret, but added, it is not too late; we entered her Mother's residence, and proceeded into her presence, when I related my obligations to Miss M. for a letter I had received, which, as I thought candour was a jewel, I placed it in her hands, and also the

answer I had written in return. On reading which, your excellent Grandmother observed, "Mr. Hulbert, much as I should like you for a Son-in-law, I can never consent for you to disappoint this young lady; it might be the cause of her death." But where hearts are mutually and deeply affected, reasoning or consistency have little chance of attention. After mutual expressions of inviolable attachment in the presence of my after Mother-in-law, we obtained her consent—and I returned to my cottage full of the reflection, that I certainly was, as it regarded my settlement in life, under the direction of a peculiar Providence, and so I believe to this day. How many of my readers, if called upon, could bear a similar testimony?

I lost no time in writing to Miss M. relating the whole truth, plainly and undisguisedly. She instantly returned all my letters, and a Miniature she had in possession, by post, without a single line of reproach—and I heard no more of this ill-fated lady of more than thirty years, when, as you will recollect, my dear Charles, a Box arrived at Providence Grove, containing a present of elegant Sheffield Goods, and a letter, desiring a conference with your Father at her residence, where I visited her; when she made a noble proposition for the benefit of ONE of my family, which, under circumstances, could not be accepted. Her attachment, though unrewarded, had known no change. She *lived* but a few weeks after the interview, but I have subsequently learned, that she died in the possession of Christian Peace and the assurance of Faith. The Poet says,

> "The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close;
> As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,
> The same look which she gave when he rose."

After my previously related engagement with the object of my affections, I visited Manchester, Middleton, the Westwoods, Leigh, and also Northen Etchells, and was welcomed by my dear Uncle with great affection, and received from him a GOLDEN token of his continued love. Wherever I went among my friends and relatives, I met with kindness and sympathy. The feeling expressions of good Mr. Burton I shall never forget. At that time a journey to and from Manchester was a formidable thing. If by coach from Shrewsbury, after travelling 12 hours you arrived at Chester, and stayed all night; next morning proceeding by coach to Preston Brook, to join the Bridgewater-canal Packet Boat, gave another 12 hours travelling. Returning, if you wished to save a day, you left Manchester by coach, at 7 o'clock in the evening for Birmingham or Wolverhampton, travelling all night, meeting a coach at either of the above places, you arrived at Shrewsbury about eight o'clock the following morning. By this route I returned, and taking a seat in a long 'Boat Coach,' from Birmingham. I had for my only fellow passengers, two young ladies who were proceeding to Shiffnal, to visit their friends, a highly respectable family residing in that place, whose names I well remember. The slow pace at which the coach travelled, allowed us plenty of time for conversation; being anxious to amuse my amiable, lovely and talented companions, (for so they were) I related all the events of the Fire, recited many of my poor verses, until it being about four o'clock in the morning, I fell asleep, but was speedily awakened to hear an interesting conversation relative to myself. How little did I deserve the flattering encomiums bestowed upon me, but which, as if asleep, I listened to with silent emotion, especially as they had previously informed me who they were; and the youngest lady, had with a pair of scissors, cut in paper, a likeness of her fellow passenger and of herself, and presented them to me. I received them with respect, but little did I think, until when continuing *as asleep*, I heard it related, that an impression (perfectly undesigned on my part) had been made on the younger lady's heart; who, fearing our journey together was nearly terminated, in great agitation declared to her sister a determination she had formed: this I heard with astonishment. The coach stopping at Shiffnal to change horses, we all alighted, when one of the loveliest females I ever beheld, taking me aside into the parlour on the right side of the entrance, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but I have informed you in our conversation who I am, and who are my connections in this place, to whom I am paying a visit. I perceive we have but a few minutes to be together, and as my heart is so much affected, I must now, whatever be the conse-

quence, break through all the restrictions of my sex, and disclose to you, that all the future happiness of my life depends upon you. I make this open declaration, under a firm conviction you are all that you seem to be, and if I do not appear worthy of a return of affection, and you should abuse my honest candour, I shall lament it through life; though satisfied that you are unworthy of me." Oh! what various emotions were at work in my breast; had I not had a prior heart engagement, I should have been tempted to have closed with her there and then. Awaking from my surprise, and grasping her by the hand, while plentiful tears gave expression to the anxious sensations of her heart, I said, my dear young lady, I am convinced of your high character and respectability; and from what you have declared of your feelings for one so unworthy, were it not that my affections are fixed, I could not refuse the offer of your hand. With sighs she faintly uttered, "Then I hope I may be yours in another world." After a short but affecting adieu, the horses being harnessed to the coach, this stage-like event was ended, and we parted, never to meet together in this world. On February 14th, following, I received an elegant letter in verse, not written, but every letter beautifully cut with a pair of scissors. The seal, a Coat of Arms. After relating the circumstance of our meeting in the coach, the concluding lines were a reference to the lady's parting hope, and thus affectingly expressed.

"Then may I meet again with him my soul holds dear,
And find that love improved I cherish here."*

Since writing the above relation, I have more than once, felt a desire to suppress it; all parties interested, except him who pens the record, having left this world, its publication may I hope be pardoned. It appears to me as another link in the chain of Providential events. Admitting that deep and mysterious probability to be the fact, we may be certain that such guidance and direction, must eventually issue in the greatest sum of human happiness and virtue.

To say nothing of past comforts and domestic enjoyments resulting from my choice of your dear Mother. Have we not still living, a SON, who is the crown of my rejoicing, my stay, and my daily blessing? Daughters, whose tenderness and filial affection sweeten every bitter in life; and yearly, on the 18th of Feb. (my natal day) pour into my cup, a fullness of never-failing bliss, comprising congratulations, presents, prayers, and blessings, which cheer and enliven every after day of the year. Not one child could I part with for all the wealth of India, or gold of California; nor for a million of worlds richer than our own. The same are the feelings of that excellent Mother, to whom I am indebted for these invaluable treasures.

To return to the happy day, when hearts and feelings were first mutually known, and blessed with the prospect of a happy maturity. I have now before me, the relic of a once beautiful little china box, presented to me, my beloved Charles, by your Mother, soon after our first acquaintance. It contained at the time, a copy of Dr. Cotton Mather's "Fireside," a precious lock of her own hair, and a valuable ring from off her own finger. It is remarkable how so fragile a thing as a china box, could withstand the effects of so hot a fire as that which raged when Providence Grove was destroyed; but so it is, and though, from the heat to which it has been exposed, it cannot by any possibility be opened, we perceive that it contains the Ring, which we preserve, still enclosed, not only as a relic, but as an emblem of that feeling and affection, which will, I believe, endlessly exist in virtuous faithful souls, whatever obstruction or depression may have been sustained in this life.

In heaven there will be no jealousy,† the

* This letter, and many others of great importance to myself, with all my collection of gold and silver coins, jewellery, &c. were stolen from my Cabinet, while resident at Pride Hill, by a young Painter, then employed in painting the room in which it stood. This loss partially recovered, will be referred to hereafter.

† You will recollect, my dear Charles, in the year 1821, our being at Liverpool, in company together, when large placards announced a Debate to take place in the Liverpool Forum, under the Presidency of Mr. Riley, on this question, "Can Love exist without Jealousy? or Jealousy without Love?" You will recollect too, the able speeches which were delivered, intended to prove that Love could not exist without Jealousy, nor Jealousy without Love. Your Father, a stranger, and quite unprepared, took up the contrary position, and by practical illustrations, and many arguments, he convinced the audience (very numerous) of the truth and correctness of his opinions; although the only speaker on that side the question, when put to the meeting, it was decided in his favour by an immense majority, and he had afterwards the thanks of the Committee, &c. &c.

immortal spirit will be all but Divine. Ten thousand beings may be attached, one to another, without a feeling of abatement towards any in consequence of the expansion.

Many were the notes which passed between my affianced and myself. The reading of some of the Verses I wrote in those happy days, were they now in existence, would enliven our evening fire-side recollections, but they all perished in a volume of M.S. Poems, lost in the disaster which I never can forget. The following Effusion having received the approbation of the relations of Miss Wood, was presented to the public; but for the sake of a momentary concealment, was entitled

*HENRY'S* ADDRESS TO HIS INTENDED BRIDE.

*It is here given, probably for the* last time, *under the direction of its now aged Author.*

When still night, my dear Anna, invites us to rest,
My cares and my joys I'll repose in your breast;
Impart you my pleasures, or open my grief,
While your wise consolations afford me relief.

When Aurora shall usher th' approach of new day,
First devoutly I'll kneel, then to business away:
At breakfast returning, my Anna's sweet smile,
Shall all the dull cares of the morning beguile.

And, when the bell sounds the meridian sign,
I'll haste to my cot, with my Anna to dine;
When her table, not richly, yet plenteously crown'd,
Shall with all that is wholesome and pleasant abound.

In pure social discourse, each glad evening we'll pass;
I will be thy dear lad, thou shalt be my sweet lass:
And when old age, shall wrinkle that full cheek of thine,
I'll still see it lovely, and press it to mine.

Thus in each other happy, our comforts at home,
Our joys all domestic, nor wishing to roam;
Kind heav'n will smile on the pair it has blest,
Nor by death long divide* us, but take both to rest.

I will now conclude this very long letter, with the assurance, my dearest Charles,

That I am, ever your affectionate Father,

*Providence Grove,* C. H.
*March* 1, 1851.

* While this is passing through the Press, (March 3, 1851) we read in the 'Salopian Journal,' that on Feb. 13th. died at the village of Llamon, near Aberystwith, Mr. John Evans, aged 90; same day, Ann, his wife, aged 95. They were buried in the same resting place.

A few months ago, being on a visit for a day or two, to my excellent and dear friend, Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Posenhall, near Broseley: and calling on another kind friend, Mr. Bathurst, Earthenware manufacturer, of Benthall. he mentioned to me, two relatives of his, then living at Broseley, viz: Mr. John Parker, aged 99; and his wife, Mrs. Joyce Parker, aged 95. I visited the venerable pair, and found them very happy and comfortable together, each engaged with their needle, for employment and amusement; being in apparent good health, and very cheerful. Mrs. Parker informed me, that she knew the Rev. John Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley, and that she attended Mr. Fletcher's ministry, from which she derived great benefit, as did her husband. They had been married 75 years, and during that time had lived together in great harmony; they wrote their names very legibly on a slip of paper I now possess. Mr. Bathurst kindly informed me that his own mother died in the year 1844, aged 90, and that she was an attendant also on Mr. Fletcher's ministry. The delight with which Mr. and Mrs. Parker referred to the good they received from the teaching of Mr. Fletcher, and its abiding influence, is very encouraging to faithful Ministers of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. The long period Mr. and Mrs. Parker have lived together in happiness, gives encouragement to all aged happy couples in health and strength, to hope also for a lengthened period; yet few would indulge the expectation of a 75 years enjoyment. Suppose that time could be actually guaranteed to a day, would they not say, yes: but as it is, we may live even beyond that period: we would rather have *hope* than *certainty*. To know the exact limit of life, would be to destroy its enjoyments. How wisely is the time of our departure hidden from our knowledge?

## LETTER XXVI. HAPPY MARRIAGE WITH MISS ANNA WOOD,

ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY, DEATH OF MY FATHER, VISIT OF THE REV. C. WINTER, LETTER TO BISHOP WATSON, PROPOSAL OF THE REV. MR. POSTLETHWAITE, BIRTH OF OUR FIRST BORN, REJOICINGS, DEATH OF FRIENDS, FLOOD IN THE RIVER SEVERN, &c.

"Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before you altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, and dazzled with delight;—
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with devoted look, and feeling bland:
While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round her marriage hour.

What though this chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and precarious pain;
By want or woe, where'er compell'd to rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love!
There beats one heart, which until death will be
A fountain-source of fondest sympathy:
O! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
Author of Love! for Thou art present there."

Rev. Robert Montgomery.

My Dearest Charles,

The time agreed upon for our marriage was the 3rd of March, then approaching, I used every exertion to have my Castle completed by that day, and failed; but my humble and happy intended, said, she would for a period, certainly prefer my cottage.

The third of March, though lingering, did arrive, when in accordance with previous arrangement, we proceeded to St. Julian's Church, it being my own particular request, that our nuptuals should there be consummated. The bridal company consisted of the Bride and Bridegroom; Messrs. Zacharias and Theodosius Wood, her Brothers; Miss Williams, Brides-maid; and Joseph Parry, Esq. Trustee of her Father's Will. On my part, Mr. Samuel Hulbert, my Brother, and his Wife, with Mr. Edward Hayes, all of whom are now resting in their peaceful graves, while we are spared. The Rev Hugh Owen performed the ceremony, with great feeling, as previously mentioned page 187.

The marriage day was kept up with perfect happiness at the residence of the family† on St. John's Hill, now Messrs. Watton's Establishment, The bells of St. Chad's and St. Julian's Churches rung merry peals, and the two Salopian Poets, Minshull and Evans, presented us with congratulatory verses they had written for the occasion. On the next day, under the direction of my Brother, Sister-in-law, and friends, all the workpeople belonging to the Manufactory, and others, were plentifully regaled in the large room of the Manufactory. Hearty wishes and blessings on the young happy pair, were the order of the day. Not unfrequently, my dear Charles, do we yet meet with those, who with expressions of joy, recount their happiness on the occasion. The bells of St. Julian's

---

† The family of which my beloved Wife was a member, consisted of her maternal Parent, being a Widow, and her two Brothers, Zacharias and Theodosius, and their only Sister. Mr. Zacharias Wood was married, and in housekeeping; Mr. Theodosius Wood, a youth under age, residing with his Mother and Sister.

Mr, THOMAS WOOD, the Father of this venerated family, was the son of Mr. Stephen Wood, an eminent Clothier of Painswick, in Gloucestershire, to which business Mr. T. W. was originally attached; but having a taste for Literature, and a strong desire to accelerate his own advancement in life, he gave up the clothing business, of which he had a practical knowledge, and articled himself for two years to an eminent Printer in Birmingham, and made a most extraordinary progress in the Art.

Marrying Miss Mary Horlick, daughter of Zacharias Horlick, Esq. a wealthy Clothier of Painswick, and one of the most benevolent of men; the friend and assistant of Mr. Robert Raikes of Gloucester, in his institution of Sunday Schools, and also the great friend of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, of whom a notice will be given heresfter. Mr. Wood for a short time after his apprenticeship, was a partner in the publication of a Newspaper, in Birmingham; not answering his expectations, the partnership was dissolved, and he proceeded to Shrewsbury, engaged a house and premises on Pride Hill, and commenced the SHREWSBURY CHRONICLE, in 1772. The principles of that Paper were those of a loyal man and a good Christian; his career of success was most astonishing. Many were the business journies which he made through Shropshire, North and South Wales, Gloucestershire, &c. honoured and esteemed by the nobility, clergy, gentlemen and tradesmen, wherever he went. His honourable career was but too soon terminated. On the 5th of April. 1801, he was suddenly seized with Apoplexy, in the presence of his Daughter, and fell so near to the fire in the room they were sitting, that it was with great exertion and difficulty she preserved him from the terrific effects which might have ensued. Dr. Darwin, together with the Rev. Richard De Courcy, and the Rev. John Palmer, were almost instantly in attendance, and every thing was done that remained within the power of medical skill and attention to effect. The affliction of the family and workpeople, and we may add of the whole town and neighbourhood, was beyond description. The sufferer never lost his consciousness. Mr. De Courcy scarcely ever left his bedside; on enquiring the state of his mind a few minutes before his departure, and saying, "Mr. Wood, is Jesus precious to you?" He replied, "Oh! yes, very precious, very precious." His weeping family, and the previously named friends, witnessed his departure into the state of the blessed. The Sunday after his interment, Mr. De Courcy preached his funeral sermon to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled in St. Alkmond's Church, from these words, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, &c.'

It is a remarkable fact, that the table at which Mr. Wood was engaged in writing at the time of his seizure was removed into the lobby, or passage through the house, into the Printing Office, and there with its contents, it remained until after the funeral; when it was discovered, that Mr. Wood, having purchased some houses in Dogpole, intended in case of his death, as a residence for his Wife and Daughter, had been counting the money (£500) ready for payment. In the confusion which followed his seizure, no one had observed the money on the table, amidst papers, either in passing or repassing, nor had it been disturbed, Mr. Wood died April 7th, 1801, aged 54 years.

In the course of twenty-nine years he acquired a handsome fortune, notwithstanding his many acts of munificence, especially to his beloved Pastor, to whom his unsolicited kindness knew no bounds. I have a list of sums before me which need not be named, only referred to as evidence of the goodness of the heart of my honoured Father-in-law, towards a faithful Minister of the Gospel. His merciful and compassionate nature was such, that he never could be induced to sue any man at law, for any sum he might owe him; his losses in consequence of that amiable feeling, amounted to no less a sum than £12,000: yet heaven so blessed his honest exertions, that he bequeathed to his children property valued at £12.000, he left his beloved wife sole executrix, and the late benevolent Mr. Joseph Parry, counsellor and trustee. *For a Memoir of Mr. Parry, and Mr. Wood, see my Phillips's History of Shrewsbury.*

The following character of Mr. Wood appeared in the London and more than twenty Provincial Papers.

"How much and how deservedly the loss of this most worthy man is to be lamented by his family, and by society at large, may be fairly estimated by a consideration of the

Church, our own Factory bell, lending its cheerful aid, were heard through the day. Presents of Ribbons, &c. were afterwards distributed by the new Bride, among the principal females employed in the Mill. Visits and congratulatory letters were next received. In the midst of these enjoyments, a melancholy shade was thrown over them

---

many virtues which adorned his character in public and private. In all his connections, and in every department of life, whether civil, social, or domestic, in all the relations of husband, father, master, and in all the offices of friendship, his temper and whole deportment exemplified the purest principles of christianity. No wonder that his last moments, resembling so uniformly the tenour of his life, and cheered so much by the hope of the gospel, should be distinguished by patience and placidity, and that under the bright prospect of a happy immortality, the end of such a man should be peace."

As the originator and proprietor of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, which was for so many years the sole Newspaper of the County, and the influential medium of political and general knowledge for the mass of the population—the name and character of Mr. Wood must ever be held in veneration and esteem. His widow, for seven years after his demise conducted the business with great ability and success.

I know not whether the observation is worthy of being made, that Mr. Wood was a relative of the late James Wood, Esq. the rich Banker of Gloucester: the fact we know, from the acknowledgment by the latter, of a gentleman, the Nephew of my Father-in-law, to whom in a Codicil, he bequeathed £20,000, and also from the testimony of Mr. Radway, Paper Manufacturer, of Redditch, near Gloucester, who was often in the habit of visiting the Banker. Mr. Radway being my friend, he had many conversations with him, when he was very much pleased with what he heard of the character of Anna Wood's husband, and desired much to see him. Being at that time engaged in Printing and Publishing my History of the Town and County of Salop, in which I have given a description of the City of Gloucester, I thought I would finish my History, have a copy handsomely bound for presentation to him on my intended visit. Whatever might have been the result it is impossible for me to know Before I could complete my intention, the rich 'Jemmy Wood' was no more. We have been informed that there did exist a Codicil to the Will of James Wood, in which he had left £40,000 to the children of his relative, the late Thomas Wood of Shrewsbury, which Codicil, it is said, was destroyed with other papers, by some interested person.

Mrs. MARY WOOD, my revered Mother-in-law, was ever my affectionate steady friend. The character of this our honoured relative, was thus given in the Papers of the day.

"On Sunday morning August 28th, 1808, in her 64th year, died Mrs. Wood, of Shrewsbury, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Wood, Printer of the Shrewsbury Chronicle. The excellencies of this much respected woman were various and brilliant, but we forbear illustration. The sorrow occasioned by her removal from society is certainly much, and is only alleviated by the contemplation of that christian fortitude and tranquillity with which she was enabled (at the close of a tedious illness) to meet the last enemy as a conquered foe."

Three of their sons were dead prior to my acquaintance with the family. Mr. Percival Wood, a pious talented young man; Thomas Wood, the same; and Mr. Joseph Wood, Midshipman in the Royal Navy, in which capacity he had on various occasions distinguished himself as a most skilful, enterprising young officer, and was on the point of being promoted, when he bravely fell on board the Wolverine Gun Brig, while engaged with two French Privateers, contending for the honour of his country, by the side of his Captain, March 24th, 1804, in the 23rd year of his age.

Mr. Zacharias Wood, died January 12th, 1812. The Rev. Theodosius Wood, M.A. Vicar of Leysdown, Kent, died at the Vicarage, November 24th, 1836, aged 54 years. Additional particulars of each will be interwoven in the body of my Narrative.

I make no apology for introducing the only Likenesses in existence of the much venerated and lamented Thomas and Mary Wood.

MARY WOOD.

THOMAS WOOD.

all by the Death of my honoured Father* at Leigh, in the same week. How seldom is it that we meet with *two* days of unclouded brightness.

"The sunshine and the shade,
Make up life's joy and sorrow;
To day's bright beams may fade,
And darkness cloud to-morrow."

Among the friends who honoured our marriage with a visit, with gratitude I record that of my ever-revered friends, Mr. Burton and his lady, who came the whole distance in their own chariot. A short time afterwards we had the happiness to return the visit to our beloved friends in Manchester; when Mr. Burton pressingly urged me to offer myself as a Candidate for the Pastorate of St. Clement's Church, then unconsecrated, and assured me of success. This, for reasons stated in page 139, was declined. We visited all our Manchester and other Lancashire friends. Particularly sweet was that to my dear Uncle, and Aunt, at the Westwoods, and all friends in Eccles Parish. We returned home, and all my business pursuits were continued with increased diligence and vigour.

Marriage made no difference in my ministrations at Coleham Chapel, as it was designated; but I soon found that a portion of the loveliest of my congregation were absent from their accustomed seats; yet a full congregation still assembled, and a sort of class was formed, selected from the most serious and devout. One of that society will be remembered, my dear Charles, by yourself and congregation at Slaithwaite, the late Mrs. Walter, (then Miss Bray); others I could name, who retained their pious feelings through life, and manifested a good confession, and are gone to their reward, where I hope to meet them. I know of one only of our select society still living in Shrewsbury, Mrs. Brazier, and whose life has been one of unvarying piety, kindness and benevolence.*

Removing to my little Castle, I had the

---

It is among my most particular regrets that I never saw my Father-in-law Wood, nor my ancient Sovereign, King George the Third. Of the latter I possess a few hairs which once flourished on his forehead. I have also a portion of a ribband on which was suspended the Star, of the Order of the Garter, which once adorned the breast of King William the Fourth. I have stood by the side of King William, and also of George the Fourth; but my honoured Father could say more, viz: "That King George the Third took his arm for a walk on Windsor Terrace."

* The death of my poor Father was quite unexpected—though he had been some time in declining health. The year previous to his dissolution he had first followed to the grave his only remaining daughter Mary, my amiable, lovely and beloved sister, in her sixteenth year; secondly his second wife Mary, in her fortieth year. He was then left alone. I had proposed to him an early removal to Shrewsbury, to be under the care of his two remaining sons, which step he would have done, had not heaven seen it best that he should finish his course under his own roof, and that his remains should rest with his second wife, one son and two daughters whom he had by her, in Leigh Church-yard.

It affords me never failing satisfaction to reflect on the comfort heaven enabled me to afford him in his declining years, and more particularly, that my poor advice and exhortations on my last visit, had brought him to reflect on the certainty of death and its consequences, and that he had thereby been brought to seek for salvation, and seeking it with many tears, found it to the joy of his soul, and was enabled through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Redeemer, to meet the last enemy as a conquered foe. As expressed on his gravestone, "He died in the faith, March 5th, 1805, aged 60 years."

The character of my honoured parent may be summed up in a few words. He was loyal and brave, generous to his own ruin, open-hearted and affectionate, of ready wit and versatility of talent, upright in principle, honest and faithful in duties; of rare courage, yet patient under suffering, and change of fortune. In personal appearance he had few superiors. Yes! venerated Sire! thy Son remembers thy tall portly figure, thy noble manly countenance, thy full black hair inclined to curl, though in his earlier recollection, sprinkled with the then fashionable hair powder. Proud was thy boy, when standing between thy knees, thou listened to his humble reading, and affectionately commended the progress he made in his school studies, and contemplated nothing less than that he would one day become a Minister of the Church of England! Alas! Alas!

---

* With delight I record, that there are still living in Coleham, a pious venerable pair of great respectability, whose friendship towards myself and family has never varied, being always affectionate and sincere. I refer my dear Charles, to Samuel Smith, Esq. and Mrs. Smith. They were at the period I am recording, frequent attendants at my Chapel, and also at St. Alkmond's Church, and are still living in the enjoyment of the blessings of religious truth; it is at this day one of my greatest delights to pay them a visit, and to talk of old times, and the happy days, when Coleham Manufactory and Chapel were in prosperity.

Also among the greatly esteemed and most frequent attendants at my Chapel, was Mr. Richard Evans, Watchmaker, then of the Market place, and a part of his lovely family. With a handsome fortune he retired to a pleasant residence about four miles from Welshpool; where in after time, we once accidentally met, and the happiness felt by each, was not only manifested by hearty greetings, but by 'Those witnesses which all hearts believe.' Three or four years ago, calling on Mrs. Donaldson, his eldest daughter, she produced to me an original note, I had addressed to her late Father in rhyme, more than forty years ago. I well recollect the note was a perfectly spontaneous production and little worth preservation; but as the filial affection of the daughter had induced her to preserve it with so much care, and to oblige

honour and happiness to receive a visit from the Rev. Cornelius Winter, of Painswick; the Tutor of the present Rev. William Jay, of Bath, who has published the Life of his venerable and beloved friend. Mr. Winter had a sincere attachment for the Church of England, and, like myself, had made many efforts to obtain Ordination, but was always unsuccessful. Not only as a friend of the beloved family of which I had become a member, did I rejoice to receive him, but as a faithful and successful Minister of God's most Holy Word, belonging to Lady Huntingdon's Connexion; eminent for great piety and talent. He was born October, 1742, and died January, 1808.

He read the Church Service and preached several times in my Chapel, and once or twice in that of the Rev. Thomas Weaver; he was then on a tour to different Churches, making collections for the benefit of his Church in Gloucestershire. A short time after his visit to Shrewsbury, being at Manchester, I accidentally stept into the Independent Chapel, in Moseley street, and there I met with my valued friend in the vestry, and a most interesting interview we had. From that period to the time of his death, (January, 1808,) I had the happiness of his friendship and correspondence. While on his visit at my Castle, having a Camera Obscura in my possession, I took his Portrait in black, and which has been considered an excellent Likeness; this I was induced to do from the fact, that in former days, with an instrument of the same description, he had produced a similar Likeness of the Rev. John Wesley, which Likeness was preserved by his widow, and in the year 1814, presented to your Mother. It perished in 1839, but a *facsimile* had been taken and engraved, and with that of Mr. Winter, published in my Religions of Britain.

Success as a teacher of religion, did not lessen my desire to become a regular Minister of the Establishment. Having, as previously stated, read Bishop Watson's† "Apology for the Bible," and received much benefit from its perusal, I had conceived so good an opinion of his zeal and liberality, that I

---

with a copy. From a feeling of friendship towards her parent and herself, I give them a place in these Memorials.

To my tick tacking friend,
This epistle I send,
Please to say if my watch you have mended:
If the job be not done,
Nor repairs yet begun,
Do inform me how soon you intend it.

Is the glass put in tight?
Will the hands now go right?
Have you settled the rate of the motion?
If not rightly in tune,
Pray dont send it too soon,
To return it you back I've no notion.

I think it is near
Five months, or half year,
Since my watch to your care I intrusted:
I fear it so long
In your window has hung,
The mechanical part will will be rusted.

If you mean for to do it,
I beg you'll see to it,
Nor leave me to chide any longer:
If you mind not my writing,
Expect a good flighting,*
In langnage much sharper and stronger.

Though I write in this style,
I'm your friend all the while,
For believe me with wishes most fervent:
And humble congee
Quite down to the knee,
Your faithful obedient servant,

CHARLES HULBERT.

*April 6, 1809.*

*To Mr. R. Evans, Watchmaker, Market Place.*

* *Flighting* a Lancashire word for scolding.

† This celebrated English Prelate was born in 1737: he was the son of a Clergyman, and becoming a Sizer of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1760, he obtained a Fellowship. In 1792 he was made Bishop of Llandaff. His works are numerous, and his arguments in defence of Revealed Truth, can never be refuted by unbelievers. His Lordship died at his seat, Calgarth Park, near the Lakes, July 4, 1816.

I have published Memoirs and Notices of Bishop Watson, in various forms; first, in my Salopian Magazine for 1816; secondly, in my Literary Beauties and Varieties; again in my Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men; and also a Notice, in the Religions of Britain; to which works my readers are respectfully referred.

I had several times the pleasure of seeing him, in passing through Shrewsbury, from Llandaff to London, Calgarth Park, &c. and once of standing by his side on the English Bridge, while he was viewing my Manufactory and Buildings; but I had not the courage to speak to him. I imagine that as he often stayed a night and a day at the Lion Hotel, on his journies, that he had enquired of some one, or more, of my character, and where was my residence; and that while I stood by his side he was thinking of me. How much did I regret immediately afterwards, that I had not introduced myself; but to do that at any time, even now, is one of the greatest difficulty. The Engraving I have given, appeared in my second Notice of the Bishop, and subsequently; but as it is an acknowledged Likeness, I hope it may still be considered a boon to my readers.

formed the resolution to address to him the following Letter.

*Miniature Castle, Salop, July 6, 1805.*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's character, and the perusal of several of your valuable literary productions, have emboldened me to hope that a letter from a disinterested young man, will not meet with that cold reception, or silent neglect, he might have dreaded from a less judicious dignitary of the Church.

I have, my Lord, from my earliest recollection, felt an unconquerable propensity to be a Minister of the Establishment: am now in my twenty-sixth year, and have been several years engaged in a profitable branch of the Cotton Manufacture. My own private fortune, with that of the respectable young lady, whom I have lately married, will have put me in possession of a moderate independency: but in the centre of every enjoyment, the wish, the sincere desire, to Preach the Gospel will predominate. Unfortunately mine has been only a very humble Education; and I have no Academic honours to show; but your Lordship's candour will allow me to hope, that a Bountiful Providence has, in some measure, made up the deficiency, in zeal, and some qualifications.

I know, my Lord, that according to the Rules of our Church, in my present capacity, as a Tradesman, and wanting the regular University credentials, I must be an objectionable Candidate for Holy Orders: but should your Lordship condescend to enquire into my private character, conduct and views, the following gentlemen will give their unbiassed opinions. Sir John Heathcote, Knt. of Longton Hall, Staffordshire; William Bent, and William Caldwell, Esquires, Newcastle-under-Line; William Smith, Esq. (in the Commission of the Peace for the Town and County of Salop) of this town, and Daniel Burton, Esq. of Manchester. The two last mentioned have long known me, and are acquainted with every particular of my life. Mr. Burton offered, and very much pressed me to accept of an elegant and commodious, but unconsecrated Church; which my strong attachment to the regular discipline of our Establishment, compelled me to decline.

It will be a matter of surprise to you, my Lord, that an obscure individual, in the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, residing at Shrewsbury, should presume to solicit Ordination from so distant a Prelate as the Diocesan of Llandaff. Be assured, my Lord, that no sinister motives prompted the request: real esteem and gratitude to the worthy and learned Author of the Apology for the Bible; whose pious labours, under the blessing of Heaven, contributed so much to establish me in the Christian Faith, first inspired the wish to be consecrated by him. I am convinced, my Lord, that Religion is true; and I know no way so likely to promote its interests, as Preaching its truths. In doing which, no worldly emolument would be sought after; the useful, humble Curate would form the boundary of my highest ambition. With little or no salary, in a populous neighbourhood, I would cheerfully perform the duties of my Parish; give up all my prospect of advancement in trade, and devote the residue of my days to the temporal and eternal interests of my parishioners.

I must confess, my Lord, that my knowledge of the Languages is very superficial; but I could have a Tutor, one who is capable of giving every necessary instruction, should a deficiency in that respect prove a material objection. Should your Lordship approve of my character, and give encouragement to proceed, I would immediately lay aside all secular concerns, and consecrate every moment to study, and a careful preparation for the important work.

If necessary, I would previous to Ordination, remove into the Diocese of Llandaff. The expense of going to College would cramp my future benevolent exertions, and might probably add no more to my stock of useful information, than instruction by a private Tutor. For which reasons, your Lordship will allow me to express, that my wish is to prepare for the Ministry, and be Ordained as soon as possible. But the humble Candidate for Orders will not attempt to dictate to your Lordship: rather will he submit his future hope and destiny to your Lordship's wisdom and goodness, trusting that his zeal may not be deemed rashness, nor his request impertinence.

I have, my Lord, examined the Doctrines of the Church of England, and believe them to be consistent with the tenor of Revelation. I have long been in the habit of weighing the whole that would be expected from a Minister of my own Church, and I trust that, with Divine assistance, I may be enabled to sustain the important duties of the sacred office.

With due veneration and perfect respect,

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

C. HULBERT.

The Right Reverend
The Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

## The following was his Lordship's reply.

Sir,

When I see a young man so well disposed to the Ministry as you seem to be, it gives me real concern, that I cannot consistently, either with the rules of the Church, or my own sense of propriety, admit him a Candidate for Holy Orders.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful obedient servant,

R. LLANDAFF.

*Calgarth Park, Kendall, July 24, 1805.*

This answer threw a shade over all my prospects and hopes of being a Clergyman of the Establishment. I had however a Wife to comfort me, a Brother to assist, and a business then promising every degree of success my heart could desire.

At this time, and previously in the life-time of my venerated Father-in-law, the house at St. John's Hill, had the honour to receive, and frequently to entertain many of the most eminent Evangelical Clergymen of the period who visited Shrewsbury. Among these was the Rev. Richard Postlethwaite, Rector of St. Roche, and Perpetual Curate of Marazion, in Cornwall; with whom I became acquainted: and who was frequently a visitant at my little Castle. Having a knowledge of my desire to become a Minister of the Church of England, and with the efforts I had made to obtain Ordination, and knowing also that my business as a Cotton Manufacturer, was at that time in prosperity, he suggested a plan, and which he assured me he was perfectly certain of its accomplishment, and thus said, "If

R. T. RD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S.

you will now transfer your interest in the Cotton Manufactory, and engage that my son shall be properly instructed in the business by your Brother, I will give you a fair price for your property, and will also introduce you to one of my livings in Cornwall, and obtain your Ordination by my friend the Bishop of Exeter. To give up one of my livings will be no sacrifice, as it is my intention to surrender the smaller."

Previous to my writing to Bishop Watson, this proposal would have been all I could have desired, but his letter had cooled my ardour, and depressed my hopes; added to which, trade was then flattering, and I had still the belief, that if Peace could only be made with Napoleon, all my hopes of success, honour and independence would be realized. I however took a day or two to consider of the proposal, and I spent one sleepless night; but eventually suffered worldly prospects to interpose their baneful influence, as in the case, when on my way from Middleton to Pendlebury, (see page 176) and with many expressions of real gratitude, I declined the proposal.

In less than two years afterwards, the Cotton Trade became wofully depressed, with a few intervals of prosperity, just as the prospect of Peace, and the removal of restrictions on our intercourse with foreign nations appeared near or at a distance—of which I may hereafter have occasion to speak, until the end of the War in 1815.

While sometimes I thought I had been justly punished for rejecting Mr. Postlethwaite's proposal—yet I considered again, there is a Providence over Mr. Postlethwaite's son, and in this case my advantage might have been his son's ruin, and there may yet be something in reserve for me. God is infinite in wisdom and goodness.

"Placed in this narrow, clouded spot below,
We darkly see around, and darkly know;
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason through the dubious gleam.
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies,
Shall bid the curtain of omniscience rise;
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And shew his creatures *all his ways are right.*"
Boyse.*

In the beginning of November, this year, I received a letter, informing me that Mary Daniels, late Mrs. Barlow's maid, who was residing at Middleton, was very ill, and desired to see me. I lost no time in going over. Calling at Manchester, I took up my abode with good Mr. Piccope, whom I found rather unwell. I stayed all night, and left him in the morning in the same state, but with the expectation that I should find him completely recovered on my returning from Middleton. This was, I think, about the 8th of the month. I found poor Mary Daniels almost in the arms of death, perfectly rational and resigned; she revived a little at seeing me, and stated that she believed her illness had been occasioned by grief for the loss of her beloved Mistress, and the disappointment of not going to Shrewsbury; at the same time, she considered my loss and disappointment to be much more than her own: and added, I will however leave you my property, (more than £100) in token of remembrance. I knelt by her bedside and prayed for her, from which she derived apparent comfort, and in a short period after my visit, her humble soul took its flight to the mansions of blessedness, and the company of her beloved and venerated Mistress.

The morning following I hastened to see Mr. Piccope, on my approach to the house, I perceived the window shutters were closed. I much wondered what could have happened

* Some men of learning and talents in all ages and countries have been permitted by their contemporaries to endure poverty and neglect. Samuel Boyse, the Author of that splendid Poem the "Deity," was absolutely famished to death, and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and fastened with a skewer, with a pen in his hand.

Butler, one of the greatest wits that ever existed, died in the most abject state of poverty. On his fate it was written,

"The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

Otway the poet died with hunger, and Chatterton was so poor, that he found a penny tart a luxury.

Milton the poet, sold his Paradise Lost to a Bookseller, for ten pounds, being too poor to undertake the printing of it.

In ancient times, the immortal poet, Homer, was exposed to want, and begged his bread.

Tasso, author of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' was reduced to the necessity of borrowing a crown, to support him for a week.

Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' died of hunger, and Camoens, an eminent Portuguese Poet, is supposed to have died in the street.

These eminent and talented men, neglected by their contemporaries, are now the admiration of an enlightened posterity. Numbers might be added to the list.

in so short a time. Without knocking for entrance, I proceeded into the house, where I found Mrs. Piccope in great distress; Mr. Piccope had expired that morning. I comforted her all I could, and then hastened to Mr. James Roberts, to give him the information of the death of one friend, and the near approaching dissolution of another. Here again I found the window shutters closed. Without ceremony I entered the once happy dwelling, and where I beheld a family overwhelmed with grief. The good, the lovely Mrs. Roberts, had died of child-birth, and Mr. Roberts in agony had left the house, and gone somewhere. Fearing that in his distress he might sacrifice his own life, with all the speed I was able, I hastened to his Warehouse in the Market Place, and there I found him alone, and in a state of deep mental suffering. I took a seat by him, sincerely deplored the loss he had sustained, declared my own grief also, and then related the events I have briefly described. Begging pardon for the intrusion of sentiments I knew he had so strenuously opposed, I ventured to say, that I do believe, my dear friend, that in your calm retired moments, you sometimes call to remembrance, arguments I formerly used to convince you of the certainty of the immortality of the human soul, and that in a future state, holy and happy spirits would recognise each other; friendships would be renewed, and perfect happiness eternally secured. You are, my dear friend, well acquainted with the sentiments of the wisest and best of the ancient Philosophers of Greece and Rome, Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, they believed in a future state of existence. ANTIPHANES the Poet, who lived a hundred years before Socrates, speaking of deceased friends, says, if I recollect rightly, "They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for us to take; we must all go to that great place of reception, and live together in another state of being." And further permit me, my dear friend, to enquire, do you not as a moral and intellectual being, as I often intimated, feel a desire to live for ever? Do you not shudder at the idea of annihilation? I have heard, both yourself and Mr. Howarth, recite with admirable ability, the whole of Cato's Soliloquy, by Addison; a portion of it I will now, though I fear very imperfectly, endeavour to bring to your remembrance.

> "Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
> Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
> 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
> 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to man."

Think too of the capacity of the soul for endless enjoyment, and endless improvement; not so the most intelligent portion of the brute creation. The human soul will march on in its approaches to the Divinity, though still at an infinite distance, throughout the ages of eternity. But the FACTS to which I have formerly referred to in your hearing, with respect to supernatural appearances, confirm the whole, and complete all the evidence that can be required.

I wish I had with me Addison's Spectator, but I have a BIBLE, which more clearly opens to us the certainty of a life after death. I know from the love you bear to the dear departed, you cannot but desire to meet her again; and it is your *hope*, is it not, though you cannot *believe*, that it may be so? "Yes, yes, my dear friend; it is, it is," he replied, sobbing. Well then, as you believe there is a God, and that he is a Good and Powerful Being; the Creator of all things that exist: can you at the same time believe, that those desires and feelings which must have been given to you by God himself, will, and must be eternally disappointed? "I hope, and yet I doubt," he again answered. Only read, I said, the Bible as formerly, especially the New Testament, with attention and prayer to that good God, of whose existence you do not doubt, and all your other doubts will be removed. You have never read, I fear, with close attention, Paley's Evidences of Christianity. That work is unanswerable. Taking him by the hand, and mingling my tears with his, I said, O could I but prevail on you, my faithful and true friend, to receive my faith, (that is, Christianity,) as did that amiable, tender, affectionate being, whose loss now creates your grief, with what joy I should leave your presence; but with my mind, my spirit, and sincere prayers, I shall be with you through this deep affliction: remember

you once believed, and were once a happy Christian.

You will readily conceive, my dear Charles, how we parted. Future conversations and letters inspired me with the belief, that his mind had undergone a great and happy change; that he again enjoyed the hope of everlasting life. Of Mr. Roberts's character, I fully bear record that he was a truly honest man; he was my banker for years, and faithfully handed over to me when I entered upon business for myself, the balance of principal and interest in his hands. His friendship was most disinterested and sincere. About three years after the event above related, in company with a friend, Mr. Knight, he paid me a visit at Shrewsbury, and much we were delighted with his company; he joined most fervently in all our devotional exercises, public and domestic, and was pleased to express himself in terms of approbation, it would not become me to record. This was, alas! his only visit. The Cotton Trade becoming very unproductive in England, in 1813, he left Manchester, with a portion of his family, for Poughkeepsie, in the State of New York, and there engaged in the Manufacture of Cotton Goods. Of his success I cannot speak. He lived not more than nine years in the land of his adoption, but I hope he died in the faith, and that I shall meet him, and his wife also; who always thanked me, and never ceased referring to the arguments which ended in her conviction and conversion. (see page 144.)

Before I left my afflicted friend he most anxiously desired my attendance at the funeral; afterwards so did Mrs. Piccope. Much did I long to have paid the last tribute of respect to departed worth; and also to have returned to Middleton once more, to have seen Mary Daniels:* but I had left your dear Mother, apparently near her confinement, so I hastened home by the first coach from Manchester, trembling as I journied, lest on my approach to my own dwelling, I might find the windows there also closed. Greatly did I rejoice on finding all well.

The eventful year 1805, now drew near to its conclusion, and its last day, December 31st, was destined to be one of the greatest delight. It was that day which gave birth to that beloved and dutiful Son, whom I now address. The joy of the parents knew no bounds. The rejoicing of our relatives, and all our workpeople, (now upwards of one hundred) was manifested in a manner most gratifying to our feelings. A holiday was given, and merrily rang the Factory Bell; that very bell, which also rang on the day of your own marriage in 1837, and birth of your first-born in 1838, is now suspended in the turret at Providence Grove, and which was last rung on the occasion of the return of the gallant Major Edwardes, the Hero of the Punjaub, from India, and his passing our house on a visit to his Aunt, Lady Edwardes, our neighbour, at Sansaw Hall.

But soon our rejoicings had to be *cooled* and for some days, receive a real *damper*. The water of the River Severn unexpectedly rose to an unusual height, deluging the lower parts of my Castle, too nearly situated to its verge. All our furniture, from the rooms on the ground floor, had to be removed, the water rising upwards of two feet within them. The approach to our dwelling, except by boats, was completely cut off. The lower rooms of our Manufactory, and those of our Warehouse, and twelve Cottages, were in a similar distressing situation, and nearly so a great portion of the houses in lower Coleham, and the Abbey Foregate. No fever or sickness followed in any of our dwellings, and which we gratefully acknowledged on our knees, when assembled in our Chapel, the Sunday evening after the waters had retired.

My life, my dearest Charles, has been one of vicissitudes; often have I believed myself above the reach of misfortune and sorrow, and no less frequently almost inclined to fancy I was too low for good fortune, or rather for Divine Providence to cheer and make happy.

I remain, my dear Son,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

*On receipt of the Legacy, Mary Daniels bequeathed me, her relatives being poor, I felt great delight in presenting them with the whole amount, more than one hundred pounds.

## LETTER XXVII. BREWERY ERECTED, SILVER TEA SERVICE, GOLD SNUFF BOX, DEATH OF MR. PITT AND MR. FOX, ORDERS IN COUNCIL, TRADE DECLINING, OFFER OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, SUNDAY SCHOOL FOUNDED, AND ITS HISTORY, EXCURSION TO BAYSTON HILL, CANDID STRICTURES PUBLISHED, THANKS OF METHODIST BOOK-COMMITTEE, &c. METHODISTS' KINDNESS, APPOINTMENT TO OFFICES, REV. J. EYTON, MRS. FLETCHER, SHREWSBURY ELECTION, HON. W. HILL, MESSRS. JONES AND BENNET, ELECTED A BURGESS, RIOTS AT MANCHESTER, REPORT OF COTTON MANUFACTORY, PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES FROM FIRES, &c. &c.

"Oh! life has many a varied tint,
Has many a bright and lovely hue,
Though care upon the brow may print,
A sadder, darker colour too,
But hope still casts her rainbow wings,
O'er many a scene of care and strife,
And gilds the hours round which she flings,
The bright and varied tints of life.

But time outspreads his purple pall,
And age with yellow tints the scene,
And thus life's branches withered fall,
That once were blooming, fresh and green.
'Till turning to the western skies,
Expiring day with beauty rife,
Points out those GLORIOUS crimson dyes,
BEYOND the varied tints of life."

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

I perceive I must of necessity omit many occurrences and events connected with this period, written and prepared for the Press; some, histories and notices of my friends and contemporaries, with deep regret I pass them by. I wish my pages were double the size, and my sheets double the number; I will however proceed.

My business connection with Messrs. John and Thomas Cooke, introduced me to their respectable relative, William Bent, Esq. of Stoney Field, Newcastle; and also to Sir John Heathcote, of Longton Hall, and W. Caldwell, Esq. of Newcastle. These gentlemen united in partnership as Brewers, in Shrewsbury; and being strangers, I found great happiness in rendering them every assistance in my power, in the establishment of their extensive Brewery, on a portion of land I purchased for them, from J. Parry, Esq. of Montford Hall; situate near the extremity of Longden, Coleham, and within about two furlongs from our Manufactory. I undertook for them, from pure motives of friendship, the general superintendance of the erection of the buildings; engaged the same Builders who had had erected my little Castle, viz: Mr. Philip Jones, as Master Bricklayer, and Mr. Francis Mason, as Master Carpenter, who did their work well, and were fairly compensated. On a day appointed, I had the honour to lay the first stone. It is true I had not a silver trowel presented to me at the time, but on the completion of that spacious substantial building, the Proprietors waited upon your Father and Mother, my dear Charles, and in an Address most flattering, presented us with a splendid Silver Tea and Coffee Service, complete, of the value of 45 guineas. Great was the joy of the moment, but as it eventually happened in the course of years, the sorrow was proportionate.

The same year, 1806, I had the happiness to offer some hospitality, and to pay some attention to a Merchant from the City of Drontheim, in Norway; and to accompany him to Messrs. Darby's, Coalbrookdale, to purchase Iron Wares; to Messrs. Marshall and Company, for Linen Goods. The Cotton Goods he wanted were supplied from our own Manufactory. On parting with me, he expressed his high obligation, and most anxiously desired my acceptance of a Gold Snuff Box; which, as he was a good customer, like a simpleton, I declined the generous offer. The name of the Merchant, I cannot at this moment recollect to a certainty, but I think it was Charles Osterdale. He promised a continuance of his friendship, but from some cause or other, I heard of him no more.

The Continent was not then closed to our Merchandise, and our Manufactures. Business was yet profitable. But Napoleon, every where successful on the Continent, and in possession of Berlin, issued his decrees against the introduction of British Manufactures into the States of the Continent, then at his feet. Beginning of this year, January 23rd, died the Right Hon. William Pitt, Prime Minister. Lord Grenville succeeded him, and formed a Coalition with Mr. Fox, who also died on the 13th September following. An attempt had been made to negociate Peace, but unsuccessfully. The French entered Hamburgh, and confiscated all British Manufactures and property found in the place.

The Cotton Trade became wofully depressed, and continued so with little variation the whole of the year.

The following year, 1807, Russia declared War against England, and Buonaparte declared England in a state of blockade. This declaration would have had little effect on our trade so long as the Americans were our friends, and the carriers of Europe. But our mad rulers, in a spirit of revenge, issued their Orders in Council for Blockading the Ports of France, and her Continental Allies.

Thus were all the usual Markets for our Cotton Goods nearly closed, and the French and the States of Germany commenced the erection of Cotton Factories, &c. for Weaving. Many of our best Mechanics assisting in their establishment, and some Manufacturers were also induced to emigrate; to whom every degree of encouragement was given. The Cotton Spinners of Manchester suffered but little; means were found to export Cotton Twist for the supply of our rival Continental Weavers. All these things made against *our* Manufactory, and the year following, had not my feelings been truly English, I should have accepted the proposal made by an Agent of the Emperor of Russia, who assured me of the imperial favour, and of £20,000, if I would remove to the neighbourhood of St. Petersburgh; bring what machinery, looms, and hands, I could with me, and every encouragement wealth and power could give me, would be afforded. His offer I received with indignation, and as the Consul or Agent remained a day or two at the Lion Inn, I applied to Mr. Justice Smith to take measures against him, for attempting to seduce British Manufacturers and Workmen. The Justice did not enter into my views; on the contrary, he said, "My friend, my friend, accept the offer at once." I had not the same feelings, my dear Charles, and I have sometimes thought as far as it regarded worldly prospects, I did wrong. I was then young and vigorous, and capable of any exertion, mental or physical; and wealth and distinction might have crowned my exertions. I now often say, when looking at this, and other events of my past Life,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
> On such a foul sea are we now afloat,
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

But at that time I had many enjoyments, I had a happy increasing family; two lovely lads, (for Thomas was then born) gave promise of future happiness. I had many dear friends, and my public and other efforts in the cause of religion and humanity, were still favoured with the Divine blessing.

For three years I had perceived, that in Coleham, and other parts of the Town, among the youth of the working classes generally, great ignorance and inattention to Religion prevailed. The Sunday School in the Belfry of the Parish Church was inefficient, and the Wesleyan Methodists had not any School whatever. In this respect the zealous Independents and Baptists were their seniors. I therefore, with the hearty concurrence of my dear Brother, and our united families, gave notice to my congregation that a SUNDAY SCHOOL would be opened on the succeeding Sabbath, for the young people employed in our Manufactory, the neighbourhood, and any other parts of the Town. On the first Sunday, sixty attended; and on the third, one hundred and fifty. I had not at first any other Teachers or Assistants, than my dear Brother and his Wife; my own Wife; and two of the Overlookers in the Mill. The numbers rapidly increased, so that additional assistance became necessary, and after fruitless efforts to engage members

exclusively of the Church of England, we were glad to accept the services of enlightened respectable individuals, not averse to its principles, attending at the Wesleyan Chapel; and none could have been more efficient, or devoted to the interests of the School than those who were engaged.

Whitmonday, 1807, the year of the foundation of the School, was a happy day to ourselves, the first Teachers, and also to the Scholars, our Workpeople, Tenants, and Neighbours. After enjoying a treat provided for them in the front of our little Castle; (in the management of which, my dear Charles, your beloved Mother and Aunt were extremely active) we proceeded to Pulley Common, two miles and a half distant; where Addresses were delivered to the assembly, and the following Hymn with deep feeling was twice sung.*

PRAISE God, ye high seraphic trains,
Whose voices cheer the heavenly plains:
Ye ransom'd saints, a glorious throng,
Begin the universal song!

2 Ye brightest suns, ye lamps of day,
Who round the central heaven§ play;
Ye distant worlds upheld in air,
Your great Creator's power declare.

3 Ye echoing hills, ye waving woods,
Ye rolling streams and swelling floods,
Let all in air, earth, sea, combine,
To swell the grateful song divine.

4 No vaulted roof our praise confines.
Our hymn the song of nature joins;
Through boundless space thy name shall ring,
Great power Supreme! Eternal King!

The day was indeed a joyous one, such a number of voices† in heavenly unison, gave a foretaste of the sublime enjoyments of another state. In after days, many such were vouchsafed to us at the Annual School Festivals. From this period, the School advancing in numbers and usefulness, within eight years of its foundation, there were on the books of the Institution, one hundred Teachers, male and female: and six hundred and fifty Scholars,—a number probably equal to that of all the other Sunday Schools in the Town. The following is copied from the Appendix to an edition of Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs, issued some years ago; the information is brief, and I will give it to my readers with very little alteration, as originally extracted from the *Silopian Magazine* of 1816.

"The expense of the Establishment for a few of the first years was borne entirely by Mr. Hulbert, when the noble and generous Teachers engaged, and by whom he was assisted in this excellent work, conceiving the expense of the school too burdensome on its Founder, and anxious themselves to contribute more than personal exertions, requested that it might be placed on the same footing with other similar institutions. It has in consequence been subsequently managed by a committee, and supported by voluntary subscriptions and donations, aided by a sermon preached once a year for its benefit, Mr. Hulbert still continuing General Superintendant, Lecturer, and principal contributor. The liberal manner in which this institution has hitherto been supported, proves the high estimation in which it is held by the public.—The zeal, abilities, and activity of its managers deserve every degree of commendation; but all the good effected by their gratuitous labours will never be known on this side eternity."

"The cleanly and healthy appearance of the scholars, and the regularity and order of the school are admired by every visitor: the size and eligibility of the school room, fills the mind with the most pleasing sensations. No one that has the opportunity should omit the pleasure of visiting this Institution."

"The subjoined list of the first Teachers engaged in the work, is from the original Hymn Book of the school, compiled by Mr. Hulbert, and published at his expense."

*MEN'S CLASSES.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Birch, Mr. W. | Howell, Mr. John | *Lawson, Mr. |
| Driver, Mr. | Hulbert, Mr. S. | *Lawson, Mr. J. |
| Green, Mr. W. | Hulbert, Mr. C. | *Trantrum, Mr. |
| Hoare, Mr. T. | Jackson, Mr. I. | *Tilley, Mr. R. |
| *Howell, Mr. T. | Jones, Mr. W. | *Whitwell, Mr. |

* The Hymn was composed and written at Twelve o'clock in my counting-house in Colehain, carried up to my Mother-in-law's, St. John's Hill; and as I had then in the right of my Wife, a third share in the Newspaper, Printing Office, &c. I had practised a little the Art of the Printer: I therefore did the work of the Compositor, and it was printed off by Two, and numbers of copies distributed by Three o'clock.

§ It was my opinion at the time of my writing the above Hymn, and it remains the same to this day, that the Throne of God, or the Heaven of Heavens, is in the centre of the Universe; round which, all Worlds and Systems revolve, as the Planets of the Solar System do around the Sun.

† The first time I ever heard the Praises of our Heavenly Father sung to perfection by infant voices in unison with the congregation, was at St. George's Church, Bolton, in Lancashire, about the year 1797; the Rev. Mr. Jones was the Minister, a lively and zealous Preacher. My idea was, while attending the services of the day, that if Heaven itself be only equal to this sweet harmony, it is all I can desire. Nine or ten years previously, Mr. Wesley records, that "On Sunday, April 20, 1788, I met 800 Children belonging to our Sunday Schools in Bolton. I never saw such a sight before, all were serious and well behaved; many, both boys and girls, have as beautiful faces as any to be found in England, or Europe. When they all sung together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond any Theatre." He expresses the idea, "That the spirit with which they sing, and the beauty of many of them, so suits the melody, that I defy any to excel it, except the singing of Angels in our Father's house above."

I recollect some instances of a similar feeling in recent times, especially in Slaithwaite Church, when the singing, services and sermons, were only *too* affecting to my heart.

GIRLS' CLASSES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Anthipe, Miss | Driver, Mrs. | Jones, Miss |
| *Birch, Miss | Hoare, Miss | Williams, Miss |
| Brocas, Miss | Hulbert, Mrs. C. | Williams, Miss M. |

"Those Teachers before whose names this mark appears (*) are at present (1816) without any engagement in the school, but whom we trust will be induced again to render their assistance, and partake of the same happiness they formerly enjoyed in the 'delightful task.'"

"Mr. Hulbert and family, Mr. Brocas, Mr. J. Howell, and Miss Davies, still remain attached to the school. Mr. Driver went out as a Missionary, and died in the West Indies: others have also paid the debt of nature, and some are residing in distant parts of the kingdom—but when the Great Master of the work shall collect his labourers together, we sincerely pray, that all may be present to receive a blessed reward."

## From the previously-named Appendix.

"Twenty years after the foundation of the School, an Address was delivered in the School-room, by Mr. Hulbert; when every Scholar and Teacher was presented by him, with a Copy of Watts's Divine and Moral Songs." To which was appended the Address, *which would* (but for brevity's sake) *have been given on this occasion.*

"Many were the instances of lasting and important good being effected by the teaching in this school. By attending the school lectures, sinners were reformed, and in addition to the hundreds of young people, even the aged were instructed.—Elizabeth Bradbury, one of Mr. Hulbert's tenants, mother of a large family, at the age of sixty, from being taught her letters, attended until she could read her Bible: several of her own young family being also scholars."

"In the year 1814, Isaac Humpage, at the age of sixty-five, was taught to read his Testament well, his son also a scholar, sitting by his side. From this time the old man became serious, and continued a constant professor of religion to the end of his life. He died in Coleham, within sight of his old school, in February, 1844, in the 93rd year of his age. His son was living at Wellington in 1848."

"COLEHAM FACTORY SUNDAY SCHOOL continued its usefulness under zealous active Teachers, from the period of its foundation until the year 1839: when a portion of the scholars were united to those belonging to Trinity Church, erected in the vicinity of the school, and another portion, residing chiefly in distant parts of the Town, were joined to the Wesleyan Sunday School belonging to St. John's Chapel. After the breaking up of the Institution on the 23rd of October, 1839, the Founder delivered a Public Address to a crowded assembly, in the school room. With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow he took his leave of the school, and the place in which his affections had so long been centered. Thirty-six years, ended on that day, had rolled their course since the period he delivered his first Lecture within the walls of his Cotton Manufactory. The feelings of both speaker and hearers on the occasion, will be long remembered. In the course of the Lecture many instances of the great good the school had under a Divine blessing effected, were related, and notices of some scholars who had risen to distinction and done honour to the school were also noticed, some of which are to be recorded in the volume now in the course of Publication, entitled 'Memoirs of Seventy Years of an Eventful Life.'"

As I am now approaching to the last portion of my work, brevity must still be the order of the day; else, how much should I delight to record the happy scenes, adventures, unexpected meetings, and kindnesses of Sunday Scholars belonging to Coleham School. I consider the Founding of that Institution, as one of the happiest events of my life; one on which my feelings ever delight to dwell, and to gather sweets from the delights of memory. I delight to think, and to call to remembrance the features, form, and character of the kindred souls who rendered so much service to the School; many of whom, nay, most of my early assistants, are sleeping with their fathers. One very recently, Wm. Whitwell, Esq. of the New Park, died full of years and honour; his brother, another active teacher, is now a Clergyman of the Church of England, and has a Parish in Lower Canada.

I bear in my recollection numbers of whose fate I am not certain. There are still living among others, my beloved friends, Christopher Hicks, Esq.; Thomas Brocas, Esq.; Thomas Harwood, Esq.; Mr. John Gwynn; Mr. Brazier; Mr. John and Miss Parsons, all of Shrewsbury; Mrs. Harris, wife of the Rev. Thomas Harris, Wesleyan Minister, formerly Miss Brocas; Mr. John Howell, now of London, were all zealous and useful Managers or Teachers. With feelings of deep regret, I lament the death of Mr. Thomas Mottram. In any discussion relative to the affairs or management of the School, I always had his most cordial support. How I should enjoy the society of my old coadjutors and helpers in the good work of Christian instruction! I look at the old School, I ramble through Coleham and the streets of Shrewsbury, and I say, My friends, my fellow teachers, where are you all? Even the scholars of early years, are become old men. Often do I meet with them, but when I think how many thousands during the existence of the School, (32 years) were instructed in it, I wonder I do not meet with many more than I do. It is now 44 years since the School was founded.

Within these last three days, being at Shrewsbury, I met with a former scholar, who kindly recognised me, and with feelings of regret, acknowledged that had he attended to the lectures he had heard from my lips, he would have been a richer and a more happy man. I briefly gave him my best advice.

How different the fortunes and fate of many of those who attended to the advice

given. In the year 1838, being at Stockport in company with your dear Mother, my Charles, walking up the Hillgate, I heard a female voice, with great energy pray, "God bless him, God bless him, and the ground he goes upon." Hearing it repeated several times, I turned round to look from whom the blessings proceeded, when seeing only a decent couple behind me, I enquired, Who are you blessing so? "You, Sir." What did I ever do to deserve your good wishes? "Why, Sir, I worked at your Factory when a girl, and went to your Sunday School; I learned from you to weave, to read, and to write: and above all, you led me in the way of salvation, from which I have never departed, and from my attention to the duties you instructed me in, I had the notice of my excellent husband here. We are always talking of you, and I suppose no couple can be more happy than we are." You may think, my dear Charles, what our feelings were.

A few years afterwards, being on a tour in Worcestershire, I called at Areley Castle, Lord Mountnorris's, with the desire to see his Lordship, and to obtain his order for a copy of my Memorials of Departed Ages, in which his Castle is named. I stayed all night at the inn in the village, and by eight o'clock in the morning, myself and little carriage were at the Castle gate, when I had the disappointment to see his Lordship, Lady Valentia, and the Rev. Mr. Allen, Chaplain, in carriages, rapidly passing by me. Here, I thought, my business is at an end, but I stayed a little to admire the Castle, scenery, &c. when I observed a genteel young man approaching me, who very respectfully lifting his hat, thus addressed me, "Why, Mr. Hulbert, what brought you into this distant part of the country?" And do you know me, I said. "Yes, honour and esteem you too. I went to your Sunday School, and to your instruction I am indebted for the progress I have made in life." His name, which he gave me instantly, I remembered well, and said, "You were always a good boy, and in the first Bible Class." I then enquired his business or engagement at Areley Castle. He immediately replied, "I am head gardener. I have a great many acres of garden under my care and management, and a number of hands under my direction." I named to him my Publishing engagements, and expressed my disappointment at not seeing the Noble Earl. "Oh," he observed, "that will I hope be of no loss to yourself, never you fear, I will introduce you to the house steward, the housekeeper, and other members of the establishment; and I will shew you my rooms in the garden." My horse being taken care of by the groom, I cheerfully accompanied him, and found his apartments richly furnished with horticultural and floricultural books, best editions, and superbly bound. He then conducted me to the Castle, where I was introduced to Mr. M'Cloud, the heir presumptive of Lord Mountnorris; he shewed me every civility, and desired me to spend the day at the Castle. Here again I was recognized by the respectable housekeeper, a widow, as having been her friend after the death of her husband, which she expressed with kind and warm feelings of gratitude. Then I said in my heart, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be seen after many days." Here I met with genuine politeness and attention, and gratefully remember it.

But I ought first to have told you, that the previous evening, half an hour after my arrival at the inn, two gentlemen in a gig drove up to the door, and came into the room where I was enjoying my tea. One of them rapidly approaching me, said, "Oh! what a delight, Mr. Hulbert, to meet you here, and so little altered by years." I answered, that I thought in this retired situation no one would know me. And do you know me? I eagerly enquired. "Yes, and love you too. I went to your Sunday School, and to your instruction I am indebted for the position I now hold in society." Then addressing his companion, he said, "This is the Mr. Hulbert you have so often heard me speak of." We had some sweet chat, and parted with no common feelings. After this, you will say, my visit to Areley Castle was singular and delightful.

But these kind and happy reminiscences were not the only ones during this excursion. Returning home, I called at Badger Hall, the seat of R. Cheney, Esq. our worthy High Sheriff. When on enquiry, I found he was not at home, I desired the servants to indulge me with a seat in Mr. Cheney's study,

while I wrote a line or two, and left my card. My desire not being approved, I was taken into the kitchen, which I had no sooner entered, than a well dressed man with great reverence approached me, expressing as the others had done, his surprise at seeing me, and his high regard and grateful feelings towards me, adding, "To your lectures I am indebted for my love of religion, my happiness and success in life." I then enquired his name, and what situation he filled in the establishment. He replied, "I do not belong to it. I am a Master ——— in Shiffnal, and am doing the work of this house," adding, "I am so much overjoyed to see you. No man ever did the good to Shrewsbury and Shropshire, that you have done by your School and Publications."

In one of my excursions while resident in Shrewsbury, I passed through Birmingham, and hastening from one coach office to another, with my carpet bag in my hand, I observed a poor woman sitting on the steps of a respectable dwelling, with an infant on her lap; she appeared in the most perfect distress. I stopt a moment to listen to her tale of woe, when believing it to be real, I dropt into her hand a piece of silver, and proceeding on, a voice arrested my attention, saying, "There, Mr. Hulbert, that is like you. Wishing to speak to you, and to carry your carpet bag, I have followed you up the street." And seizing it with his hand, said, "Do allow me that honour." When I addressed him in my old way, Do you know me? "Yes Sir, I do. I was born in Coleham, near your Manufactory, and went several years to your Sunday School, and was greatly edified by your Addresses in the School; and by attention to advice, and the instruction I there received,* I have been preserved from those vices too fatal to the character and prosperity of young men. My name is Hartshorne, I am a tailor by trade, in business for myself, and I hope doing well." Accompanying me still through the streets, he desired me in my next Lecture at the Sunday School to mention his name, and relate the information he had given me, for the encouragement of others. I did so, and I hope the end was answered.

Not only are my different journies through England and Wales enlivened by these reminiscences, but even my home is made happy by the successive relation of such events. Not more than four miles distant from Providence Grove, there lives a clever intelligent respectable gentleman, who by successful contracts in the construction of Railroads, has arrived at happy independency, and who does not forget Coleham Sunday School, and its Founder. For all these favours and mercies, I thank Thee, O my merciful and gracious God.

Yet, all I have instructed have not been equally prudent or successful in life. One I met with during a business excursion, at an inn in Cardington, near Church Stretton, who on seeing me, shed many tears, saying, "Oh! Mr. Hulbert, when I went to your School, I was happy; had I always attended to the advice you gave me, I had been always a happy man." I could, my dear Charles, go on with such relations for many pages to come†—I mention these for the encouragement of all Sunday School teachers, and instructers of youth; adding, as the advice of

* Mr. Hartshorne desired me particularly to express his obligation to Mr. Hicks and Mr. John Howell.

† The good, Coleham Sunday School has originated, eternity can alone develope. Query.—Did it not give the first impulse or desire to my dear Son, to establish and uphold Sunday and Week-day Schools? Believing this, with what delight I read a Note in page 3, 'Sabbath Recreations,' viz:—

"The first Sunday Schools in Slaithwaite were commenced about the year 1783, by the Rev. Thomas Wilson, at private houses. About 1800 they were formed into one in a large room near the bridge. In 1813, the Rev. Chas. Chew removed them to the late school room under the Church. At Easter, 1841, on the erection of the school-house," (of which it was my good fortune to attend the laying of the first stone,) "it was removed thither by the present Incumbent. Mr. Geo. Mellor has been Superintendent now for 38 years—under the Revs. Chas. Chew; S. Walter; T. Jackson, and C. A. Hulbert. A Branch School was formed at Holthead, in Lingards, in 1840. The first stone of a new National Sunday and Week-day School, was laid at the Shred, in the upper part of Slaithwaite, August 12, 1844, and the School was opened first in a cottage at Cockley Cote, November, 1844; and removed to the New School-house, January, 1846, which was also opened for Divine Service, by license from the Bishop of Ripon, Easter Sunday, 1846. A Daily School was also opened at Boothbanks, in Slaithwaite, May 1st, 1849, in a cottage, which has been commodiously fitted up by the Earl of Dartmouth, the munificent supporter of all our Schools."

With increased happiness I read in 'A Report of the Church,' that there are now about 600 children and young persons, under instruction; 409 of whom assemble on the Week-day, and 413 on Sunday.

one in years, and long experience, never give up the use of the Bible, nor forego catechizing and religious instruction in your Schools. Build the foundation in Truth and Righteousness, and the edifice will stand the attacks of Infidelity and Papistical delusion.

From notices of my Sunday School, I return to the services of my Chapel, which were still continued; though from the attendance of so large a congregation, some jealousy had arisen in the minds of some members of the Church and the Wesleyan body. A venerable Methodist Minister, Mr. Bardsley, soon after the commencement of the services, declared that he could not sleep in his bed, for grief, that so many absented themselves from the Chapel on Sunday evenings, to attend at Coleham. And our highly venerated Incumbent of St. Julian's, was no less disturbed by the sound of our bell on Sunday evenings. At the same time, the Sunday School engaged my attention every Sabbath afternoon, concluding with a Lecture, at which many of my neighbours and tenants gave their attendance; and some of them, adults advanced in years, became Scholars in the School; hence I felt less the idea of closing the Sunday evening service in the Chapel, than I should have done: added to which, my Methodist friends so readily assisted me in the School, now so much extended, and making the offer of the constant assistance of the regular Methodist Ministers, on Thursday evenings, I was induced to comply with their desires, in the hope that the same good might still be effected. But this, after a trial of years, was not found to be the case, and many of my beloved congregation grieved for the change, and I do myself to this day, regret my acquiescence in it.

My Brother became a Methodist Local Preacher. Great was the kindness and affection shewn to every member of our family by the ministers and members of that truly pious and respectable branch of our Established Church. Not being acquainted with their Principles and Character, our beloved Representative in Parliament, the Hon. H. G. Bennet, had in a Pamphlet, entitled 'Free Thoughts on the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland,' ignorantly ascribed to the Methodists, principles to which they were diametrically opposed. I therefore addressed to him a Letter or Pamphlet, entitled "Candid Strictures on several Passages in a recent Publication, entitled 'Thoughts on the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland,' in a Letter addressed to the Hon. H. G. Bennet, M. P. written with a view to illustrate the real Principles and Character of a numerous and respectable branch of the Established Church. By C. Hulbert." To which is annexed, an accurate Account of the Origin, History, Doctrines, and Opinions of the Methodists, from the '*Encyclopædia Perthensis*,' which article was the able production of the late Rev. Samuel Taylor, Methodist Minister. This my feeble effort was received with great favour by the Methodists and others; and I had the honour, through the medium of the Rev. Joseph Benson, to receive the Thanks of the Wesleyan Book Committee, and the Pamphlet was handsomely commended by him, and the vote of thanks was said to be 'For a Kind, Able, and Spirited Defence of an injured body of People.' Many were the commendatory letters I received. Mr. Bennet's being the first, afterwards Mr. Butterworth's M. P. the holy and venerable Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley, who in her letter, thus expressed herself:—"Your very obliging favour has just reached my hand, and I return you thanks for your kind present. I have sent some to Leeds to a friend, believing they will be blest to many, if spread abroad, as it appears to me the Lord hath assisted you in the performance. Our time is short, and if we can glorify the Lord in our day, it is a favour beyond expression, while our hearts cry out, 'if so poor a worm as I, may to thy great glory live.'"

Thus commenced my literary labours, and thus began my happy correspondence and friendship with the above named excellent individuals, which only ended with their lives.

At that time, and during the lives of the Rev. John Eyton, Vicar of Wellington, and Mrs. Fletcher, the Wesleyans and the Church were as one in Shropshire; so that I became a more attached member of the Methodist Society, and also accepted the appointment of Circuit Steward, and Local Preacher. Shrewsbury Circuit as it was called, a District of country or people, among whom the

Shrewsbury Preachers laboured, then comprehended Shrewsbury, Wellington, Coalbrookdale, Madeley, Broseley, Dawley, all the Iron Works, &c. and as a proof of the unity which existed between the parent and her daughter, I have sat in Council in Madeley Wood Chapel, with the regular Methodist Ministers; the late Rev. Samuel Walter, Curate of Madeley, and the Rev. W. M——, then Curate of Wellington; each rendering our best assistance in drawing up the Preachers Plans. &c. Mrs. Fletcher departed this life in 1815, and the Rev. John Eyton died in 1823. Mrs. Fletcher, after the death of her husband, the Rev. John Fletcher, (*see my Christian Memoirs*) continued to reside at Madeley Vicarage, where she was the instrument of great good to the village and vicinity, and particularly in her entertainment of Evangelical Ministers of the Church of England, and Methodist Preachers. This pious and devoted lady was the great centre of union between the Church and the Wesleyans in Shropshire. After her death, and that of the Rev. John Eyton, and the departure from Madeley of Mr. Walter, the cords of parental and filial affection became weaker and weaker; but still there lingers more than a sprinkling of love between the parties. About the time of the death of Mrs. Fletcher, the Morning Service of the Church of England was read in the Methodist Chapel, at St. John's Hill, where the Lessons for the day are still read, and the Chaunts sung with great spirit and ability.

I shall now take leave of *Ecclesiastical* affairs, and for a few pages proceed with my Narrative of Political, Manufacturing, and General Events.

The year 1806, was memorable for a smart Contested Election for the Borough of Shrewsbury. Thomas Jones, Esq. of Stanley Hall, afterwards created a Baronet, was the unsuccessful Candidate. The Hon. Henry Grey Bennet,* a Whig, supported by Tories, beat Mr. Jones, a Tory, supported by Whigs, by 19 votes.

On a Second Contest between the same parties, (1807.) Mr. Jones was the successful Candidate, beating Mr. Bennet by 14 votes. On all *general* Elections, the Hon. W. Hill, afterwards William, Lord Berwick, always stood at the head of the Poll. From this period, the friendship of Mr. Bennet towards myself, was faithful and uninterrupted. I was one of his Almoners, and dispensed his charities to the poor Burgesses, and other distressed inhabitants of the Town.

The News of the day, subjects of the Debates in Parliament, were constantly communicated by my never wearied correspondent; in the course of 15 years correspondence, I should think 1000 letters* passed between us. On every occasion I supported Mr. Bennet with my pen and influence. But I was not then a Burgess, therefore could not assist him with my vote. This honour was however conferred on me by the venerated Corporation of Shrewsbury. I am proud to consider myself still a genuine Burgess of the Town, and a Freeholder of the County.

1808. This year the Cotton Manufacture was particularly depressed. The wages of the hand-loom weavers in Lancashire were so much reduced, (which greatly affected our Manufactory, where wages continued the same) that about the 24th of May, serious Riots took place; also again on June 11th. The prospects of the country were gloomy in the darkest degree. Petitions for Peace were sent to Parliament, and terms were offered by Napoleon, but rejected by our Legislators; how wise, or impolitic, it is not for me to decide: but warmly did I advocate with voice and pen, a cessation of War and bloodshed.

This year, at the request of the Hon. H. G. Bennet, I drew up A REPORT OF OUR COTTON MANUFACTORY; which, at his own suggestion, was laid before the King and Council. Mr. B. often visiting my little Castle and Manufactory, could therefore speak in the contradiction of an opinion which then prevailed, that "Manufactories were the hot beds of vice." At the request of several Manufacturing friends, I give the Report, as laid before the high parties named, and which I am proud to say, elicited their warmest commendation.

MORAL REPORT OF COLEHAM COTTON MANUFACTORY, SHREWSBURY.—PROPRIETORS, C. & S. HULBERT.

Coleham Manufactory was established June, 1803, since which 257 boys, girls, and young women, have been instruct-

* Mr. Bennet was the second son of the Earl of Tankerville, born December 2, 1777; married 15th of May, 1816, Gertrude Frances, eldest daughter of Lord William Russell.

* With sorrow I record, that all the Letters but two, received from Mr. Bennet, perished January 7, 1839.

ed in the art of weaving cotton goods. Out of that number, 53 have been discharged for indolence, contempt of the rules of the manufactory and other transgressions; 60 have served three years, (the time for which they generally contract) 33 of whom have been re-engaged, and now receive advanced wages for the same work: 27 left the manufactory at the expiration of their term, since when, 7 of them have married, and are apparently well settled; 16 are in good services, or living at home comfortably with their parents. Of the remaining 4 no particular account can be given; 100 have either quitted their engagements without permission, or have been suffered to depart before the termination of the contract. One young man, and 7 young women, married during the term of their contract, and were allowed to leave, and to do the best they could for themselves. Two only have died since the first establishment of the concern;—both of them girls under 14 years of age. One of them was of a consumptive habit prior to her engagement; the other died of water in the head.

1d June, 1808, there were 97 hands in employment; consisting of 3 married men; and 2 single men, overlookers; 30 girls, from 12 to 16 years of age; 28 young women, from 16 to 21; 20 from 21 to 40; 14 boys, from 9 to 15.

The greatest number ever in employment at one time was 123:* the average of five years may be about 100 hands in daily employment.—No one was ever discharged for want of work; but, of late, trade has been so very bad, that some have been freely allowed to quit the moment they could please themselves with places or employment: of course, the most experienced and dexterous of the work people were retained as far as possible. The following are the rules of the manufactory:—

*Rules of the Manufactory.*

1. Every person employed in this manufactory by Messrs. Charles and Samuel Hulbert, must be conformable to the following regulations and rules.

2. They are required to be at their work at the exact time affixed by the masters for the commencement of business, and continue to perform such work or labour as may be allotted them, during the hours and time specified in their agreements: and must on no account absent themselves from their work without due permission from the masters, or some one authorised to give it: except in cases of real sickness, or some unavoidable accident, of which timely notice must be given in the course of 24 hours.

3. Every servant must abstain from all kinds of lewd, profane conversation, swearing, singing of songs, &c. and shall quietly and soberly behave themselves towards one another, and must on no account abuse or insult those who may be set over them: but should any be aggrieved, complaint must be made to one of the masters, at the counting-house, immediately after the working hours for the day are expired: and the masters hope no one will presume to trouble them with complaints of no importance, as they give their word that they will hear candidly, and award judgment impartially.

4. Every weaver, winder, &c. must pay one penny per week, towards maintaining a fund for the relief of the sick and distressed among themselves, which fund shall be under the entire direction of the masters, or some confidential person by them appointed.

5. All fines and penalties to be stopt out of the servants' wages at the time of payment, and must be detained for the sole benefit of the sick club above-mentioned.—When any particular case occurs, not provided for in these rules, reference must be had to the agreement betwixt the masters and servants, or to the existing laws of the country.

*Fines, for the better enforcing the above Rules.*

1. Profane cursing or swearing incurs a fine of 6d. for the first, and 1s. for the second offence.—2. Singing profane songs, or using indecent conversation, a fine of 2d.—3. Abusing or insulting masters or overlookers, 3d. for the first, and 6d. for the second offence.—4. As the masters pledge themselves to allow their servants to leave their work for a time, on important occasions, or real sickness, any servant leaving work without legal permission, shall be under a fine of 1d. for every quarter, 2d. for every half, and 3d. for every whole day they so absent themselves, until the time they regularly return to work.—5. Leaving lighted candles suspended over the yarn, or without an extinguisher, a fine of 3d.—6. Losing or wilfully destroying any of the implements, or materials belonging to the manufactory, a fine of double the value of the article so lost or destroyed.—7. Quarrelling or abusing each other during working hours, or at any time, if on the premises, a fine of 3d.

*Rewards and Encouragements.*

1. All weavers, winders, &c. whose work shall be allotted them in daily tasks, on producing a ticket from their respective overlooker that their due portion of work has been well and faithfully done, and that they have not offended against any of the above laws during the whole day, shall receive 1d. except when they are picking the pieces; and such as shall have conducted themselves according to the above rules, for two weeks together, and have faithfully done their task and duty every day during that period, shall receive an additional reward of 3d. 4d. or 6d. per week, to be regulated by their weekly wages at the time of payment; and every weaver, who shall weave a piece of dimity according to the given standard, shall receive a further reward of 6d. for each piece.

2. Any weaver or winder, on proving that he or she has attended their work and finished their task every day, for twelve months together, shall be rewarded with a new gown, or any chosen equivalent of equal value. Due allowance will be made for holidays, sickness, or unavoidable accidents.

3. Any weaver or winder, on proving that he or she has not paid nor incurred any of the above fines for twelve months together, shall be rewarded with a new Bible, or Common Prayer Book, whichever the party may choose.

4. Such as shall have duly fulfilled their agreement, for three years, (if capable of managing a loom themselves) should they marry and reside in the neighbourhood, shall have the privilege of a loom and work in their own houses, and wages paid according to the quality and quantity of work done.

5. But, be it observed, that in case of any combination, or general ill conduct of the hands employed in this manufactory, all the above rewards shall be withheld till a general reformation takes place.

*Remarks.*

In the space of five years, six only have been convicted and paid the fine for swearing: 20 for quarrelling, &c. One boy for wilfully cutting and destroying the materials he was employed to manufacture, was committed, by order of the magistrates, to 14 days imprisonment. Several have been committed to the house of correction for riotous conduct, leaving their work unfinished, &c.

The numbers who have paid the fines for leaving their work without leave, cannot properly be ascertained: nor is that rule very strictly adhered to, it being very difficult always to distinguish between a real and a feigned excuse.

Two young women have been discharged on account of pregnancy, one of these cases was truly pitiable: the poor girl was deceived by the man who had long paid his addresses to her, and who ought to have married her.—The other, we understand, was pregnant prior to coming to the manufactory.

* In subsequent years a greater number were in constant employment, probably 200.

Should any young woman of light behaviour be (accidentally) engaged, except she instantly reform, she must leave the manufactory in disgrace.—We are also assured, that there has not been known one instance of any thing immoral between the sexes: every care is taken to prevent evil: on which account no males, except overlookers, &c. are employed after they are 16 years of age.—The magistrates of the town, especially Wm. Smith and Joseph Loxdale, Esqrs. have with laudable assiduity and promptitude, seconded and promoted the designs of the proprietors, in restraining and punishing vice and irregularity among the hands: at the same time, acting with becoming mildness and prudence.—Five gowns have been distributed agreeable to rule 2. Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books, are frequently distributed as rewards, agreeably to the promise in the rules. Tracts of various descriptions, also scissars, combs, knives, &c. are generally given once a fortnight to those who have behaved well, and done their work for two weeks together. Corporal punishment is scarcely ever resorted to: though, in some obstinate cases, the cane has been discreetly used. The proprietors living on the spot, regularly superintend the works in person; and particularly notice the moral conduct of their servants, and warn them to guard against evil of every description: as for instance, when an unfortunate female was executed within sight of the works for the murder of her illegitimate child, all the hands were collected together: the cause of the awful scene, &c. was pointed out, and suitable observations were made. There is a chapel belonging to the manufactory, where divine service is performed. There is also a Sunday school entirely supported at the expense of the proprietors. The present teachers are either members or friends of the Wesleyan Methodists: and chiefly sons and daughters of the most opulent and respectable of that connexion in the town. It is unnecessary to add, that their attendance is gratuitous, or that every attention is paid to the instruction of the children.

Six young women belonging to the manufactory, have lately been selected by the minister of the parish (St. Julian's) as singers in the church.

The character of the hands engaged is very different from the character of most belonging to manufactories; and no one is admitted without an unexceptionable character. Almost every one now in employment (as most of them have been several years) can write, or at least read well. All are taught a very useful business, and at the same time are instructed in the grand principles of religion; comprising their duty to God, to their sovereign, their employers, and to each other.

Though most of the servants are engaged for a term, not exceeding three years, no apprentices are taken; all receive wages according to the quality and quantity of work done. Children generally reside with their parents, or have lodgings in the neighbourhood.

*History.*

The premises, now known by the name of Coleham Cotton Manufactory, were originally intended for an extensive woollen concern; but that failing, after remaining long unoccupied, they were disposed of and fitted up for the present purpose. Houses being scarce in Shrewsbury, the lower parts of the buildings have lately been converted into very neat and comfortable cottages: twenty of which are now respectably tenanted: and twelve more are under the builders' hands: besides an excellent house and shop adjoining, where part of the goods manufactured on the premises, and other mercery and drapery goods are disposed of, wholesale or retail.

Mr. C. Hulbert has also built himself a handsome dwelling after the model of a castle. Notwithstanding these improvements, there is left for the purpose, room enough to employ 400 work-people, should trade ever require them, as it is to be hoped and expected will be the case, when the present public troubles are over. In consequence of the war, a considerable sum of money has been sunk and lost; particularly through the falling of wages in Lancashire, (the prices at this manufactory being finally fixed) and the very great expense attendant on teaching new hands.—*Vide Literary Panorama, County Annual Register, &c. for* 1809.

This year was distinguished by a very Providential preservation from destruction by Fire. You have often, my dear Charles, heard your Mother and myself relate the circumstance. It happened on a Sunday evening, in the spring, between 8 and 9 o'clock. We had attended service at the Wesleyan Chapel, on which occasions, we generally stayed for some time to chat with your Grandmother, Uncle, &c. but on leaving the Chapel door, I felt an unconquerable desire to hasten home, and not to stay a moment on the road; I would not even stay to speak to a neighbour who accosted me. On opening the door of our residence, smoke issued down the stairs, attended with a strong smell of cotton, &c. on fire. I rushed to the bedroom of yourself and little brother Thomas, in which room the nurse-maid had also a bed; but who at that time, and the other servants, were out of the house. Judge my horror, when amidst smoke, I discovered the maid's clothes she had taken off, on fire; which had also consumed the cloth which covered the table, a portion of which in a blaze falling on a box of mine, full of newspapers, and had burnt a hole through the lid. Had not the discovery been made at that moment, the whole would have been in a blaze, and which would instantly have communicated to the curtains of the little bed in which my dear children were sleeping; and so to the destruction of both, and the whole premises. I seized a blanket and threw it upon the blazing garments, and myself upon that, when by Divine Mercy, the fire was extinguished. That night at family devotion, how much were the hearts of ourselves and household affected by the circumstance, and the Providence which attended it.

A no less Providential Deliverence was shortly after experienced, when my first daughter, Mary Ann, was an infant in arms. Your dear Mother and myself had been invited to take tea at my Brother's, very near to us. Before tea commenced, we were called upon by a sturdy beggar, who much

intreated us for a pair of stockings. I instantly left the party, hastened up stairs to my drawer in our bedroom, when I found the nurse-maid fast asleep, with the infant on her lap, the candle burning on a chest of drawers, which had been placed so near to the back of a looking glass, that it had set it on fire; sparks from which had ignited the cover on the chest of drawers, and must have proceeded to other articles on it, and to the chest itself in a few minutes, had it not thus been timely and Providentially discovered. "Surely Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."—PSALM XXIII. 6.

GRATEFUL to Thee, my God I raise,
My heart, and tongue, to sing Thy Praise;
Thy Providence was nigh to save,
Midst raging flame, and swelling wave.
O guard me still, Almighty Power,
Through years to come, till latest hour:
And when I yield my vital breath,
Be with me in the hour of death,—
Conduct my soul to that blest place,
Where saints behold thy Glorious face!
And learn Thy wond'rous love to man,
Admire the vast stupendous plan,
Of endless Providence and Grace,
Which ceaseless reign through time and space.

Humbly offering to my Great Creator, this feeble spontaneous expression of my feelings,

I remain, your affectionate Father,

C. H.

---

## LETTER XXVIII. HOPELESS MARINE, HIGH FLOOD IN THE RIVER SEVERN, JUBILEE IN HONOUR OF KING GEORGE III, ANOTHER PERSONAL AND FAMILY DISAPPOINTMENT, COTTON TRADE STILL SINKING, A CLERGYMAN AND FAMILY RELIEVED, R. L. AND J. P. SAVED FROM SUFFERING THE PENALTY OF DEATH, &c.

"LIKE the pure model which the mind surveys—
'Tis thine to suffer through uncounted days!
Yet, welcome all!—If ever thought of mine
Hath woo'd a spirit into calm divine,
Expanded feelings purified their flow,
Or shed a sunbeam o'er an hour of woe,—
My soul shall triumph o'er exhaustless pain,
And proudly think it has not lived in vain!"

REV. R. MONTGOMERY.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

THIS year (1808) I had also the happiness of saving life in another way. The Rev. George Lowe, Methodist Minister, was desired to visit a patient in the Salop Infirmary, whom he found in the deepest distress, having once attempted, and still contemplated suicide. His case being related to me, I published a few verses in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, entitled the HOPELESS MARINE. The history of which, though published in my *Poetical Bouquet, or Flowers of English Poetry*, I hope to be permitted to repeat, first giving the Lines, and then the note in illustration.

THE HOPELESS MARINE.*

WHY live I to languish?—Why longer forbear?
Come Death, thou last refuge of hopeless despair!
Seize thy prey! longer life will his sorrows increase,
But spare him whose vengeance has ruined my peace!
The cause of my anguish I seek not to hide:
Yet the master was cruel whose wrath I abide.
That the action was guilty most freely I own:
Yet contrition prevails not on that heart of stone.
Thou, void of compassion! I *faithfully* serv'd.
Save in that *single instance* from duty I swerv'd.
And what my transgression, irascible. say,
Was *two pence* the value should force me away,
From ELIZA! ELIZA, in whose lovely face
The rose and the lily were flush'd with new grace?

---

*The Hopeless Marine was originally published in the Shrewsbury Chronicle, July, 1808, and intended as a picture of the feelings and situation of a young man of the name of John Jones, a native of Hanwood, near Shrewsbury, who was born when his mother was in her sixty-second year. Growing up he became anxious to be acquainted with some business, he consequently bound himself an apprentice to a Spoon Manufacturer in Birmingham; before the expiration of which apprenticeship he married, and also made an engagement with a gentleman in the same business, to enter into his service the moment the period of his apprenticeship expired. This being offensive to the person to whom he was apprenticed, he sought an opportunity to supersede the engagement, and actually had the cruelty to have the poor young fellow taken before a magistrate, and placed in confinement on the alleged charge of having picked up two bits of old metal, and made from them a small spoon for an infant, his wife being then pregnant. While in prison, a Sergeant of the Marines was sent to him

Whose eye playful sparkled, and smooth was her brow;
And her smile was my transport—but what is she now?
Her beauty, how faded, how wan are her cheeks,
Each feature, despondent, keen anguish bespeaks.
Must I leave thee, Eliza, and see thee no more?
To receive a cold grave on some pestilent shore!
O, pitying heaven! be gracious and send
Some hidden deliverer, some yet unknown friend;
Whose heart touch'd with kindness, by sympathy mov'd,
Like me has a son, or a consort belov'd:
Preserv'd by his favour, my then lengthen'd years
Shall be spent to his honour; my soft flowing tears
Shall in morning orisons, and evening prayer,
Intreat blessings on him who my life made his care,
And my children unborn, as in circles they ring,
Shall lisp of his bounty, and gratefully sing,
"Live happy the man whose compassion did save
Our father from shame, from the sword, and the grave!"
Alas! fleeting vision, thy phantoms deceive!
No hand to assist me, no friend to relieve.
I live but to languish in hopeless despair
'Till death in his friendship shall finish my care,
Shall seize on the wretch whose comforts in life,
Were buried for ever, when torn from his wife.

This year was also remembered for the commencement of my correspondence and friendship with the late Mr. Charles Taylor, of Hatton Garden, London; Editor of 'Calmet's Biblical Dictionary and Fragments,' and other valuable works. He afterwards was Editor and Publisher of the Literary Panorama, a Periodical of considerable excellence, and into which my poor Literary Essays and Poems, found a welcome place. At Mr. Taylor's request, I presented him with a copy of the Report of our Manufactory, the Hopeless Marine, &c. Our friendship continued during his life. He was a Scholar and a Christian.

February 7th, 1809. We had a terrible inundation of the River Severn, deluging my own house and all my premises,* the lower parts of Coleham, Abbey Foregate, Castle Foregate, Frankwell, &c. occasioning great distress. A liberal Subscription was raised in the town, and poor distressed families were visited in their dwellings, by the aid of boats. In the capacity of visitors, the venerable Justice Smith, and myself, sailed from house to house where practicable, and distributed loaves of bread, and other provisions, to the inhabitants of Coleham, &c. confined to their upper rooms; which though a dangerous, was to each of us a delightful employment: for as I have written and often said, when we relieve the distressed, or instruct the ignorant, we do the work of the Deity, and partake of his happiness.

At a later period of the year, in company with the pious and humane Captain Fleming,

by his unfeeling master, with this proposal, that if he would enlist for a soldier, and leave the country, no farther notice would be taken of the affair. In the moment of alarm, and without being permitted to see his Eliza, to whom he was most affectionately attached, he was hurried away to join the corps at Chatham; where on his arrival, his anxiety occasioned a most dangerous fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave. When a little recovered he was ordered to Shrewsbury, for the benefit of his native air. During the period he was in Shropshire, his mind was dreadfully agitated; the idea of a military or seafaring life, and of leaving his wife, his infant son, and helpless aged mother, was more than his fortitude could bear: he therefore formed the dreadful determination of destroying his own existence, and which would have been effected but for the timely prevention of a humane friend. The circumstance being made known to the writer of the preceding lines, he had them published as above stated, and the consequence was, an interest was excited among the benevolent in the town and neighbourhood, a subscription was set on foot, and fifty guineas raised to purchase his discharge; which sum was sent by them to the proper office, and a letter was received, stating, that the discharge would be forwarded forthwith. In the meantime Jones recovered and returned to Birmingham, where he was taken up as a deserter, and committed to prison, and remained there for a considerable period, when through the inquiries and exertions of the Hon. H. G. Bennet, it was at length ascertained that the discharge had been forwarded by mistake to a John Jones, then at sea. The unfortunate man, was however, eventually liberated—and restored to his Eliza, his Infant, his Mother, and his Home.



*There scarcely ever happens a calamity, or disaster, but something also happens to relieve our minds, at least for a season; and sometimes a very trifling circumstance will have that effect. At the time of this Severn Flood, there happened to be then on a visit at our Castle, a beloved young friend, Miss Bray, afterwards wife of the Rev. Samuel Walter, and with him, resided at the Parsonage Slaithwaite; and near to the western entrance door of the Church, they are both interred. Miss Bray, was at that time, all life and vivacity. My Brother's dwelling being only a short distance from ours, Miss B. felt a strong desire to pay the family a visit: the depth of the current between the houses was about five feet. The lady having observed the washing tub floating in our back premises, conceived the idea, that with the aid of the washing staff, as an oar, she could paddle herself across the stream with ease and safety. We all with great earnestness, endeavoured to dissuade her from the enterprise, but her confidence in her own ability could not be shaken; she entered her flat-bottomed bark, but before it was 'half sea's over,' the vessel upset, plunging its freight into the merciless flood. The accident for a few moments created some alarm—she sank beneath the surface of the water, and when rising, like St. Peter in his extremity, she exclaimed, "O save me, or I perish." Instantly I rushed through the water to her rescue, and brought her safely into our dwelling,—re-clothed and refreshed her.

In after years, no one enjoyed more than herself, the relation of her perilous *voyage* in a tub. Many of my kind hearted Slaithwaite friends, who recollect the lady's timidity, while resident at the Parsonage, will be astonished at the courage she manifested on the above occasion.

[redacted]

[redacted]

His Majesty entered the fiftieth year of his reign, October 25th. On this occasion the Royal Mercy was extended to all Deserters from the Military and Naval Service, and many Crown Prisoners were discharged.

Great as was my pecuniary disappointment on the death of Mrs. Barlow, I had, [redacted] of still greater [redacted] some of my friends have en- [redacted] as the Son-in-law [redacted] Printer of the [redacted] and myself attached [redacted] "Why was it," [redacted] was the son of Mr. Wood, [redacted] gave up the Printing and [redacted] Chronicle, that [redacted] in the [redacted] worth £1000 [redacted] pronouncing a greater [redacted] which, may, the then Proprie- [redacted] in the business, which [redacted] with his stipulation— [redacted] are now in poss- [redacted] and should [redacted] or that of any other [redacted] Were I once [redacted] I should not ever [redacted] I agree to all your [redacted] the conditions; and I [redacted] voluntary proposal, for your [redacted] that while you are at [redacted] I will attend to your [redacted] myself my own: and if at the [redacted] these terms, your desire to be a Cler- [redacted] the terms we have agreed [redacted] punctually fulfilled on my part, [redacted] solely become sole Proprietor of [redacted] Chronicle: if on the con- [redacted] not succeed in your studies, [redacted] all claim to the fulfilment of [redacted] agreement, and you will still be the [redacted] Paper.

[redacted] proposal, my relative listened with the greatest attention, burst into tears, and grasped my hand with the most grateful affection, thanking me over and over, for the disinterestedness I had manifested, and declared he would accept the offer—and so I believed, and no doubt he so intended—but in a very few weeks, I had the pain to learn that he had in effect, without my knowledge, disposed of the business to another. On hearing which, I sent for him to my house in Coleham, and reminded him of our previous engagement, and his now violation of it, all which he acknowledged with many tears and expressions of sorrow; but the deed was done, and from some of his declarations, I found he had not been a free agent in the business: of this I also received an affirma-

---

* *Of this Committee, not one now remains an inhabitant of this world, except the individual who pens this Note, and delights to honour their memory. To William Smith and Joseph Loxdale, a deep feeling of gratitude is due for many friendly acts, from the first hour of our acquaintance in 1762, to the last period of their lives. Mr. Smith died in 1823, Mr. Loxdale surviving him a considerable number of years.*

tion from the gentleman who was his *fortunate* successor.

I will not hurt the feelings of any, by a relation of the causes which induced my relative to agree to new proposals. One cause however I may be permitted to assign, because it is of a public nature. In politics, I was too much a Tory, although the attached personal friend of the Hon. Mr. Bennet; and the Shrewsbury Chronicle had recently been made to advocate the cause of Mr. Jones, *and liberal opinions.* Some of the *private reasons* no doubt had their origin in the above: I will therefore observe, that my beloved brother-in-law deeply lamented that the arrangement between us, previously mentioned, had not been carried into effect. And of his successor, I will only observe, that notwithstanding there was perpetual warfare between Mr. Watton and my relative, his courtesy to myself and family, ever continued the same.

The disappointment will never be forgotten, nor the grief that followed. The Shrewsbury Chronicle flourished in prosperity, just in the same proportion as my Manufacturing Establishment sunk in losses and disappointment.

My relative and his successor, are each sleeping in the dust; and I, their senior in years, yet alive, writing and printing books, with all the energy of youth. Was it not, my dear Charles, that your Father should publish a Sunday Reader and Preacher, a Christian's Book, Christian Memoirs, &c. and that yourself might labour in the Ministry, that he was prevented being the Editor, and Proprietor of a Public Newspaper. This supposable design of Heaven, affords me a degree of satisfaction, when reflecting on the great probability, that ease and independence would at this moment have been within my reach and enjoyment, had not *despicable* influence prevailed.

I had however many consolations, my Heavenly Father continued to give me evident proofs of His Goodness, by making me the instrument in his hands in saving human life; and I humbly trust it may be added, in the saving of men's immortal souls.

I look back with great satisfaction to the following circumstance. Being one evening at my friend, Mr. Justice Smith's, he related to me a scene he had that day witnessed. He had been at Chirbury, and calling on the Clergyman there, he found him and all his family in the greatest distress. The Typhus Fever, or Black Fever, as Mr. Smith called it, had seized every member, so that none could wait upon the others; added to which, their pecuniary resources were exhausted, and nothing but death seemed to await them. On hearing this relation, my heart was deeply affected, and I instantly proposed to the Justice, that a subscription should be raised, of which he should be the Treasurer, to which he readily consented; and I lost no time in laying the case before the Hon. H. G. Bennet, and his faithful benevolent Agent, Thomas Lloyd,* Esq. who was also my generous constant friend, entering into my views and feelings, each gave me five pounds. With these sums, his own contribution, and those of the Rev. W. G. Rowlands, and your Father, Mr. Smith promptly paid a visit to the distressed Minister of God's most Holy Word. Eventually the Subscription amounted to nearly £30 which enabled him to obtain the necessary attendance, &c. and by the Mercy of God, the family was restored to health. In after years, the sufferer resided at Welshpool, where I had the great happiness to visit him, and to receive his most grateful acknowledgements.

---

* Mr Lloyd, was one of the most eminent Solicitors of the Town of Shrewsbury; distinguished for zeal and integrity in the discharge of his various and important duties, as an Agent to noble, wealthy, and influential gentlemen connected with the County of Salop. To all of whom, he was not only a faithful Agent and Adviser, but the most devoted and kind friend. From Michaelmas, 1810, to Michaelmas, 1811, Mr. Lloyd filled the Municipal Chair of Shrewsbury, serving that high and honourable office with great judgment and ability. Under his direction, valuable improvements were promoted, justice with mercy duly administered, great order and happiness generally prevailed. Wherever he discovered merit, honour, and integrity, he endeavoured to obtain for, or bestow upon it, a suitable reward. On some occasions he privately advanced loans to young tradesmen, and that at very low, if any, interest; and let it be observed, I speak from personal knowledge, he was the friend of the rich and the poor. As a husband, father, master, and friend, his attachments were fervent and sincere. As a Christian, his mind was duly impressed with the importance of its doctrines and duties. On the publication of my Christian's Book in 1831, I had the honour and happiness to present him with a copy, shortly afterwards, when he had left Stone House, and retired to a residence on St. John's Hill, and not long before his lamented demise, I met him on Cross Hill, when taking the little volume from his pocket, he graciously observed, "This, Mr. Hulbert, is my constant companion." And while the tear sparkled in his eye, he kindly said, "I thank you for it, I thank you for it." Of this excellent man, other particulars will be noticed hereafter.

Among the events which happened near to this period, I remember the gratification I felt in saving the life of the wife of one of my tenants, who had fallen into the River Severn, and unable to recover herself, was fast sinking to rise no more; when happening to be walking on the verge of the River in front of my residence, I perceived her danger, and although unable to swim, I rushed into the water, and by exertions, which now appear to me to have been assisted by Providence, I brought her safe to land.

The case of Edward L—— and John P——, will be within the recollection of many who read these Memoirs. John P——, a regular Carrier, and also Newsman for the Shrewsbury Chronicle, from Shrewsbury to Bishop's Castle, in a moment of sudden temptation, was induced to purloin a letter from the counter of the then Proprietor of the Newspaper. In this letter was inclosed a Bill of Exchange of the value of £80; the non-delivery of which. in due time, induced enquiry, and finally a public announcement of its loss. The Bill having been offered by P——, to Messrs. Hughes and Sons, Starch Manufacturers of Shrewsbury, the same was detained, as answering the description of the Bill that was lost, and P—— was interrogated as to how it came into his possession, when he declared that it was paid to him by Thos. Bowen of Bishop's Castle, whose name appeared on the back of the Bill. A messenger was immediately sent to that Town, and Mr. B. had to appear before the Magistrates in our Town Hall, but who instantly acquitted himself as to any knowledge or participation in the transaction. Mr. Hazledine who was present at the examination, suggested that the endorsement was certainly the handwriting of Edward L——, a sawyer in his employ; who, being sent for, and the Bill being put into his hands, acknowledged the endorsement to be in his own handwriting: and when he wrote it, he believed it to be a direction on a letter to Thomas Bowen—such was his statement. P—— and L—— were each my near neighbours in Coleham, and until that time, had passed through life, sustaining the character of honest and industrious men. Thomas Lloyd, Esq. of the Stone House, previously mentioned, then filled the Civic Chair, and it became his duty to commit each of the accused to prison. At my request, L—— was admitted King's Evidence, and therefore underwent no trial; P— was tried, convicted, and condemned to die. Deep was my sorrow on the occasion, though perfectly aware that the laws of our country demanded such a sacrifice. I lost no time in laying the case of P—— before the Hon. H. Grey Bennet, and begged his aid and influence with the Prince Regent, in obtaining a pardon. He kindly and faithfully used every exertion to accomplish the humane and benevolent design, and a free pardon was obtained. L—— is long since dead; P——, if not now, was lately living, and as I am told, constantly remembered me in his prayers.

To yourself, my dear Charles, everything respecting E. L. and J. P. will be perfectly familiar; nor will you have forgotten the humble Toy of a Sawyer at work, manufactured by Poor L——, which for some years afforded amusement for the youngsters at Miniature Castle.

How many are the events of this year, which must be omitted; some of which, if related, would not be discreditable to your Father, or his posterity.

Refering to public events of the period, affecting my Manufactory, I may mention the Edict of Napoleon Buonaparte, "That all British Manufactured Goods found within the confines of France, should be seized and BURNT." This order had a great effect in changing the Political opinions of many of the Merchants and Manufacturers of my native county, and had not a little influence on the opinions of Traders generally.

I remember Riots in London, on account of the Arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, which continued for two days. The escort on their return from the Tower were provoked to fire on the mob, and one man was killed, which made a deep impression on the minds of many people, in and out of the Metropolis.

I remain,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

## LETTER XXIX. GRAND REVIEW ON WIMBLEDON COMMON,

MINSTERLEY INUNDATION, THE LUDDITES, COLEHAM MANUFACTORY THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION, LONG AND PAINFUL ILLNESS, DISTRESSING EVENTS AND LOSS, ROYAL LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL FOUNDED, ELECTION OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, REMOVAL TO CASTLE STREET, LORD HILL'S RETURN TO THE COUNTY, MY VISIT TO LONDON, LETTER OF HON. HENRY GREY BENNET, ANTONIO AND CAPTAIN CROFTON, MISSIONARY SOCIETY, COMMENCED PRINTING, &c. &c.

"THE present world is a scene of constant change, a mixture of good and evil. Sufferings are mixed with enjoyment, pains with pleasures, sorrow with gladness; the clouds of adversity are gilded by the bright rays of prosperity, and health is followed by sickness and decay. Storms and calms, success and disappointment, mercy and judgment, are inseparable companions."

REV. J. D. BURTON.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

YOU see how true is the old observation, that "Nothing is certain in this uncertain world," and how often the prospect of wealth has brightened before me, and how frequently the cup of prosperity has been snatched from my lips; but the instances I have related, are not the only ones with which my life has been chequered, as will appear hereafter.

In the year 1811, and in the month of June, your dear Mother and myself, for the first time in our lives, visited LONDON; on which occasion, I made many valuable purchases of Paintings, Books, and Curiosities. My rambles through the streets in search of these objects of interest, were on the average, 20 miles a day; for the greatest number of business days, during a whole month. In company we visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, &c. To most of the places we had introduction through the medium of kind Mr. Bennet, or his Noble Father, the Earl of Tankerville. But our most interesting visit, or excursion, was to Wimbledon Common, to witness a Grand Review; and certainly, as a Military Spectacle, it exceeded anything we had ever seen. Thousands of animated Soldiers were to pass before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; and crowds of pedestrians, splendid carriages, and hackney coaches, horsemen, &c. appeared on the road and on the Common, beyond calculation.

On arriving at the ground appointed, my first endeavour was to obtain a standing, or sight, in front of the Prince and his Staff, when a spacious waggon offered the best accommodation. The Course, as we may call it, was bounded or enclosed by hundreds of Life Guardsmen, and other Horse Soldiers, who diligently prevented spectators from crossing the Course. From the waggon, I had a good view of His Royal Highness and the Duke of York, who, splendidly mounted, added dignity and interest to the scene, to me, most magnificent and interesting. But I was not near enough to the attractive group, so without considering the consequences of my unauthorized purpose, I left your dear Mother on the waggon, with the design of immediately returning, but with a caution, on no account to move from it, and darted across the line, instantly pursued by the Life Guardsmen, whose swords brandishing over my head, *appeared* to threaten decapitation. This caused a furious outcry from the populace; who with curses, hisses, and exclamations, referred to the murder, as they called it, on the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, a few days previous. I however escaped, and placed myself without interruption, between the Prince Regent, and the Duke of York; who no doubt had penetration enough to discover, that I was only an admiring countryman, needing protection. I kept my position until the Review ended, occasionally gently resting my arm against the Regent's thigh. I certainly gave them all the signs I could of my loyalty and affection.

In after years, this simple event was recollected by His Royal Highness, and combined with other circumstances, was the means of procuring some little honour and favour, by his direction; which it would appear vanity in me to relate.

While in London, we had great happiness in attending Divine Worship at St. Paul's Cathedral, ascending into its Dome, &c. and

in visiting good Mr. Charles Taylor, of Hatton Garden; Mr. Crosby, Bookseller; and some of Mrs. Hulbert's relatives at Greenwich, &c. and returning home full of admiration of the first City in the World, and myself proud of the distinction of being a thorough Englishman.

In the Manufactory, we had nothing but disappointment and loss; and I saw nothing that I could do, but to construct additional dwelling houses, and raise my rental to a certain point: at the same time to remove my Retail Warehouse from the Manufactory, and open one in the Town, which I did on the Wyle Cop.

On the evening of May 7th, one of the most extraordinary Floods happened in the River Severn, that ever was known; and particularly from its instantaneous rising in the front of our little Castle, no less than four feet within the space of ten minutes. Never shall I forget the alarm which that circumstance excited in my own family and neighbourhood. The houses around us were completely inundated in a few minutes of time, but the water did not enter our own dwelling. A description of this Phenomenon, chiefly written by myself, appeared in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, on the Friday following, from which I give the following extracts.

"On Monday afternoon a violent storm of hail, thunder and lightning, was widely felt, particularly S. W. of the town of Shrewsbury. The air was sultry, the lightning very vivid, and the thunder is described by persons near Minsterley, to have been similar to the report of many cannon immediately over their heads: near the White Grit, hailstones two inches in circumference, lay almost a foot deep. About five o'clock in the afternoon, a cloud burst upon the ridge of hills called the Stiperstones, and a torrent of water, with irresistible force, and thundering sound, rushing down the hill side, swept away several cottages belonging to the White Grit miners. Part of the vast body of water took a direction through Habberley, but the greatest quantity pursued its course along the valley through which runs Minsterley Brook."

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock the deluge reached Minsterley, flooding almost every house in the village. Mr. Vaughan, a farmer, was swept away from his field, and carried several hundred yards through the bridge, where the current threw him upon a pigstie, and from whence he climbed to the roof of a house and was saved; his sister was carried a great distance and left in the branches of a tree, but so much bruised that she is not expected to survive; not a trace is left of his threshing machine or stabling, but five horses escaped. Thirteen persons were miraculously saved at the Angel public house: on the first alarm they ran up stairs, and when the water had reached the second story, they clung to the rafters. The persons who perished in this village were, Mr. Hoggins, a farmer; Holmes, a labourer, and another person."

"The next scene of desolation was Pontesford, where it is enough to mention its ravages only at one spot. At Mr. Heighway's it burst into the house through the windows, till at length the walls gave way, and Mr. H's venerable grandmother, aged 83, with two female servants and a labourer, were hurried into the abyss. Meanwhile Mr. Heighway's wife and another lady, climbed upon the roof of the house, from whence they beheld Mr. H. clinging to a pole, and was lifted by two men upon a bridge about 30 yards distant. Mr. Bennett, an overseer of Pontesbury coal works, and two others, got into a hay loft, where deeming themselves secure, they were in the act of petitioning the Almighty to deliver the persons upon the bridge, part of which had just fallen in; when instantly the building was swept away, and the unfortunate men were all lost. The bodies of these men were not found yesterday."

"At Minsterley, the water was from 6 to 8 feet deep in some houses: the house and mill at Plott's Green were carried away."

"At Hanwood the damage done to the linen mills of Messrs. Marshall, Atkinson, & Co. is considerable. The stock of flour, and the premises belonging to Mr. Blower, and Mr. Pickering, have sustained great injury; and indeed it may be said, that every bridge and mill within the course of the torrent, has either been destroyed or greatly damaged. Mr. Warters, of Cruck Meole, had one cow carried away, and Mr. Rogers another."

"The torrent following the course of Meole Brook, reached Coleham, one of the suburbs of this town, about half-past ten o'clock at night, with a tremendous roaring noise. The cellars of the Seven Stars public house, and all the houses adjoining were deluged: the street in front of Mr. Hulbert's Factory was inundated to the depth of nearly four feet by an instantaneous gush. At this time the noise of the current was inconceivably dreadful, and the cries of 'Help! Help!'—'Drowning!' &c. contributed to the horror of the sound. The force of this great body of water rushing into the Severn from Meole Brook, actually turned the current of the river Severn, which rose near the English Bridge, four feet perpendicular in less than ten minutes. Much damage has been done at the Abbey mill, and in the garden contiguous. The force of the torrent running under Coleham Bridge, carried with it a portion of the field occupied by Mr. Birch, by which several hundred square yards of ground will be lost to the owner."

"The number of lives lost amount to nine at Pontesford, and three at Minsterley. Yesterday the Coroner (Mr. Wollaston, of Bishop's Castle) and a jury assembled to view the bodies that have been found, in order that the friends of the unfortunate individuals might pay the last duty of mournful affection."

"Ours is but a faint description of the calamity and distress which have been felt. Unaccustomed as we are in this inland situation, to such scenes, no imagination can picture the desolation. It is impossible to calculate the amount of property damaged and destroyed: many hundred thousands of pounds cannot recall order, and redeem the destruction to agriculture and property of every kind. We have heard it said, that in the parishes of Pontesbury, Worthen, and Westbury, at least three thousand acres were deluged. The number of cottages lost has not been ascertained: and who shall tell the anguish of many a peasant, whose family is now perhaps homeless, and whose garden ground is laid desolate."

To this description I will add the following account, given in my Museum of the World. The roaring of the flood forcing its way from Meole Brook to the Severn, the cries and lamentations of the cottagers, many of whom supposed the world at an end, and that all were to be swept away by a second deluge; the strange appearance of men and women just tumbled out of their beds, partly dressed and undressed, many in the act of removing their furniture, others placing their children on their backs to go they knew not whither, was altogether a scene at once terrific, romantic and ridiculous.

A few days after the above mentioned calamity had happened, in company with the late Mr. Brocas and Mr. Watton, both of Shrewsbury, I visited the chief places of suffering, and was at Pontesbury at the moment several of the unfortunate victims were consigned to their graves. The effect was melancholy and lasting.

In this instance, the benevolence of Salopians was unbounded; the sum of £1862 was subscribed, leaving £514 14s. over and above the liberal aid afforded to such sufferers as were known to require it, or who applied for relief.

The closing period of this year, was one of sickness, sorrow, and deep affliction. In the month of November. I was seized with inflammation of the lungs, attended with fever and delirium; which were followed by a long period of prostration and extreme debility. During the whole time I was diligently attended by my kind friends, Dr. Evans* of the Council House, and Mr. Tudor of Castle street. To relieve my weakness and debility, a change of scenery was recommended, and I was removed to most airy and roomy lodgings near the Mount, top of Frankwell; where I remember with continued delight, the visits of those kind friends, J.R.Atkinson, Esq. and family; Mr. and Miss Pitt; Miss Rand§; the Rev.W.France, &c. At the same time your dear Mother, was near her confinement, so that we scarcely could say which was in most danger. The premature death of a near relative, and the distressing circumstances connected with it, continued, if not increased our infirmities and affliction.

Being unable to transact any business, the affairs of my Manufactory and Retail Warehouse had suffered by my absence. My Brother at that time being engaged as a Porter Merchant, necessarily paid less attention than usual to our numerous workpeople.

Manufactured goods accumulated in stock, and daily fell in value; losses upon losses successively followed each other—yet I had afterwards greater misfortunes to sustain. The year 1812, commenced these sorrows. Finding that the introduction of steam looms in the manufacture of cotton goods had caused so great a depression in the wages of cotton weavers, I was induced to erect thirty of them at a great expense; and this I was particularly tempted to do by the success to my Lancashire friends, with which their introduction was attended; and from having let a certain portion of my Manufactory to two respectable young men, Messrs. Paddock and Davies, who introduced the spinning and and weaving of linens, yarns, &c. On my success in the addition of Steam to Hand Power, I now rested all my hopes of Manufacturing success; but soon a threatening gloom was thrown over the whole adventure. The Steam Looms were terribly obnoxious to the Lancashire Hand Loom weavers and others, who vowed their destruction; and for this purpose, men in a state of phrenzy, formed combinations for the destruction of all Manufacturing Machines, which clearly interfered with manual labour. Among these were reckoned the Broad Stocking Frames of Nottingham; the Cloth Dressing Machinery of Yorkshire; and the Power Looms of Lancashire. Under the pretended guidance of a ficfitious character, General Ludd, the most desperate and violent outrages were committed on Manufacturing property. On the 20th of April, in this year, an infuriated assemblage of Luddites, consisting of several thousands,† assailed the Power Loom

* My memory delights to call to recollection the personal friendship and kindness of each of my medical attendants; their's was not the friendship of their profession only, but of their hearts. Mr. Tudor resided in Shrewsbury until his death, July, 1833—was the father of a numerous interesting family; his widow survived him many years, and also died in Shrewsbury, where a few of his descendants still remain, and they have my sincere blessings and Prayers. Dr. Evans removed from the Council House, Shrewsbury, to a delightful residence Llwyn-y Groes, near Llanymynech, afterwards to Tarvin; of which place, his learned and talented son, the Rev. R. W. Evans, was Vicar; where I last grasped the friendly hand, and said farewell to the Physician, to whom under heaven, in conjunction with Mr. Tudor, I am indebted for my present existence. Dr. Evans removed with his son, to Hensham Vicarage, Westmoreland, where he died in 1846, aged 93. Peace to your ashes beloved and venerable men.

§ Miss Rand is sister of John Rand, Esq. of Bradford, Yorkshire, an active Magistrate of the West Riding; and is the wife of the Rev. Henry J. Bailey, Vicar of North Leverton, the Author of the well known Work, 'The Liturgy compared with the Bible,' and whose son is now Principal of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

† It is with grief I record, or even refer, to the horrors of this period. I did then, as I do now, feel for the situation of the hand loom weavers; but no outbreak ever did, or will improve their condition. Nothing but the abandonment of the business altogether, and the honest determination to embrace some new employment, which may afford them a better chance of remuneration for their exertions, can give effectual relief. Though at the period of those disturbances, I knew my own life was threatened by maddened deluded men; urged to acts of robbery, murder, and destruction, by better educated, and more designing persons. I pitied their condition, and lamented their change of circumstances—but turn-outs and riots, never did, nor ever will, improve the condition of the workman. Thompson, who was executed at Chester, as a leader of the rioters, declared "Their conduct was instigated

Weaving Manufactory of my constant friends Messrs. D. Burton & Sons, in the centre of the Town of Middleton. *See page* 164 *of this volume.*: Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, as there stated, Manager of the Machinery; and James Mallalieu, a Dresser, escaped from the riots, came to Shrewsbury, and found protection and employment at Coloham Manufactory. After which I received a grateful but sorrowful letter, from my sorrowing friend Mr. Burton. Soon after the lamented circumstance, in company with the late Mr. Brocas, I paid Mr. B. a visit at Rhodes, when he deeply lamented that any blood had been shed in the protection of his property, and added, "Oh! Charles, if you had been with us, such a calamity would never have happened." From that time, his health rapidly declined, and in December following, in the 67th year of his age, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and is interred in the family vault in Didsbury Churchyard.

The Luddites maintained spies all over the country, and had meetings on the heaths and commons of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Masters also had disguised watchmen, who attended their meetings, and gave information of their proceedings. One of these made the fearful communication, that in consequence of the protection I had afforded to Wilkinson and Mallalieu, and for the adoption of Power Looms, my own life was to be sacrificed, and the Manufactory burnt down. And this information was confirmed by the appearance of a stranger calling himself John Collier, and pleading great distress for want of work, intimating that he possessed great skill in the management of Power Looms; I received him with pity, and gave him work in the Manufactory, and urgently he desired to become the tenant of one of my houses under the weaving rooms: his eagerness engendered some suspicion, but not before he had corrupted a great portion of the hands to resist the introduction of Machinery into the Mill. A general strike against them was the immediate consequence. And one day, in an instant, all the weavers except two, stopped their looms, and made a protest against Machine Weaving. Fearlessly I passed through the weaving rooms, and then called all the hands together into one room; pointed out to them the extensive losses we had sustained by finding them constant work, and wages unreduced, and that the present effort was designed to continue them in employment, and not to destroy their occupation or labour; and also, that as far as my present feelings went, regarding Steam Looms, I wished they had never been invented: but that having taken place, nothing could hinder their general adoption, and that we must ourselves, either sail with the current, or sink in the stream. All listened with attention, some shed tears, and all instantly returned to their work. One of the hands who seemed the most affected, on the cessation of labour for the day, came forward, and declared that "The turn out was advised and directed by Old John, who, after extorting an oath of secrecy, had disclosed the fact, that General Ludd had determined that, if the Hulberts would not abandon Machinery, the Factory should be burnt down, and the Proprietors assassinated." Old John however had disappeared; but long remained the impression, that he would return privately to accomplish the black deed of destruction. Good Mr. Justice Smith and Mr. Loxdale, made every enquiry and search after the infamous villain, but he was nevermore heard of. It seems his plan was to have hired a house under the Manufactory, and in the dead of the night to have set fire to it; and in the confusion it would occasion, have selected an opportunity for stabbing the principal Proprietor, (your Father) and made his escape. The party who revealed the intention to myself, and the Magistrates named, had sworn to eternal secrecy; and we never divulged his name, nor exposed him to the death with which his deed was threatened.

This affair being blown over, we unfortunately continued to sink money in Steam Looms, and their appendant Machines; when it was eventually discovered, that Shropshire workmen, and Shropshire hands generally,

by men of exalted rank." An interesting account of the proceedings of the Luddites, will be found in *Hanshall's History of Cheshire.* The result of the Lancashire and Cheshire outrages was,—order restored by the zeal of the Magistrates, Yeomanry Cavalry, &c. Numbers of these mis-guided individuals were committed to Chester Castle, tried and found guilty. Six were sentenced to imprisonment; fourteen were condemned to death; but two only, John Temple and William Thompson, paid the penalty of the law.

could not compete with those of Manufacturing districts; the experiment consequently failed, and we, a few years afterwards, abandoned the design altogether. Eventually I sold my Looms to Messrs. Burton & Sons, for less than a tenth the price they cost me, and the heavy expensive shafts, &c. I sent to the Foundry as old iron.

While fighting to establish Steam Loom Weaving, at a great outlay of money—a demand was made upon me by the Proprietors of the Salopian Brewery, for a sum of nearly £1,300, in consequence of my name appearing with that of a dear relative, as Ale and Porter Merchants. Of this accumulated debt, I was entirely ignorant, until application for immediate payment was made. Irritated, agitated, and struck with dismay, I seized the keys of the vaults, books, &c. and closed the concern at once. Debts due to the concern appeared very considerable, (£800) but alas! not more than £200 could ever be recovered; and the stock, &c. amounted to nearly £160 more, which, being paid to the Brewery, with cash of my own, reduced the debt to about £800: the payment of which was guaranteed by a joint bond of my Brother and myself. I make this statement, in preparation of what will hereafter be related. Interest at five per cent. was stipulated. My beloved relative went into Lancashire, and commenced business again chiefly as a Manufacturer, with the hope and intent, eventually, to take up the bond. Leaving this disastrous affair for the present, I proceed.

This year, as a lover and promoter of Education, I felt great pleasure in forwarding its cause, by accepting the invitation of Mr. Joseph Lancaster, to assist him in establishing a School at Shrewsbury, on the plan he had invented, or adopted. He came down from London, with the design of delivering Lectures on his System, paid me a visit at my little Castle, and earnestly intreated my assistance to secure his object. I promised all my interest, and waiting upon my friend, Mr. Justice Smith, I impressed him with a conviction of the value of Education, and the suitableness of the Lancasterian System, and begged of him to do all he could in the good cause. Mr. Lancaster delivered his Lecture in the large room of the Talbot Hotel. The Lecturer well explained his System, and set forth its advantages. I sat next to Mr. Smith, and when I saw the fire glowing in his breast, I begged of him to immortalize his own name, by offering a piece of Land for the erection of a School; to which he instantly consented,—and named a site on Castle Hill, verging on the Dana, which was promptly accepted: so that, in so far, I had the honour to be the Father and Founder of the Institution. A Committee was immediately formed, comprising among other intelligent and respectable individuals, the late Mr. Charles Bage; Mr. Wickstead; Messrs. Joseph & John Wilson; and Messrs. Enoch; most, if not all of whom now resting in their graves. The Rev. Thomas Weaver, and myself, still, by the favour of God, in the land of the living, were also of the Committee.

The Building Plan of the School, was chiefly designed by Mr. Bage, and was a very plain but substantial erection; so simple, that we had some discussions on its *Factory*-like appearance; but not so as to hinder the commencement of raising Funds, which was effected by Subscriptions, and the investment of Shares of Ten Pounds each, bearing interest at seven and a half per cent. during two lives, to be named by the party investing the money. This plan proved a wise one. Subsequently, the School having some difficulty in raising funds, several rich and benevolent individuals surrendered their claims or Shares; so that from that circumstance, and the fact of many Shares having fallen in from deaths, few remain to urge their demands on the funds of the School. It is to be hoped that every future Committee will do honour to themselves, by promptly and justly paying the Dividends to Annuitants, as they become due. I am thankful to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Thomas Birch, and members of the present or late Committee, that my humble claim on Two Shares, has not been entirely forgotten.

The Old School, of which I had my share in the superintendence of the erection, with the Land I had obtained for its site, and some addition of Land, has been sold to the Railway Company; and to my regret, nothing now remains to remind me of Managers, Masters, and Mistresses, once active and

zealous. The Shed-like, but spacious building has disappeared, a new one, in the plain Italian Style, has been erected in the rear of the County Gaol, not far distant from the original site.

The Holy Scriptures are read twice a day in the Institution, and great good has resulted to the Children (boys and girls) of Operatives and Tradesmen, from the valuable instruction there received. The Committee, twelve in number, are selected in equal proportions, from Churchmen and Dissenters.

To yourself, my dear Charles, I scarcely need to relate, the happy share I had in founding "The Good Samaritan Society," and in a less degree, that of the "Sick Man's Friend." These Societies exist, and are still blessings to the poor of the Town.

This year I acknowledge the commission of a great error, or rather an act of which my judgment disapproved; but the act was unpremeditated—and at the suggestion of a gentleman still living, who may probably one day read my acknowledgment.

On the occasion of the Contest for the Representation of the Borough of Shrewsbury. The Hon. H. G. Bennet; Lieut. Gen. Sir Rowland Hill, and B. Benyon, Esq. were Candidates. My affections, my interest, my real friends, were all on the side of Mr. Bennet, and Sir Rowland. The great supporter of Mr. Benyon, was Mr. Hazledine, who was then one of my best friends, but he could never obtain a promise from me in favour of his Candidate. All my leanings were, as intimated, on the other side. The Poll closing very abruptly, on the part of Mr. B.—by the advice and example of the gentleman alluded to, I polled a plumper for Mr. Bennet, which did him no good, but was the source of deep regret to myself. The numbers who polled in that struggle were, for Mr. Bennet 724; Sir Rowland Hill 512; Mr. Benyon 286.

On Gen. Sir Rowland Hill, for his valour and discretion, being raised to the Peerage, May 3rd, 1814, another contest was the consequence. Richard Lyster, Esq. and Mr. Benyon, being the Candidates; when Mr. Lyster gained his Election—the numbers being 551 for that gentleman, and 286 for his opponent. In this struggle I gave my support to Mr. Lyster, and well he deserved it. Nor was Mr. Benyon undeserving of the honour to which he aspired; he was a generous, noble-minded man, and as a great Linen Manufacturer, was the friend of Shrewsbury.

Partnership having been dissolved between my Brother and myself, and he having left Shrewsbury, as previously intimated, my attention was directed to the increase of my Retail Business, which depended, not on Orders of Council now rescinded, nor on the effect of Steam Looms in the depreciation of the price of Manufactured Cotton Goods.

Having let a great portion of the front Manufactory to Messrs. Paddock and Davies, as will be noticed hereafter; given up my Steam Looms, and adopted a New Hand Loom, partaking of the nature of the Steam Loom, but worked by Hand, as the previous ones, and occupying much less space, I removed them to the upper rooms of the large buildings in the rear, and committed them to the chief superintendence of Mr. Charles Henshaw, my foreman, who has still a residence on the premises; retaining also in my employ, for 12 years longer, Mr. George Chidlow, yet alive, and on the premises, as superintendent and constructor of the Looms and attendant Machines, while a hand remained in employment.

Having stated so much, further notice will be suspended; in the meantime refer to my History of the Town and County of Salop, vol. ii. in Connection with Phillips, or without it, page 308. With deep sorrow I left the Castle of my affections, then in great beauty and perfection; and took up my residence in Castle street, the house adjoining the Raven Hotel: which, for the convenience of my wholesale and retail business, I fitted up at considerable expense, and had my share of business.

This year had in it, one of the proudest days of my life, the return of Lord Hill to his native County. The account of this event, with other slight particulars, are copied from my Life of Lord Hill, published in 1816: and my Tribute to his Lordship's Memory, in 1843.

"On the return of Lord Hill to his native county, after the Peace of Paris, every token of honour, gratitude and affection, was manifested by his grateful countrymen. Every Shropshire man felt himself a person of consequence, because he had the honour to be a native or a resident of that county which gave birth to the Hero of Almaraz and Vittoria. In Shrewsbury, Birmingham, Chester, Whitchurch, Drayton,

Ellesmere—in every place visited or passed through by the gallant General, public illuminations or other tokens of the most grateful respect, announced the general joy. London (as before noticed) and Birmingham presented his Lordship with elegant swords.—The Inhabitants of Shropshire appeared as one joyous family, congratulating each other on the return of their friend and heroic defender. On his Lordship's first visit to Shrewsbury, thousands went out to meet him; in many places the trees were adorned with flowers, and even the road was strewed with those blooming emblems of the highest esteem. This was a day of general festivity; the landlord regaled his tenants, and the master his workmen: at the same time the poor were made partakers of the bounty of their fellow-townsmen. Sheep were roasted at the different Inns. Shortly after thousands partook of tea in the Quarry; the scholars of the different Charity and Sunday Schools, amounting to nearly 1300, were particularly attended to. The crowds assembled on the occasion from every part of the country, formed one of the most lively and agreeable scenes ever witnessed in Shrewsbury. Such was the desire of all classes of people to shake by the hand and to congratulate Lord Hill, that it was found utterly impossible for him to appear in the Quarry, or to be a witness of the joy which manifested itself during this benevolent treat. At one time, with considerable difficulty, and with no small degree of personal danger, from the eager pressure of the crowd, his Lordship had proceeded nearly to the bottom of the Quarry walk, when he was under the necessity of making a most precipitate retreat; on which occasion the gallant Hero, with great good nature, observed "I have never *fled* from the *fury* of my enemies, but in this instance I am compelled to *fly* from the *kindness* of my friends." It is believed that 20,000 persons were assembled in joyful gladness."

"Among the crowd of happy scholars and persons entertained in the Quarry, on the above occasion, were included 620 Scholars belonging to Coleham Factory School, founded by the Author of the Memoir, who, together with nearly 200 of his work people, and the same number of Cottage Tenants, were preceded by himself, his beloved wife, infant sons, and several friends, to the Quarry field, accompanied by suitable banners, on which were pourtrayed the Manufactory, Beehives, &c. &c. on one of which was inscribed, "*Protected by the* HILL *of bravery, we are secure in the Valley of Industry.*" In the year 1832, when the Author was preparing to leave Shrewsbury for Hadnal, Lord Hill happened kindly to honour him with a call, when a Flag was lying on the table in the room into which his Lordship was introduced, the coincidence had a very sensible effect on his sensitive mind, which was manifested by a starting tear."

**The events of this year, in connection with myself, if recorded, would swell a volume—a few only can be noticed. My weekly, and almost daily correspondence with the Hon. H. G. Bennet, brought amongst the many letters, the following; the only one, except a very brief one, left from the Destructive Fire, so often alluded to.**

"My Dear Sir,

"I have a favour to ask of you, which if you can perform, I shall be much obliged to you. My poor friend left a servant to whom he was partial, a young Portuguese lad, whom he found in the woods, half-starved, and who lived with him several campaigns, and was with him when he fell. He is about 13 or 14; and acted as a groom lad to take care of his horses. My poor friend's brother, General Maitland, has taken him into his service: but as he is wandering about now, has no immediate use for him, and yet does not like to leave him loose in lodgings in this great City.

"Now what I want your aid in is, to get him some schooling for three or four months, and to find some careful good person who will board and lodge him for that period. Bell's and Lancaster's Schools are composed of boys too young for him; But are there not other Schools in Shrewsbury, where he could be taught? I shall feel much obliged to you to let me know as soon as possible, the result of your inquiries, as the lad is here idling; and if the terms are as you think reasonable, I authorise you to close with them, as I wish to get the boy away as soon as possible. He speaks English a little, is a Catholic: so you will be so good as to speak to the Catholic Priest, and place him on his arrival, under his care. If Lloyd* is in Shrewsbury, be so good as to ask his aid; I think he is in Wales. And Phillips† too would do what he could. I make no apology for all this, because I know all your kindness to me, and that you will oblige me if possible—let me hear from you as soon as convenient,

"And believe me to be ever,

"Your's very sincerely,

London, August 15, 1814. "H. GREY BENNET."

In my *Salopian Magazine*, for April, 1816, in the Article, Life of General Lord Hill, I have noticed Antonio, and the fate of Captain Crofton. "We notice the fall of Captain Crofton more particularly, from being in possession of some facts not generally known, respecting the manner in which he fell. Captain C. had a generous, brave, and undaunted soul; his benevolence had induced him to take under his care and protection a poor boy of the name of Antonio, whom he found destitute and friendless in the woods of Portugal. This grateful and faithful youth was near his person at the moment of his death.—The garrison of Bayonne made a most determined sortie, when Captain Crofton and his Company were surrounded, and being overpowered by numbers, the Captain was requested by a French officer to surrender his sword, which he most spiritedly refused; when a most desperate recontre ensued, in which the intrepid Crofton had the advantage: this being perceived by the soldiers attached to the French officer, a dastardly coward came behind the gallant youth, and pierced him through with his bayonet. The Captain's company were of course made prisoners, with whom was Antonio, and to whom we are indebted for the above account of the fate of his beloved benefactor.—Antonio then became the *protege* of General Maitland and the Hon. H. Grey Bennet. The latter gentleman, on the youth's arrival in England, sent him to Shrewsbury, to be instructed in the knowledge of the English language, and fitted for any business, or situation as a respectable servant, he might deem most agreeable to his disposition. He was placed and remained under the care and tuition of Mr. Castieau, where he did credit to himself and his worthy instructor, till December, 1814, when General Maitland took him into his own service.

Antonio had attended his master, Captain Crofton, in nineteen different engagements; had been wounded by a sabre in the body, and was within sight of the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte, as he fled from the Battle of Vittoria, at which time the youth was fortunate enough to take a considerable booty in dollars, but of which he was afterwards robbed by a Spanish soldier.—It is supposed that Antonio fell in the Battle of Waterloo.

**Soon after this period on the arrival of the Royal Sovereigns, whose Arms, in conjunction with those of Great Britain, had con-**

*Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

† Richard Phillips, Esq. then Mayor.

quered Napoleon, and restored the Bourbons; I visited London, and among other little events, I had the honour to shake hands with the Emperor of Russia, and to make extensive purchases of Paintings, Books, &c.

Some portion of the preceding year was employed in forming a Branch Missionary Society, in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists; being the first in the County pertaining to that community: and if I am not mistaken, the first Auxiliary of the kind within the County of Salop, in connection with any other Missionary Establishment. The sum collected on the occasion, within the Shrewsbury Circuit, was £77 15s. 4d. On April 24th, this year, the First Annual Meeting was held in St. John's Chapel, when by urgent unanimous invitation, your Father presided. Mr. T. Brocas was Treasurer, and Messrs. R. & W. Whitwell, Secretaries.

The most important of the Personal Events of this period, was the establishment of my PRINTING OFFICE, in connection with PUBLISHING, BOOKSELLING, STATIONERY, &c.

But this year will ever be memorable in History, for the restoration of Peace, as previously noticed, and for Napoleon Buonaparte's retirement to Elba; from which, in the following year, he returned to France, drove the Bourbons from the Throne, assumed again the title of Emperor of the French—reigned about one hundred days—fought, and lost, the Battle of Waterloo—was stripped of his Imperial Titles, and carried Prisoner to St. Helena, where he died May 5th, 1821. *See the fourth volume of my Museum of the World, page 97.*

The defeat of Napoleon ended a War of more than twenty years duration; but alas! Peace did not bring that prosperity to my Manufactory, I had so ardently hoped for, and expected!! The cause of so great a disappointment, it never was in my power to ascertain.

The subsequent History of Coleham Manufactory, will be reserved until we come to the year 1825.

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

C. H.

*Providence Grove,*
*July 2*, 1851.

---

## LETTER XXX. SALOPIAN MAGAZINE COMMENCED, BRIEF SELECTIONS FROM IT, WARNING OF APPROACHING SORROWS, RELATION OF DISTRESSING EVENTS, &c.

"RASHLY, nor oft times truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the sword,
When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blinded innocence were track'd by burning ploughshares,
And the still condensing water delivered up the wizard to the stake:
For we wait, like the Sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,
Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or success
Judge not of things by their events; neither of character by Providence;
And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate,
For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of prosperity,
But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love."

TUPPER.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

IN my last, I mentioned having commenced Printer, and I may truly say, without design or intent so to do, ten minutes before I became the purchaser of Printing Types, a Press, &c. The manner was thus, I humbly believe, Providentially ordered.* Having been

* In the progress of my Narrative, I have had occasion often to notice what I considered to be a token of Divine Favour, or a Providence; and I had fears that some of my readers might think me credulous, or too religious. A letter I lately received from a highly respectable and intelligent Sub-

desired by the late beloved Rowland Hunt, Esq. of Boreatton, to attend a sale of books, in Birmingham, and to purchase for him a copy of Macklin's splendid Bible; I had the good fortune to be the successful competitor: after which, the sale closing for dinner, and being disengaged, I stepped into a shop, where there was a sale of Printing Presses, Types, &c. Very few people attended, so thinking I would assist to promote competition, without the most distant intent of becoming a purchaser, I made a bidding, when the lot was knocked down to me. Then arose the question, What shall I do with a Press, without Type? In an instant I made up my mind to become a PRINTER, and an AUTHOR. I consequently purchased a general assortment of Materials at considerable expense, and so added PRINTING to my other engagements: and here I am, after a lapse of nearly thirty-seven years, sitting in my arm chair, at Providence Grove, reading over the pages of my first endeavour, the SALOPIAN MAGAZINE.

Deeply do I lament, that the Work in which I am now engaged, is of too limited a character to admit of Histories, Essays, Biographical Sketches, Narratives, Events, and Original Poetry, with which I flatter myself, my present readers would be amused, and I should indeed be gratified. Well, my dearest Charles, it is said, 'for every evil there is a remedy,' and I will tell you what I think of doing—To Publish another Work when this is concluded, which shall embody a select portion of the three volumes published of the Magazine, under different heads or departments; introducing also from the stores of Seventy years reading, other Facts, Histories, and Memoirs, in their nature amusing, astonishing and instructive: constituting a suitable Companion, or independent Supplement to all my other Publications. For the first intention of carrying out this idea, my dearest Charles, I confess I am entirely indebted to yourself. The Salopian Magazine is now entirely out of print, and I never heard of a person possessing even a single volume, who desired to part with it.

One, whose memory, whose kindness, will ever find a place in my heart, the late Ven. Archdeacon Corbett, once said of it, "The Salopian Magazine supplies the place of many books, and also gives us the News of the month. To myself, it is the most interesting Publication I ever met with." Many were the attempts of others to establish Local Magazines. The Yorkshire Star, or Yorkshire Magazine, of Literature, Arts, Commerce, &c. a valuable Publication on the same plan and principles, commenced on the closing of my own, and continued to the third volume. It was printed at Sheffield.

The first number of the Salopian Magazine was published January 1st, 1815, and the last July 1st, 1817. At the time of its termination, I had some thoughts of commencing a Newspaper. The Magazine had afforded me an opportunity of recording many incidents, and of giving expression to sentiments I had long cherished. After printing off the last sheet intended to be published, as you recollect, my dear Son, a Parcel which had been *promised* under a *fictitious* name, was delivered at the office. At that time, as my heart was harrassed by sorrowful feelings, the sudden death of your beloved Brother, and losses which will be hereafter named, I did not examine the parcel: and when my kind friend, Mr. Parkes, had *read* and *examined* it, he named the *real* person by whom it was sent, and urged *that person's* influence and *previous support*, as a reason why I should in some way publish the Communication,—so I left it to Mr. P.: and on a supplementary page, my Printers, in a part of the issue, gave it a place. On being seen, by my late Brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Wood, it was discovered to be a false and indelicate imposition, couched in pretended antique characters, which imposture I duly exposed, and had the happiness to receive many letters of congratulation on the manner in which it was done; Mr. Archdeacon Bather,

---

scriber, has quite relieved my mind on that subject. The following is an extract.

"November 4th, 1850.

Dear Mr. Hulbert,

I have perused your last Number with much satisfaction and refreshment to my own spirit; rejoiced in in these times of indifferentism, to find 'A pilgrim to the far distant land,' noticing with sacred care the many interpositions of his Divine Preserver, and gracious God. Truly in you has been verified David's expression, 'Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.' E. B."

means, by those excellent Institutions, 'The Sick Man's Friend,' and 'The Good Samaritan Societies.' As one of the visitors, it was my office to administer relief, and also instruction; and which, under the blessing of Heaven, was conducive to her great consolation, hope of pardon and future happiness. Within two nights of her final dissolution, she declared, if it were possible she could recover, and again be exposed to sin and wretchedness, she would prefer her present painful, dying situation, a hundred times. Her gratitude to the gentleman and lady who had first so kindly instructed her, and to the kind neighbour who first revealed to me her agonizing state of mind, was often expressed. A conversation she had with a former companion in vice, was indeed deeply moving; the happiness and serenity of her last moments—the effect her penitence had upon her parents and friends, were long remembered. In company with Mr. M'Evoy, Third Master of the Free Schools, I was with her a short time only before she expired, and received her affecting, dying benediction.

During visits in connection with the 'Good Samaritan Society,' many were the instances I witnessed, not only of penitence, but of extreme ignorance.* Of the latter, I will mention the case of a poor man I visited, in company with the present pious Mr. Brazier, who had the week previously directed him to read the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel; on

I should not," he answered "will you promise to write something about me?" That I will, Doctor, on condition, that if I die first, you will do the same for me. "I will," said the Doctor, laughing most heartily at the engagement.

On myself and family removing to Providence Grove, the agreement with the Doctor was terminated, (but we hoped to find health) accompanied by yourself, my dearest Charles, we had the honour and happiness to present our ever valued benefactor, a token of grateful remembrance; and on which was inscribed our united family feelings, and it was most affectionately received. In passing by Providence Grove, the Doctor would kindly call to enquire after our health—and when the desolating Fire of January 7th, 1839, had left me houseless, foodless, and clothesless,—his tears, his aid, and expressions of sympathy, will never be forgotten.

In a letter he addressed to a Literary Institution, he was pleased to say, "I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Hulbert for above thirty years, for whom it is utterly impossible for me to express in words the esteem felt for him by myself and the public generally. Mr. Hulbert lost, by a most destructive Fire during the hurricane which occurred early on January 7th, 1839, nearly his whole personal property. With respect to his Publications, I can testify, they are all Works of very great merit and respectability."

After having restored to health, and saved the lives of so many of his fellow beings, the skilful Doctor himself fell a victim to that relentless power which conquers all, on the 29th of January, 1840, in the 62nd year of his age. His ashes rest in peaceful slumber, in St. Mary's Churchyard, Shrewsbury. On the 13th of July, 1851, with feelings of never-dying friendship, I paid a visit to his venerated grave.

* The extent of the ignorance of many among the labouring classes, was at that time unknown by the Clergy generally, as the following Anecdote will illustrate. Having all my affections centered in the welfare of the Church of England; I never could omit an opportunity of promoting her interest: nor endure in the Wesleyan Methodists, a departure from their orthodox venerable parent. Hence, in all my addresses, I either supported or illustrated her doctrines and discipline. With these feelings, I learned that the late Ven. Archdeacon Bather, Vicar of Meole, and then a young man, had altered the hour of commencing Divine Service in his Church, from three to four o'clock in the afternoon; and that the Wesleyans also had a meeting and preaching at good Mr. Leighton's of Pulley Common, about a mile distant, at six o'clock, were prevented, as had been their usual custom, from attending both places: and I soon perceived there was a neglect of attendance at their Parish Church, which the people of Pulley Common ascribed to the change in the hours of service there. Having a friendly acquaintance with the late Mr. Flavel, and but little with Mr. Bather, I requested the former gentleman to desire the latter to be kind enough to commence the service at the Church, at the usual hour. In a day or two following, there was the most astounding noise made by the knocker of our door at the Castle, which I instantly opened in person; when Mr. Bather hastily addressing me, said, "Mr. Hulbert, I am very much astonished at the request you have made through Mr. Flavel. You profess to be a Churchman, and I believe you are so; and must know that the Methodists ought to bow to the Church, and not the Church to the Methodists. I shall not therefore alter my hour of service to accommodate them." I am sorry for that, Mr. Bather, I replied, as your own congregation will be sure to suffer; the people will prefer going to hear the Methodist Preachers, they say they can understand them better, which I do assure you, Sir, is the cause of much grief to myself. "I cannot see," answered Mr. B. "how that can be, I have been regularly educated for the office, and they have not; I therefore think I am quite as well qualified to instruct my people, as *Will* the *tailor*, or *Jack* the *carpenter*." Yes, Sir, I replied, but while you, Mr. Bather, with all the advantages of learning and great ability, *reason* on the Truth, Doctrines and Duties of Christianity, these *tailors* and *carpenters*, *thunder* in their ears, "If you break the Sabbath, if you swear, lie, steal, get drunk, or commit adultery, Hell will be your doom: if you do not believe the Gospel, you are condemned for ever: but Oh! now repent and pray, now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved," &c. You are not aware, Sir, how ignorant some of your people are. A short time ago I had a conversation with one of them, whom I found so ignorant, that I enquired if he ever went to church? "Oh! yes, constantly, and have done so for 40 years." And what do you go to church for? "To be good, to be sure." And what is being good? "Going to church." Can you read? "No Sir, I cannot." Can you repeat the Apostle's Creed, and the Lord's Prayer? "No, Sir." What do you think of God? "I do not know, but I believe he must be a great man, or he could not make an oak tree." Now, I said, the most ignorant Preacher officiating among the Methodists, would have instructed that poor man better, and would have given him a knowledge of God, and his duty to Him; and I venture to affirm, that in the whole Wesleyan Connexion, there is not one individual as ignorant as that man, who said

my questioning him as to his understanding of the nature of the New Birth, considered so important by our Lord, he answered "I suppose a man must be born again in SPIRITS AND WATER." Another individual, and one of my tenants, of the name of Rogers, was visited by my late dear friend, Mr. Ford of Barker street, and myself; when finding him very ignorant, and unable to read a line, Mr. Ford asked him if he knew anything about Jesus Christ? With great simplicity, the poor man replied, "I am not Sir, acquainted with the gentlefolks in our neighbourhood." In each these cases, I hope they were left wiser and better than when first visited.

My attention to Coleham School was repaid by the attention of able and devoted Teachers,* and the prosperity of the School.

Having devoted also some attention to the Scholars of the Royal Lancasterian School,‡ especially as to their knowledge of Religion. On various occasions I endeavoured to instruct the Children of members of the Establishment, in the Principles of the Church of their Fathers, from its brief Catechism.

---

he had attended the services, and heard sermons in the Church for forty years.

The noble-minded, kind-hearted Vicar acknowledged his conviction, thanked me for the information I had given him, and "declared his intention to study plainness of speech, &c." Do, I said, and your influence in your Parish will soon manifest itself: your church will be crowded, and I shall myself be very happy, occasionally to be one of your hearers,—then taking me by the hand, with a starting tear he replied, "I shall always be glad to see you there, or anywhere else," and which feeling he kindly manifested through life. Our last meeting was on the occasion of his Visitation at St. Chad's Church, in 1846.—The elected Churchwardens met then, as they do now, to pay the Fees and sign their Declarations, in a front room of the Lion Hotel, which opens into a passage or entrance from the street. On passing the door, he saw a crowd of Churchwardens, when with eagerness pressing through it, he graciously came to me, and seizing my hand, said "Oh! Mr. Hulbert I am nearly blind, but I could see you." As he addressed no other person in the room, I considered it as a personal distinction, of which I might justly be proud. To the plainness of speech, judgment, sound principles and good sense of this venerable Divine, manifested in his Public Discourses and Charges, mine would be too feeble a testimony. On July 13th, 1851, I visited the grave, in Meole Churchyard, of this truly evangelical, diligent and benevolent Minister of God's Holy Word. On the stone which covers his remains, and those of his honoured father, his predecessor as Vicar of Meole, and others, is inscribed "The Rev. EDWARD BATHER, Vicar of this Parish, and Archdeacon of Salop, died October 3rd, 1842, aged 67."

With great happiness I record the efficiency and zeal of his successor—it seems as if the mantle of the good and beloved Archdeacon Bather, Vicar of Meole, had fallen in all its virtue and goodness on the Venerable the Archdeacon Allen, Vicar of Prees.

* The following Lines were occasioned by the Writer, a stranger, visiting Coleham Manufactory Sunday School.

"MAY the most high benevolently kind,
With constant care this institution bless;
Inspire each Teacher with an humble mind,
And crown their labours with his great success.

Let mild benevolence, let friendship true,
Let fervent zeal and ardour e'er combine
With all that British virtue ever knew,
To aid this work of Charity divine.

And when the great Archangel's Trump shall sound,
And the vast Globe's one universal flame;
Before the Throne let these† with joy be found,
And blessings follow every TEACHER'S name."

*Shrewsbury, Nov.* 1816. R. J. M.

† Alluding to the Scholars.

*Salopian Magazine.*

‡ On the 27th December, 1816, a Public Meeting was held in the Guildhall, Shrewsbury, and a subscription entered into to liquidate the debt on the School. As one of the committee and a visitor, at that time, I had the privilege of stating to the Meeting, from the testimony of the children themselves, and the books of the school, that 55 on Sundays attended Coleham Sunday School, and were taught the Church Catechism once a month; 50 attended St. Chad's Parish Sunday School, and were also taught the Catechism; 37 attended Mr. Palmer's, the Baptist Sunday School; 30 that of Mr. Weaver, (Independents) 6 their respective Parish Churches, and 2 the Meeting in High street—so that it then appeared, that two-thirds of the scholars were regularly taught the Church Catechism.

Prior to this meeting, the Parish of St. Mary had withdrawn the grant of £5 a year, to a person appointed to teach the Catechism to the children of parents attached to the Church of England. My intention was to shew, that notwithstanding that withdrawal, it was delightful to know, that a great portion were actually instructed in the principles of the Establishment: and why should they not? while the committee comprises an equal number of Churchmen and Dissenters. I hope the time will never come, when religious instruction will be withheld from the children of public schools. Since writing the above, by an entire accident, I have discovered the remains of a Note, escaped from my sad Fire, that Mr. Lancaster, addressed to me, inclosing Tickets for myself and Mr. Justice Smith, dated Shrewsbury, 13th July, 1810.—And also a portion of his Printed circular, headed with the Royal Arms.

"SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—JOSEPH LANCASTER, Inventor and Superintendent of the Plan for Educating poor Children, under Patronage of the KING, QUEEN, and ROYAL FAMILY, intends to deliver A LECTURE on his NEW and ORIGINAL SYSTEM, of EDUCATION, at the Talbot Inn, this Evening, 13th of 7th month, (July) at Six o'clock. The object of this Lecture is publicly to explain the manner in which One Master may govern and teach One Thousand Children, with as much facility as Twenty, in half the usual time, and at one-third the common expense. The Principle of Order, the method whereby One Book will serve for Five Hundred or One Thousand Children, and the manner in which Five Hundred Scholars may spell at the same instant of time, will be practically elucidated. Tickets to be had at WM. EDDOWES'.—Price 1s. each."

The above particulars were written July 14, 1851, just 41 years after the Lecture was delivered. Mr. Lancaster dwelt much on Royal Patronage, and on the declaration of His Majesty King George the Third, that 'He wished every child in his Kingdom to be taught to read the Bible.' The recital of this

To render the Magazine as useful and interesting as possible, numerous were the Books and Publications I purchased and read—and on many occasions, through the neglect of correspondents, Essays, Poems, &c. had to be furnished from my own often wearied and feeble mental resources. The monthly observations were exclusively my own. Casting my eye over those of December 30, 1815, I view in the present position, June, 1851, of my beloved Country, an almost entire fulfilment of ALL my then wishes and desires.

"From all gloomy reflections and melancholy forebodings, we turn with exultation to survey the proud eminence and majestic height on which Great Britain stands! At her nod, the resentments of contending nations cease: for her gratification the industry and ingenuity of the whole population of the globe is exerted. To augment her resources, and to consolidate her influence, contributary nations and colonies, from 61 degrees north latitude, to 33 degrees south, pour in their stores of merchandize and wealth.—So pre-eminently elevated, Great Britain has it in her power to increase or diminish the prosperity and welfare of all nations; consequently the improvement and happiness of the whole human race depends on the wisdom and benevolence of her councils.—May her Rulers be governed by Divine direction. May she never more indulge in the desire of conquest or extension of dominion, satisfied with the fact, that the territory under her sovereignty, equals in square miles the monarchies of antiquity; that the united population of her kingdoms and dependencies, is greater than that of either of the four great Empires of the world.—May she now seek to atone for the blood that has been spilt in her road to dominion, by the exertion of her influence and opportunity to disseminate the light of the gospel among all nations, and by introducing systems of government on the broad basis of Civil and Religious Liberty.—May she cherish and protect her own Liberty and Prosperity, and by encouraging purity of morals and genuine piety, become the ORNAMENT, as she is the ARBITRESS of nations."

My correspondence with the Hon. H. G. Bennet, Colonel Lyster, M. P. and Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P. continued without interruption. I must ever, as previously related, regret the loss of that correspondence in my *fatal Fire*; especially of a Letter from Colonel Lyster, while in Switzerland: in which he described the country, his tours through it—and his being attacked by, and his escape from, murderous Banditti. A portion of a Letter from Mr. Butterworth being given in the Salopian Magazine, is preserved, in which he says, "I can bear the fullest testimony to the worth of Mr. Bennet, as a very useful, judicious servant of the public." And such was the good, the pious, Joseph Butterworth himself.

For reasons previously stated, I will conclude my extracts from the labours of 1815, 16, and 17.

Of all the periods of my Life, the years 1815, 16, and 17, were the most melancholy and unfortunate. Calamities, business misfortunes, death and sickness, met me at every step.—Yet I do not say that they were more dismal or extensive, than many we hear or read of every day; but what happens at a distance, and beyond the sphere of our own immediate circle, cannot by any possibility, affect our feelings, like those miseries which befal us at our own fireside. Calamities too, are always the more piercing, if they happen when least expected. Such were mine in every instance. To yourself, my dearest Charles, the reality of every event, for years preceding, and of those of every subsequent period, are within vivid recollection, and have been met with feelings of sympathy and filial affection, which your parents can never forget. And, if ever my heart wavered as to the belief, that a *peculiar Providence* awaited *me*, it was in some periods of the years I have stated above. But I afterwards saw, there was a Providence, in my misfortunes.

For several years preceding, my heart had been elevated, and happiness had attended my steps. But my misfortunes led me to the adoption of the business of a Public Salesman, at which, my feelings at first revolted; but instant success being the result attained, and which continued while resident in Shrewsbury, I saw therein also, the finger of a gracious and directing Providence.*

I feel the destruction of my Records and Manuscripts, an irreparable loss; and my

declaration had its due effect on my heart,—and like my Sovereign, I viewed the System of Education invented by Joseph Lancaster, as calculated extensively to promote that most benevolent desire.



* One of the Sales in after years, to which I had the honour to be appointed, was thus announced in Public Advertisements. "GREAT SALE IN SHREWSBURY.—Two Hundred Houses, spacious Carriers Warehouses, Iron Foundry, River Wharfs, Retail Shops, commodious Inns, Butchers' Shops, Malt Houses, Stables, Gardens, Building Sites, Dissenting Meeting House, &c." This Sale was described as "The most Extensive Sale of BUILDING PROPERTY, ever known or contemplated in the Town of Shrewsbury." For this appointment, I was indebted to the Noble Proprietor, and his respectable Agent, W. Wybergh How, Esq.

distance from you, my dear Son, from whose retentive memory, and filial kindness, valuable aid might be derived,—no less a misfortune. You will however, as on every occasion, have the *proof-sheets* of my Reminiscences, submitted to your inspection; when errors, if any, I am sure will be faithfully pointed out, and corrected, as far as practicable.

Among the calamities of these calamitous years, was the overflowing of the River Severn, seven times in one year; deluging, for one or two feet, the lower, or living apartments, of more than thirty of my Cottage Tenements, or Dwelling Houses, including Miniature Castle: by which they were rendered so damp and uncomfortable, that many of my best tenants removed, and others did not succeed. To guard against a recurrence of these calamities, I raised the approaches to the dwellings, and the floors of many, as high as the ceilings would admit; which proved a great advantage to the property, and few were the overflowings afterwards of years: and the houses eventually became fully inhabited.

In the course of my engagements as a Manufacturer, Mercer, Draper, &c. I had the friendship and acquaintance of one of the most extensive Manufacturers and Proprietors of various property in the vicinity where I had lived. This gentleman had kindly and extensively acted as a Banker for many respectable Retailers in the Town. The manner was this:—He gave his own Bill or Note for a sum, at a certain date; the individual in whose favour the Bill was drawn, was expected to pay instantly in cash, half the amount of the accommodation, and to bring to the drawer the remaining balance before the Bill became due. Had this always been done, or indeed generally been done, no evil would have happened, but this was not the case; on the contrary, those very parties in whose favour he had drawn them, refused to give him their indorsement to Bills he would get discounted at his Banker's for cash to meet those of these very ungrateful tradesmen. But there are those living who can testify with me, that never once did I refuse so reasonable, though dangerous a request, as an indorsement, for the purpose specified, and the benefit of *others*. The conduct of these tradesmen, and the great amount he had drawn for them, and for their own advantage, at last roused in him the determination to make a stand, let the result be what it might.

I recollect it was on a Sunday morning, after the Drawer had made every effort the preceding evening, that a still highly respected messenger brought me the intelligence, that my friend had come to the resolution I have named; expressing, deep regret for the inconvenience I should be called upon to suffer, from having so hastily to raise money for my own Bills, and also for those I had indorsed for discount, and then in his Banker's hands—presenting me with a list of the engagements, their dates, &c. This was a second great shock; the defalcation of my Brother, and the consequent claim by the Brewery, was the first I had ever sustained. Oh! what a Sabbath did I keep. The amount of the whole excited me almost to distraction; but the kind messenger assured me that no loss would eventually be sustained by me, and that the Drawer would pay me at a given period, not only whatever sum I might advance for his relative's Bills, but also interest up to the moment of payment. This was encouraging. This was honourable—but the difficulty was, How shall I raise the money to meet the demand? the answer was, I have a splendid stock of Books which cost me many Hundreds of Pounds, I will instantly pack up Three or Four Hundred Pounds worth, and send them to Liverpool, to Mr. Mollisson, for Sale by Auction. I will collect what bills I can that are due, from my customers; and if need be, sell a portion of my Drapery stock. This plan satisfied me in prospect, but eventually proved the uncertainty of trusting to *accidental* or uncertain resources for raising money to meet *certain* determined and UNAVOIDABLE Payments. My friendly tradesmen, READ THIS. The Books were sent for Sale, and I anxiously waited the expected return; when at last I received a Banker's Bill for £40. as the proceeds of the Sale, after deducting expenses. Not believing this statement to be correct, I hastened to Liverpool, to the shop of the salesman, and calling him out of a back parlour, I eagerly enquired if he had not

made a mistake? at the same time, casting my eyes on his shop-shelves, which contained the greatest portion of my valuable consignment. What, I said, have you bought them yourself, and made me your sacrifice? I was going to have committed a terrible breach of the peace, when he retired from my sight.

I returned home full of distress, but it was suggested to my mind, Take out a License, and become an AUCTIONEER. Sink your pride as a Manufacturer, and superior Tradesman, and sell your own goods, and whatever respectable property may be intrusted to your hands. I made additional sacrifices, in the whole to a considerable amount: and without the world knowing what troubles were in my heart, I duly met every Bill, and finally received from my friend, for I still called him so, Principal and Interest, for the whole I had advanced; and for myself, a complete liberation from the thraldom of *mutual Accommodation Bills!* I prospered in my new profession, beyond my most sanguine expectation.

The following year, (1816) I had notice of approaching misfortunes. I was calmly resting in my bed, meditating on subjects for the forthcoming Monthly Number of my Magazine; the curtains of our bed being either withdrawn, or appeared to be so, when the veritable apparition of a pious departed friend, Mr. John Blower, presented itself. Startled at the sight, I was going to enquire the object of his visit, when he with a melancholy sweetness I cannot express, said, "My dear friend, I come to inform you, that you will soon have to pass through deep afflictions, and your life will be in danger." I replied, I will pray to God. Upon turning from me to withdraw, he, with a benignant smile replied, "Do, and you will succeed." I had no terror, but for days afterwards, my feelings were indescribable. I however soon entered upon the scene of afflictions, which the friendly apparition had so faithfully predicted.

But this sorrow of *money*, was not equal to the following. On the 10th of May, 1817, my dear second Son, Thomas, died, who had lost his sight from a then unknown cause. Great was the expense I had been at, in obtaining the best medical assistance; sending him with his tender Mother to Watering Places, &c. He was a holy boy, an angel, if one ever existed upon earth. He was then in his eleventh year; this dear child came to me on the evening of the day mentioned, to bid me good night, prior to going to bed. I was engaged, preparing my last Articles for the Salopian Magazine, designing with that Number to close the Publication. Kissing me most affectionately, he said, "Good night, Father." Good night, Tom. God bless you. Go to bed, was my answer. In the morning, soon after six o'clock, the nurse-maid, with a countenance bespeaking terror, entered our bedroom, saying "Master, come into Thomas's room." I hastily quitted my own room, and entered the dear fellow's apartment, and there I beheld him, a sweet, but lifeless corpse. I lifted him from his bed, determined to carry him to Dr. Du Gard, when his dear Mother, in agony, and apparent distraction, arrested my attention, and I attended to her, sent for the Doctor instantly; he came, and assured me he was dead, and that he had died in his sleep without pain. We closed our windows, and gave ourselves up to parental grief. When ten o'clock (the hour of letters being delivered) arrived, the postman sent up two into our sitting-room, on the second floor. I could not resist the desire to know the contents of each. The first I opened was addressed to me from Messrs. Jones, Loyd, & Co. Bankers, Manchester; stating that the Bills I had indorsed for a Mr. B. then a Bankrupt, were deposited in their Bank, that he had drawn their amount, and that I must instantly take up the Bills, or they must hold me to Bail. Now really, never having arrested any man, or been arrested myself, I did not at first enter into the full meaning of the threat. I opened the second letter, when I received from it the still more melancholy information, that my Brother had ruptured a blood-vessel, was in distressing circumstances, and that I must instantly come to his relief. Scarcely had I read the heart-breaking contents, than a rap was heard at the door, and the servant came to tell me that Mr.— of the Brewery, wished to see me. I sent down an apology, stating the sorrowful circumstance of the sudden death of my Son; when he returned a message "The

business is important, and he must see me." I went down stairs, when he reminded me that the Partners of the Salopian Brewery held a heavy Bond with Interest, in which I was guarantee for my Brother; and that they had received intelligence of his insolvency and illness, and that I must pardon the Company making a direct application to me: which if not complied with, must be enforced by legal measures, naming the Attorney to be employed.

I had some hope of warding off the danger, I wrote to the Bankers, stating that I had no interest whatever in the Bills, beyond having obliged Mr. B. by my indorsement. I received for answer, "That it was on the credit of my name they had advanced upon the Bills, and that my responsibility could in no way be discharged, but by the immediate payment of the amount."

In the midst of all this trouble, I committed the precious remains of my sweet intelligent Boy into the family grave of his venerated Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, &c. in the Churchyard of St. Alkmond, Shrewsbury.

As I have written before, I was not without hope of being enabled to ward off the blow. The occupiers of a portion of my Manufactory in Coleham, paid a rent of more than £200 a year, and I hoped for payment of what was due; but of this I was disappointed. I then waited on a friend who had often advanced me money when wanted, and mentioned my case, which was instantly most kindly responded to, and a loan to any amount obligingly promised; but before this could be accomplished, my friend died.

Racked by a series of disappointments, and the demands of debts contracted from motives of love and friendship, and without any gain on my part; and feeling how much I had injured myself and family, the sorrow I then underwent, it is impossible for me to describe.—My heart seemed for a time to have lost its former confidence in Almighty Goodness. I saw no way of deliverance, but in the sacrifice of my stock-in-trade, or freehold property. I felt a near approach to despair—when, as if starting from a dream, I recollected the advice of Mr. Blower's apparition, "Pray to God, and you will succeed." Lamenting my forgetfulness, and want of faith, I presented my poor prayers most fervently to Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Hitherto I had kept all my troubles to myself, but I now resolved to state my case to Messrs. Lloyd and Williams, whose offices were at the Stone House, in the vicinity of my then residence in Castle street. My relation was listened to with affectionate attention, particularly by Mr. Lloyd; when Mr. Williams, with some surprise, eagerly enquired, "Why, Mr. Hulbert, how could you, a sensible man, lend your name to B. or enter into a Bond for your Brother who has no family, and you have one young, and entirely dependent upon you? But we will however do our best to help you."

"First," said Mr. Williams, "under what circumstances did you give to Mr. B. your indorsement on the Bills?" He assured me there was no danger, that he was a man of property, worth more than £5000; that my indorsement was a mere act of friendship, and never could injure me. "Have you a memorandum of that?" continued Mr. Williams. Yes, I said. I have one under his own hand. "Fetch it me." My house being near the office, I produced it almost in a minute. Reading it, he anxiously enquired, "Has Mr. B. any rich relations?" I answered, he has a Brother. "Well then, that is fortunate for you. It is very probable, Mr. B. did not intend you should ever come into trouble on his account, but on the face of this there is a fraud; and I will write immediately to say, if your name be not instantly cancelled from the Bills, I will proceed against the Bankrupt, for obtaining money under false pretences." The threat was successful; and a letter eventually arrived from Messrs. Jones, Loyd,* & Co. saying that "Mr. Hulbert's name was cancelled, and that he was not now in any degree responsible."

With respect to the Brewery Bond, proceedings were stayed by the lamented death in succession, of two of the partners; when, after fruitless appeals to their successors,

* One of the most wealthy and respectable Banking Firms in the United Kingdom. A member of the London Establishment has lately been created an English Peer, with the title of Lord Overbury.

for an abatement of the demand, swelled by arrears of interest, I was enabled to discharge the obligation, in full of all demands.

I forgot to tell you, that as soon as possible, and while in deep suspense, I went over to see my poor Brother, who was indeed dangerously ill; and I found him but just recovering from a great alarm The partner of his deep sorrows and affliction, for a time lost her reason and writing a letter and placing it on the dressing table in her bedroom, she left his side while asleep, and wandered from place to place, leaving him and all her friends in the deepest distress: and was finally discovered in a field near Stockport, ten miles distant. She was however, when I arrived, in better health, but not quite well; and explained her motives for wandering, and designing her own destruction She happily recovered, and survived my Brother about nine years; dying in peace, near Eccles, during the prevalence of the Cholera in 1849. Both experiencing from you, the same kindness in their latter days, which I sought to render to them, in former times.

Amidst all these disasters, I continued to labour hard in my new profession, the success of which, induced me to accept a proposal from Mr. Thomas D——, a young man of property, (now a Clergyman) to let to him for a term of years, the rooms I then occupied as a Weaving Manufactory; in which lease, was a covenant, that I should increase the number of Looms, by thirty additional new ones.

No sooner was the lease completed, than, without my knowledge, Mr. D. transferred it to a Mr. M'Evoy, writing master of the Free Schools; who, unfortunately for my comfort, had ingratiated himself into my favour, and that of my family. Notwithstanding, it was with very great reluctance, that I consented to accept him as a tenant, instead of Mr. D. The acceptance was another error, and a great folly in my life. Mr. D. lent Mr. M'Evoy a sum of money, &c. to commence with; and Mr. M'Evoy affected to have funds at command, and compelled me in virtue of the clause in the lease, to complete the specified number of Looms. This I did, and lent him sixty pounds, to pay wages, &c.; I also trusted him for Stationery, valuable Books, &c. to an equal amount, Anxious to do all I could to promote his interest and happiness. When lo! he was arrested by Mr. D. for the amount he had lent him—thrown into prison—took the benefit of the Insolvent Act—caused all the Books he had purchased from me, to be sold for money to pay for his discharge, &c. and to pay two shillings and five pence half-penny in the pound, on the whole of his debts; no other property being sold but my Books. The whole loss I sustained was very considerable; all which would have been prevented, had I kept Mr. D. to his contract. Being free from his engagement to me, he commenced Common Brewer, and I took possession of the Manufactory, and continued all the hands in work, under engagement for a term of three years, until the last had completed their time of servitude.

About this time I made another grand mistake, and was the dupe of one, I believed to be a friend, by whose representations and persuasion, I was induced to purchase a dwelling house and shop, on Pride Hill, for £900; he offering to lend me £500 on my own note, towards the completion of the purchase—on the strength of which offer, I paid £100 deposit to Mr. Jonathan Perry, at that time a popular and highly respectable Auctioneer. The time of full payment, or a forfeit of the deposit money, soon arrived, when I applied to my friend for the loan he had offered, when to my great astonishment, he declared that he had forgotten the engagement, and had lent the money to another, whose Promissory Note he instantly produced: but he added, "I have a relative who has plenty of money, and he will be here on Saturday, and I will speak to him." Saturday came, and the relative came, but like myself, he WANTED money.

I then recollected that my Brother-in-law was about to pay up to the Trustees of the family of his late Brother, a sum quite adequate to all my desires. I applied to the Trustees, Messrs. Beacall and Williams, who promised it most readily when it came into their power.—This was soon the fact, and I hastened to remind them, and to claim the fulfilment of their engagement; when I was informed, that having forgotten it, and also supposing that I had completed my purchase

without the money—they had placed it in Mr. P——'s hands, to find an eligible security: but if Mr. P—— had not succeeded, it would afford them the highest delight to accommodate so near a relative of the owners of the money. I consequently hastened to Mr. P. whom I supposed knew of my expectation, and would reserve it; but he pointed to some Deeds on his desk, which he said were prepared for another borrower, who *must have* the money. Had I been wise, I had forfeited the deposit money at once, or advertised a re-sale.

My trouble, vexation, and self-reproach, knew no bounds. But I had still my friends, and property to raise money upon; while it is singular to relate, that all the parties named, were in a short time carried to their final resting place. It was in me a great mistake, to listen to any persuasion from persons deeply interested in preventing the property I bought, from falling into hands likely to become their opponents in trade. Thus disappointed, I applied to my never failing friends, Messrs. Lloyd and Williams, and on mortgage, most promptly received the amount I needed.

The house to which I had removed, in Castle street, was the property of my neighbour, Mr. B. from him I had hired it for a term of years, by way of lease, which, though a mere memorandum, on *unstamped* paper, I considered myself bound in honour to fulfil. As therefore he was not willing to release me from its conditions, I let the premises I had purchased, to a Mr. Torr, at a yearly rent of £60: who resided in them for nearly twelve months, when he became insolvent, and signed over his estate and effects to trustees, who sold all his property, promising to pay the forthcoming half-year's rent: but having *cleared* the premises, they defied me, and denied my claim on the estate. Torr kept possession of the house, and closed it up for another half-year, until I took legal possession of it, and it remained unoccupied for more than six months longer. At which time I had the good fortune to *let* the house I rented under Mr. B——, to a Mr. Cahuac, Tea Dealer, for an advance of rent over what I gave, and left the premises with Mr. B——'s consent; who, as the Landlord's right, claimed all my improvements, which had cost me about £150. I then removed to my own premises on Pride Hill, and which as you have, my dear Charles, so kindly reminded me, was in the month of March, 1818.

In the month of May, 1819, died my honoured and greatly beloved friend, Richard Lyster, Esq. M. P. His demise creating a vacancy in the Representation of the Borough of Shrewsbury. John Mytton, of Halston Hall, Esq. and Panton Corbett, of Leighton Hall, Esq. became Candidates. The contest was spirited, and ended in the Election of the former gentleman. The numbers polled were, for Mr. Mytton, 384, for Mr. Corbett, 287. Mr. Corbett merited and had my best, most cordial, and zealous support.

About the year 1810, had happened a circumstance which created great surprise and excitement at the time. Mr. Crowther, of Harley, near Wenlock, an eminent Maltster, and a particular religious friend of mine, suddenly disappeared from his residence, and as, when he was last seen, he was on the banks of the River Severn, it was supposed that he had found a watery grave. The waggon, loaded with malt, that he had proposed to follow to Wellington, arrived at its destination, but no Mr. Crowther. The river was searched downwards to the Bristol Channel, but no discovery of his drowned remains. It was then supposed he had been murdered, and blood-hounds were employed to search for his murdered body; but all attempts at discovery were vain. His widow went into mourning—assumed the reins of government, and conducted the business with ability and judgment, supposing herself a widow.

I believe it was this year, (1819) that a Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull* of Shrewsbury, emigrated to America, and as we had known the parties many years, and esteemed them, we paid them on leaving, every attention in our power. They arrived safely at Boston, when passing along the streets, a voice accosted them, "Friends, are you from the Old Country?" "Yes," was the answer. "What part?" "Shrewsbury," was the reply. "Do you know Mr. Hulbert?" "Yes," they eagerly answered "we slept at his house the

* The History of Mrs. Turnbull, (formerly Miss Chester) if written, would be a most interesting Publication. She died at Washington, 1850.

night before we left." "Oh!" says the stranger, "he was my dear friend. Come along with me, and we will sit down a few minutes, and I will tell you all my story. My name is Crowther, formerly of Harley. I left my native country —— years ago, without acquainting any one,—I was a man in good business and prospects,—but unhappy. I married a female, older and richer than myself, being possessed of good property. When married, I had a father living, who took up his abode with us: at that time his eyes were growing dim, and he could not render us much service. I loved him affectionately, as I did my wife. He died—and my own eyes became like his, when my wife perceiving the affliction, would often tauntingly say, "Aye, I suppose I shall soon have you to keep, as I had your father." Being then a religious man, under the instruction of your friend, and my friend, Mr. H. I would not quarrel with her, but formed the resolution to leave my wife, my country, and many dear friends;* and here I am, a journeyman Maltster, never intending to return."

This information, Mrs. Turnbull lost no time in communicating to us; and I, as promptly, wrote to Mrs. Crowther, desiring to see her at my residence as quickly as possible, to which she as promptly responded, when we laid before her the letter we had received. She became very much agitated, and after a flood of tears, related to us all the times she could call to her remembrance, that she had ever expressed herself in the manner Mr. Crowther had related, and added "They were in moments of irritation, and that she little thought of the wound she was inflicting." We there and then, wrote a letter to Mr. Crowther, according to the address given to us; in which Mrs. Crowther explained, begged pardon, and promised on his return, the most perfect kindness and affection: and assured him, that his home still remained, and was ready to receive him. To this letter, no answer was ever returned. Mrs. Crowther is dead; but the fate of her self-exiled husband, is to me unknown.

Another circumstance happened *this* year, or the *following*, equally romantic. After attending a public engagement in my large room of the Manufactory, a female waited upon me, saying, that "She had heard that I was a very good landlord, and had a many houses, and as she was a native of Shrewsbury, and possessed a little property, she should be very happy to become my tenant. Happening to have an unoccupied house at the time, I walked with her to view it, and approving, she immediately engaged it; desiring a little colouring and white-washing to be given to it before entrance. A very civil Bricklayer, a Mr. Pritchard, living in the neighbourhood, I instantly engaged him to complete the needful repairs; informing him that the key would be at my residence whenever he wanted it. Mrs. Gellings, as my new tenant called herself, walked with me into the town, and on the way she informed me that she could place implicit confidence in any promise I might make to her, and on that account she had *first* a communication to make—and that was, that having saved a sum of money, about £200, upon which, with the use of a Mangle, which she intended to purchase, and to let for hire, she hoped to have the means of living creditably. At the sametime, she had *great fear of dying suddenly*, and the promise she wished to obtain from me was, that if the event she dreaded *should* happen while resident in my house, that I would see her suitably buried, and she would deposit in my hands on interest, the money she had named, to become mine after her death. The information and the request were astonishing and unexpected; I however accepted the conditions, and gave my promise, and she said "Now I am happy." I wished her many years of life and increased happiness, and we parted.

A day or two afterwards, you, my dear Charles, may recollect coming to me in my office, and saying, "Father, Pritchard wants the key of the house in Coleham." It was given to you, my Son, under the impression that the Pritchard who desired the key, was the Bricklayer previously mentioned. A few days afterwards, Mrs. Gellings called again,

* It was my happiness at that time to have the sincere friendship, not only of Mr. Crowther, but of other religious friends in and near the humble, but friendly, Town of Wenlock; especially of the late Mr. Thomas Herryman Wellings, whose memory is ever dear to my recollection. He died in the Faith, July, 1836. We met in humble prayer, a few days only before his departure to a better world, being thirty years, as near as possible, from our first meeting.

desiring immediately to be put into possession of the house, as she had bought suitable furniture, and deposited it in my Coleham Warehouse, ready for removal to her dwelling. I there and then accompanied her to her dwelling, which I expected was ready for occupation; when on entering it, I found it already occupied by a person of the name of Pritchard, without my knowledge, and to whom you had given the key. I told the man and his family, they must instantly remove, that they had no business in the house, it was let to the lady with me, now come to take possession. "No, sir," was the reply, "I am in possession, and will remain so." At that moment, the tenant residing at the next door, whom I saw a day or two ago, came forward and said, "Sir, I will give up my house to the lady, it is rather better than the other; but I cannot do it of a month to come." To this, Mrs. Gellings and myself agreed, she saying, "The furniture can remain in your warehouse, and I will continue my lodging, making little additions to my goods, as opportunity may offer."

So far, all was settled. In a day or two, Mrs. Gellings, under great agitation, called at my office, and desiring to see me in private, she burst into a flood of tears, saying, "Mr. Hulbert, I have deceived you. I am not the person I represented myself to be.—I am a married female, and my residence is in the City of Bristol. My husband is younger than myself, and has formed an attachment for a young woman in the City, which so deeply afflicted me, that I formed the determination, secretly, to leave my husband, my children, and my home, for ever. Previous to doing so, I obtained from my husband the sum of £200, which, as the whole of our property, was *my own* prior to our marriage; I considered myself justified in doing so, and this is the money I offered to you, and the reason of my requiring the promise from you, in case of my death, to see me buried, was, that my distress of mind was sometimes so great that I contemplated suicide—and feared in that case, no one would see me properly interred. Your promise relieved me from that apprehension, and I felt *less afraid to die.* Had the house I had engaged been ready for my reception, and I had entered upon it, I know not how soon the dreadful deed might have forced itself upon me. Yesterday, after attending a morning Sale of Furniture in the Double Butcher Row, buying a few articles, and intending to do the same in the afternoon, I thought I would purchase a little confectionery, and order a glass of negus as my dinner, instead of walking to my lodgings in the Abbey Foregate, and returning from thence: when just as I entered the Hen and Chickens, in Dogpole, my husband came up to me, and tapping me on the shoulder, said "What, you are alive. I have travelled six hundred miles in search of you, and had given up the pursuit." We had many words, but I have consented to return with him; and he is now in your warehouse in Coleham, waiting to see you. I hope, Sir, you will forgive the deception I have practised upon you."

Her language and carriage from the first moment I saw her, bespoke her respectability and intelligence.

On entering the warehouse, her husband, under great excitement, approached me. "You see there, Sir, (pointing to his wife, then absorbed in tears) one of the vilest women that ever lived. She robbed me of £200, under the pretence of wanting that sum to complete the purchase of the family Plate; her mother being dead at Cleobury North, in Shropshire, to which I consented. After she had been absent some days, I received this letter, (holding it in his hand) purporting to be from her sister, and says, "That on the arrival of Mary, (that woman there) she became so excited and full of grief, that she was thrown into premature labour; and shortly after, herself and infant died—that she was buried at Cleobury North, &c. and the writer desired to know what I would have put upon her gravestone."

"Sir, judge my agony on receipt of this letter. I left home, in a state of distraction. As the Post mark on the letter was Shrewsbury, I concluded Cleobury North must be in the vicinity, so came down into this County—went to Cleobury Mortimer, and Lydbury North, and all over the County. I have also been in Ireland, and as my last hope, after travelling more than six hundred miles, returned to Shrewsbury, and called at the Hen and Chickens, where, I understood Coachmen often assembled, to enquire of

them, if any such passenger had been in their coaches, when by the merest accident I met with her there."

With a diversity of feeling, I listened to the story; when obtaining liberty to speak, I informed him of all I knew of Mrs. Gellings, (as we will still call her) and enquired if he had not given her some cause to suspect his fidelity, from his preference to a certain young lady, with whom he associated and walked more frequently than with his Wife. Interrupting me, he said, "It is not true." I then observed in reply to the charge of robbery:—Did not the property come into your possession, by marriage with her? which he acknowledged—and when I tell you, that if Divine Providence, as I believe, had not thrown obstacles in the way of her becoming a housekeeper, she might now have been a lifeless corpse. Relating all she had told me on the subject, I saw the tears glisten in his eyes, and began soon to perceive, I had softened his heart. Now Sir, I said, the fact that your wife intended to purchase a Mangle, and to live on the £200, is a proof of the sincerity of her conviction, that she had lost your affections; and her temptations to suicide, a confirmation that she believed her happiness was gone for ever. At the same time Mrs. Gellings was sobbing, and looking through the window; Mr. Gellings appeared also deeply affected: he was then sitting on a chair near me—I rose, and went to Mrs. Gellings, taking her by the hand, I placed her on her husband's knee, when such a return of affection was manifested, I had never before witnessed. I leaped and capered about the room for joy.

Having thus reconciled, I gave them my blessing—took them home to dinner and tea, and next morning they left for Bristol, under promise on my part of eternal secrecy as to their names; and on their part, that the happiness I had restored them to would ever be in their grateful remembrance.

You will be surprised, my dearest Charles, that I have not adopted your Narrative of the above circumstances; the fact is, by some chance I have mislaid the document, and my Printer being waiting for copy, I have furnished him with the above particulars, as fresh in my memory as when the circumstances took place.

Among the most interesting events of this year, was the marriage of John Thomas Lloyd, Esq. the only son of my sincere and principal friend, Thomas Lloyd, Esq. to Miss Butler, daughter of Dr. Butler, then Head Master of Shrewsbury Schools. Never was joy more generally or sincerely manifested than on this happy occasion, and testified by illuminations, transparencies, &c. My humble contribution to the hallowed expression of feeling, was a Transparency, filling a large front window. On the Transparency was represented Hymen with his Flaming Torch, supporting a Shield formed by a Wreath, as the emblem of eternity, encircled with Flowers; a pair of Turtle Doves forming the Crest. Inside the circle was inscribed, "Manly worth, was united to Female excellence. October 4th, 1819."

My humble tribute of esteem was visited by Dr. Parr,* in company with Dr. Du Gard, who had been dining with the Father of the Bride; when with great feeling he kindly expressed his approbation of my effort, saying, "Mr. Hulbert, in the name of myself and friend, Dr. Butler,† I thank you for this expression of your feelings. The Transparency does credit to your learning, your taste, your talents, and your heart."

---

* Dr. Parr was born at Harrow in 1747. He was first intended for the medical profession, but disliking it, he determined to enter the Church; and pursued his studies in Emmanuel College, Cambridge. At one time he was a very popular schoolmaster, and held ecclesiastical preferment with endowed schools. About 1771, he married, but not very comfortably. In 1810, he became a widower; and in 1816, when nearly 70 years of age, he married a second time, which union was a source of great happiness for the remainder of his life. He died in 1825. As a classical scholar, Dr. Parr was pre-eminent, and it is said that he once remarked in company, "Porson is the first Greek Scholar in England, my friend Butler is the third, and I will leave you to judge who is the second." He was the Author of several Publications; his principal production was an edition of 'Bellendinus,' in which he assisted his friend Harry Horner.

† Dr. Butler, 38 years Head Master of King Edward's Free Grammar School, Shrewsbury, was most deservedly elevated to the Episcopal Chair of Lichfield, in the year 1836. Having raised the School to the highest degree of eminence, on resigning his charge, his grateful pupils presented him with Plate of the value of 300 guineas, their united contributions; and after his death, which happened in November, 1839, they erected a Monument in St. Mary's Church, to his memory, which cost 800 guineas. He was Author of various Publications, partly of a Translation of Lucien Buonaparte's 'Charlemagne,' 2 vols. quarto; 'Ancient and Modern Geography,' &c. Long will his name be loved and revered by hundreds of grateful pupils and admiring friends.

The Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D. D. is the present learned and talented Head Master of Shrewsbury Schools; and the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Visitor.

A more amiable and happy pair than Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, probably never existed. Some sweet and beautiful lines appeared in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, on the occasion, and have been copied in my Literary Beauties, and Poetical Bouquet. The following, a portion of them, seem almost prophetic.

"There is a radiant hue of gladness,
To-night, o'er all we hear and see;
A momentary dream of madness,
The heart's delirious jubilee.

Who recks amid a scene like this,
Of future grief, or toil, or pain;
To-morrow shall dissolve the bliss,
And care and reason wake again.

And it may be that yonder chime,
Which spoke to-day of hearts delighted;
May sadly tell in after time,
That death those hearts has disunited."

Melancholy to relate, a very few years only, were the happy pair permitted to enjoy their almost more than earthly bliss. Mr. John Thomas Lloyd died May 4, 1826, in his 35th year; to the inexpressible grief of his family and friends. His honoured father, it is said, soon after he expired, was only by great effort, removed from his breathless remains. He survived his beloved and only son, little more than two years and a half; dying January 17th, 1829, aged 69 years. In a parallel line in St. Mary's churchyard, rest the remains of each the above honoured individuals, and those of Bishop Butler, and Dr. Du Gard; and neatly so, those of Mr. D. Parkes, and his family†—all dear, honoured, and valued friends of *him* who pens this memorial.

I hope, my dearest Charles, you will not be wearied with reading what you have so often heard verbally related; and I may add, with which, from personal knowledge, you are so well acquainted.

The following narrative, though in some degree may be out of order, yet, as in connection with the excellent friends, Messrs. Lloyd, of whom I have just been speaking; the circumstances to be related will have some interest, proving in continuation, their *real* friendship and zeal for my welfare. At the same time, I am aware, that in the estimation of men of business, my character for resolution of purpose, will not be improved.

The losses I have mentioned, were not the only ones which then crossed my path. Sir Robert Peel's Currency Bill was foreseen by me, as being certain in its effects to lessen the value of real property, such as my extensive Buildings in Coleham,* &c. At this time, property in Shrewsbury received a shock—so much so, that twenty-six nearly new brick Houses, near the canal wharf, belonging to a late beloved Nobleman, which had cost the Noble Lord £2600; being brought to the hammer, no purchaser could be found. The late Mr. John Lawrence, being Auctioneer; Messrs. Lloyd & Williams, Agents and Solicitors.

I trembled for my own property, and feared the sacrifice, which if disposed of, must be made. Deeply did I repent declining Mr. Simpson's offer, and also that I had not permitted a settlement, as was intended, of a portion of my Wife's Fortune on herself and children.

The property having been offered for Sale, as previously mentioned, on meeting with Mr. Lawrence, I enquired if he had met with a purchaser for the houses. "No." he said "Will you buy them?" Yes, I replied, at a price low enough. What do you ask for them? "Eight hundred and fifty pounds," was the reply. I will give you £500. "Well," says Mr. L. "that is an offer, and we have not had one; I will inform Mr. Williams." In two or three days afterwards, Mr. W. kindly called on me, and announced his business in these words. "Mr. Hulbert. Mr. Lawrence says you have offered £500 for the Castle Foregate houses; and Mr. Fox says you may have them for £550." Well, I replied, I will give you £530; or, £550 if you will make the Conveyance in at the bargain. "The Houses cost his Lordship more than £2500," answered Mr. W. "and I would buy them myself, if I were not his

† See my Manual of Shropshire Biography, &c.

* You lately reminded me, my dearest Charles, that in the year 1814, the late John Carline, Esq. valued my Building Property at £6800, including Mr. Simpson's interest, a fixed amount of £1900—my own balance being £5800, for which Mr. Simpson offered me £5000, which was declined. The same Property *improved*, after the Currency Restriction Bill had passed, was valued by Messrs. Carline and Birch, at £5570. This amount included the house on Pride Hill, which with improvements, &c. cost me nearly £1200. The annual rental of my Building Property, then in occupation, was £498.

Agent. But however, I have no objection to your proposal, only I think you had better see Mr. Fox, his Lordship's Steward, he lives at the Citadel, and if he will consent to your terms, I am agreeable." I will go in the morning. "Do," he said, and we parted. Oh! what a happy sleepless night did I pass. Many of my losses will now be restored, were among my reflections. The sum asked is little more than four years purchase. My mind is made up, I will purchase the property for my dear Wife and Children, and settle it upon them; and in this way make that provision a settlement would have procured. No being on earth was ever more happy in anticipation.

I rose early, and early waited on Mr. Fox, he received me in his office, when I related what had passed between Mr. Williams and myself, and asked if he could take less than the £550. Hesitating a minute or two, he smilingly observed, "I do not know how much you may have offered Mr. Williams, I must therefore refer you to him; for it will not do for two people to negotiate." Very well, I replied. Supposing Mr. Williams and I agree, what are the terms? "Ten per cent. deposit—possession at Michaelmas, and complete purchase at Lady-day," which he immediately wrote on a slip of paper, and the same day I waited on Mr. Williams with it, and completed the bargain for £550; paid £55 deposit, signed a regular stamped agreement, and returned home happy beyond description. Mr. Joseph Rogers, a very dear friend, formerly a neighbour when we lived in Coleham, still alive, and will recollect when he sees this memorial, the joy I expressed to him during a walk on the Dana, the very evening after the purchase. But none were more happy among my friends, than Thomas Lloyd, Esq. and his beloved Son; and I may include Joseph Loxdale, Esq. and the venerable Justice Smith, yourself, my dearest Charles, and my own household more particularly. I only looked forward to taking possession, collecting the rents, &c. As I had from the first the assurance of my beloved Brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Wood, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Justice Smith, that any sum I might want to complete my design, would be at my command. Delightful was the reflection, a few years previously I had become a Member of the Manchester Annuitant Society, by which, I made a provision in case of my death, of twenty guineas a year for Mrs. Hulbert, during her life; and now, I said, with the rent of the houses I have purchased, may eventually insure £150 a year.

But these delightful anticipations were only cherished to be finally disappointed. A week or two after the purchase had been made, I received a message from Mr. John Lloyd, desiring to see me at his office immediately. I lost no time in waiting upon him, when he enquired, "Mr. Hulbert, are you prepared to give up your purchase of the Houses in Castle Foregate?" Certainly not, was my answer. "Well then, I have to inform you, that Mr. Fox has sold the Houses to Mr. Hazledine, for £525, and has sent to a certain party to deliver the Title Deeds to that gentleman."

My indignation then rose to an extreme height; I hastened to Mr. Lloyd, sen. with the intelligence, asking his advice. He answered "The Houses are yours, Mr. Hulbert, you bought them fairly and honourably, and have paid the required deposit: keep them, and defend your own right." At this time I committed a great mistake, and with grief I acknowledge my error. Instead of hastening to his residence, and waiting personally on the Proprietor, I wrote an explanatory letter to his Lordship, and sent it by an express messenger: days I waited for an answer, and none arrived, his Lordship having confidence in Mr. Fox, delivered the letter into his hands, leaving the matter with him, not doubting his integrity. Mr. Fox set up a plea that Messrs. Lloyd & Williams were not the Noble Proprietor's Agents. On this being named to Mr. Lloyd, he indignantly replied, "Lloyd & Williams were Agents for his Lordship, before Fox was ever known. Do not let anything dismay you, Mr. Hulbert."

Having conformed to the conditions prescribed by Fox himself, I demanded possession, and a Conveyance, which being refused by him, and no answer from my Lord, I had the premises valued by Messrs. Joseph Birch, Builder, and Mr. Carline, Builder and Statuary; two of the most eminent gentlemen of their profession in the County; and they valued the Houses at the lowest price, at £1500. Of this, the Proprietor and Mr. Fox were duly apprised; and also acquainted that an Action would rest against his Lordship,

either to Convey the Property, or pay to me £950. Each being refused, I directed a relative of Mrs. Hulbert's, in the Profession of the Law, and practicing in London, to commence legal proceedings in Chancery immediately.

While this was pending, a kind friend came to me with a message I will not disclose, he was in the employ of my rival purchaser, and had an important conversation with a member of his family, which would have been of the greatest importance to my cause, had I continued my action. My informant afterwards learning that he would be called upon as a witness at the trial, came to my house, and with tears and deep sorrow, nay, falling on his knees, begged of me not to call upon him, as he would in consequence be certain to lose his situation, which was his bread. I felt for him, and gave him my promise not to call upon him, whatever loss I might thereby sustain. This my Solicitor said "was a very great error, and manifested a degree of weakness he could not have anticipated." I will just mention that it was said, "Mr. Fox hates Lloyd and Williams, and he was determined they should not have the credit of the Sale."

My rival purchaser, aware of the action, and of the anger I felt towards him, requested to see me at his office; I waited upon him, and he shewed me a note from Mr. Fox, in which he says, (after naming my application for the houses) "*But they are your's for Five Hundred Guineas.*" He then shewed me a note still more astonishing, which was an application from a *certain Solicitor*, now no more, to make the Conveyance. "Here," says my rival "you can think for yourself."

I again hastened to Mr. Lloyd, to ask his advice, which was as before, "Mr. Hulbert, go on with your Action, the Houses are yours." Oh! that I had taken his advice, the houses would now have been mine; but I thought, if the cause be tried in Shropshire, half or more of the Jurymen may be tenants of a certain family, who will not like to give a verdict in my favour. In the meantime, my Solicitor kept applying to me for cash to carry on the suit; £60 was then expended, and it was said £500 more might be wanted, before a verdict could be obtained. I became so anxious, that my rest went from me, and my health declined; when my rival, on his *own account*, made me an offer of £100 if I would stay the Action: and which, as I believed I should for ever, lose the friendship of a Nobleman, whose Memoirs I had written, and had ever felt for him the greatest esteem: while thus impressed, I consented to the proposal, to the grief and mortification of my faithful friends, Messrs. Thomas and John Lloyd. Mr. John Lloyd declaring, "I will leave on record the advice we have given you, that your children hereafter may know who were their friends."

This disappointment was the deepest and most sad and sorrowful I ever had; not even that most Distressing Event, hereafter to be narrated, the Fire of Jan. 7, 1839, occasioned much deeper sorrow. Occuring as it did, at the time of your long illness of typhus fever, and your dear Mother's confinement of your Brother Samuel. You were then fourteen years of age, and it was suggested to me, that by the time you came of age, a decision might be given in Chancery!

My trials at this time were more severe than I had previously experienced, and my reasonings were, How can it be in the order of Providence, that one who is never unemployed a single moment he can possibly avoid, eating the bread of carefulness and industry; how is it that he does not succeed, while another, apparently without talent, and almost without effort, rises to wealth and distinction? My only consolation then was, and is still the same, that he who knows the beginning to the end, knows best what will be most for my benefit and happiness hereafter. I have just read a sentence contained in an admirable Sermon on the 'Trials and Character of Job,' by my dear and excellent friend, the Rev. Dr. Burton, Minister of All Saints Church, Manchester; in which he suggests, that "Our religion is often put to a severer test, when all things succeed to our wishes, than when the heaviest trials assail us." And I have found from experience, that our wants increase with our power of gratifying them, and that riches can never satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; and also, that the reading of BOOKS, and the acquisition of Useful Knowledge, can impart a degree of contentment and real happiness, money can never bestow.

I remain, your affectionate Father,

C. H.

*Providence Grove,*
*Oct.* 10, 1851.

# LETTER XXXI. ANECDOTES AND GRATEFUL RECOLLECTIONS

## OF EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH MY PUBLIC ENGAGEMENTS, AND THE PUBLICATION OF MY LITERARY BEAUTIES, MUSEUM OF THE WORLD, &c. &c.

"To forget or to remember at pleasure, are equally beyond the power of man; yet, next to that of reason, human nature is not endowed with a more choice and necessary faculty than memory. The various scenes and adventures of days that will return no more, afford an inexhaustible fund of gratification, to be felt only by those who are blest with memory. To a susceptible mind, it is one of the melancholy pleasures of the decline of life, to recollect the good-will and kindnesses of those departed friends, whose aid and attentions we can experience no more."—TOMKINS's RAYS OF GENIUS.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

THE recollection of good received, is always accompanied with delight to my feelings; while the remembrance of patronage and benefits conferred, will never die. Gladly would I record the names and friendly actions of every friend I have, or ever had. Many are departed from my sight, but I hope to see them again in another and a better world. But how many still live, and with warm hearts and honest faces, express their delight at seeing me still alive; a record of them all, as often expressed, will abide in my memory while I live, and accompany me to that blessed country, where friendships are renewed and perpetuated, and where pain and parting are known no more for ever.

To proceed with my Narrative. The year 1820 was remarkable for the increase and importance of my Public business, and other engagements. Through the recommendation of my kind friends of the legal profession, I received the appointment of Commissioner for taking Special Bail, in all the Law Courts of Westminster, which at that time was not a mere honorary appointment. The business of Money and Estate Agent followed, giving me full employment on week days, and attendance on Divine Worship in the morning in Shrewsbury, the Sunday School in the afternoon, and conducting a religious service with a lecture, to a poor, but affectionate grateful congregation at Bayston Hill, in the evening, (to be spoken of hereafter) gave me full and happy employment for the Lord's day.

Profitable and successful as was my Public business, I never enjoyed it. Attention to the Manufactory, my Printing Office, and my Study, were more in accordance with my taste and feelings. Yet my public engagements greatly enlarged my knowledge of the state of my Country, and of mankind generally; and I had the greatest happiness on many occasions, of rendering service, spiritually and temporally, to individuals labouring under the frowns of adverse fortune, and in distress. The following anecdote is one, which, if fully related, would almost resemble romance; but, though brief, I hope it may not be altogether uninteresting to my readers.

The respected landlady of the principal Inn of an Agricultural market town in Shropshire, being left a widow, to the management of an extensive establishment; and not being void of personal attractions, was courted and married by a respectable Commercial Traveller who frequented the Inn. After marriage, on the parties leaving the church, the bride and bridegroom were both arrested, and in the custody of different officers of the law, detained at different places. An event so unexpected, would necessarily cause a very high degree of excitement, especially in the husband. While the lady was detained in custody, a distress for rent was sent into the house and land she occupied near the town of her residence; to this place, in custody of an officer, she was removed. A day was appointed for the sale of the effects, and I had that appointment. Being introduced to her on the morning of sale, April 8, 1822, I found her alone in her room, and was present when a letter was delivered to her, which proved to be from her incensed husband, to the effect that she had deceived him, and that he would never acknowledge her as his wife, nor ever see her again. On reading this, her agony and excitement were beyond my power of description. "What, does my husband say, for whom I have sacrificed everything, that I am not his wife. Oh! I have not a friend in the world, &c." Yes, Mrs. N. I said, you have one friend still, and to whom I fear you have never applied in any of your troubles, and that friend is now in this room. "Is it you, Mr. Hulbert?" No, I said, it is one greater than me; it is the great, good, and merciful God, to whom by prayer, I will instantly commend you: after kneeling, I said, I will lock the door outside, and retire for an hour, while you hold converse with your God. At the end of the hour I returned. "Oh! Mr. Hulbert," she exclaimed, "that I had known you sooner, I have found him, and can now suffer anything with patience and resignation."

Her sufferings did not end here,—she was illegally detained at the house of the Sheriff's officer, until, as I suppose, all her money was expended, and then liberated.

Some years afterwards, she called at my house in High street, I was not at home, but she left a message that "she was then living happily with her husband, and kept a respectable Inn, within thirty miles of her former residence." The conduct of

the Sheriff's officer on this occasion, revealed to me his character; but it was too late. Through the enticement of a young Solicitor, now no more, I had become joint surety with him, for the honest behaviour of the officer; and while he (the Solicitor) had secured himself by obtaining a Bond of indemnity from the officer's brother, I was left to pay his defalcation to the Sheriff, no less a sum than upwards of £80. I gratefully record, that Providence had previously provided for this loss, from the profits of a sale of splendid Books, for Messrs. Young & Co. London, which realized in one day, a like sum.

1819.—This year I commenced the Printing of my Literary Beauties and Varieties, adopting that safe and prudent method of Publication, by Subscription. Having now an extensive business connection, Subscribers were easily obtained, especially from the list of Friends to the Salopian Magazine. This Work comprised original and selected Memoirs of Eminent Men, interesting and affecting Narratives, Historical and entertaining Anecdotes, the subjects arranged in alphabetical order; and one hundred original and select Pieces of Poetry. This humble Publication had great favour shewn to it, both by readers and reviewers.

Happening to be in London sometime after its Publication, and being at the Shropshire Hotel, in company with a Solicitor, cousin to Mrs. Hulbert; we sat a little distance from a strange gentleman, who hearing us converse about Shrewsbury, politely apologising for the interruption, enquired if I knew a Mr. Hulbert there? Oh! yes, I replied. "And what is your opinion of him?" the stranger enquired. He is but an indifferent gentleman, I answered. "I am surprised at that," he replied "for I have his Salopian Magazine, his Literary Beauties and Varieties, and a volume or two of his Museum of Nature and Art, with other minor Works, and I perceive a strong moral feeling runs through the whole. You indeed surprise me." "Is he poor or rich?" he further enquired, "for I think he must be one or the other. His Publications must have cost him a great sum." Why, as to that, I answered, he is his own Printer and Publisher, and every Work is paid for before it is issued. "And yet you say he is but an indifferent gentleman." My companion fearing a wrong impression might be the result, addressing the stranger, said "This is Mr. Hulbert, himself." "Oh! how fortunate," he exclaimed, "had I thought differently, in what a predicament I should now have been placed. Here is my hand and my heart; my name is Bierly,* I am Editor of the 'Star Newspaper,' and the 'Literary Chronicle;' am also one of the Brothers Percy: and I acknowledge myself indebted for my first idea of the classification of subjects in alphabetical order, to your Literary Beauties." From that moment, a friendship and correspondence commenced, which only ended with his life.

Many copies of the Literary Beauties were sent to Mr. John Bromley, a Bookseller, in New York; and my Life of Thomas Paine, therein given, was assailed by a Mr. Carver, the very man who had supplied me with many particulars of Paine's Life; and who had himself written against him in the Public Newspapers. I have been often requested to re-publish this little Volume of Miscellanies.

Previous to Printing the Literary Beauties, I had published the 'African Traveller,' in a neat octavo volume, with a map and frontispiece; a copy of which was presented to Lord Bathurst, through the medium of my friend, Mr. Butterworth, M. P.: and I had the honour, not only of receiving the thanks of his Lordship, but the expression of his approval, as representing from many sources, the eligibility of the Cape of Good Hope, as a Settlement for Emigrants, &c.

1821.—The day of the Coronation of King George IV. attending Wombwell's Exhibition of Wild Animals, &c. then in the vicinity of the Welsh Bridge, Shrewsbury, I stood near to an imprudent young man, who commenced teazing a Panther with his walking

---

* Every Christmas day during his life, after our first meeting, I had the happiness to present my friend with a WAT GOOSE; the same was once repeated to his lovely young widow, who soon lost the name of Bierly, and removed to some other residence, with which I never was acquainted. On one of my visits in 1824, to London, in search of Books, Paintings, &c. in company with Mr. Bierly, I went to pay a tribute of respect to the remains of Lord Byron, then lying in State; but the room was so densely crowded, we soon lost each other. In my efforts to reach the bed on which the coffin rested, I was nearly suffocated, and was compelled to retreat as well as I could. After leaving the premises, and passing the Horse Guards, I found some villain in the crowd, unable to abstract my gold watch, had with a sharp instrument cut the chain, and stolen a portion of it, all my seals, &c.

Mr. Bierly is thus memorialized in Hood's Whims and Oddities.

"Good natured little Bierly,
That edits the Literary Chronicle entirely."

stick, pushing his hand through the grating, the better to reach the animal. In a moment the Panther seized his hand, biting and drawing his arm into his voracious jaws; while his mouth was open, engaged in lacerating and tearing the young man's arm, I thrust my own walking stick into his throat, which caused him to slacken his hold, and by great exertion I drew the arm out of the jaws of the Panther, a horrid spectacle. I had the sufferer conveyed to his inn, where he had surgical assistance, and he was speedily so far recovered, as to be able to return home to his friends, near Nesscliffe. This shews how dangerous it is to play with, or come near to ferocious animals, however confined, or apparently under controul.

I think I recollect, my dear Charles, that you had an Exhibitor of Birds at Slaithwaite, who referred to the circumstance, and was present when it took place, as Keeper of the Beasts.

Septr. 1823.—For the sake of a better stand for business, I left my own shop on Pride Hill, and removed into High street; my last residence in Shrewsbury, and that by the kindness of my ever-valued friend W. Nevett, Esq. I had it at a very reasonable rent. I had also the good fortune through the friendship of another dear friend, to become possessed of a Life Interest in Three Houses in Shrewsbury.

But my unfortuuate, though still beloved Coleham Property, from necessity incumbered, now hung a dead weight upon all my exertions. I had lost my principal tenants, Messrs. Paddock and Davies, who occupied a considerable portion of the Rooms in the Front Manufactory, Miniature Castle, House adjoining, and several Cottage dwellings; it happening that from the lamented demise of Mr. Paddock, and other adverse circumstances, the whole were thrown upon my hands,—but I did not despair. I again promptly employed the Bricklayer and the Carpenter, converting the larger into smaller dwellings, and had the good fortune to have my houses again fully tenanted; when I contemplated a Sale as soon as it could possibly be effected. In the *hope* of a better price being obtained for the property, than was the result; and having conceived a great affection for the inhabitants of Hadnal, I joined with my dear friend, Joseph Palmer, Esq. in the purchase of Freehold Land in that Chapelry, which, with true friendship, we conveniently divided.

I had previously visited the Isle of Man, and engaged thirty acres of Land from Mr. Reay, with the intent of sometime retiring, to it; but this purchase, with the permission of the Proprietor, I finally abandoned.

It was in the year 1821, that I first visited this hospitable and peaceful Island. On my second visit, I took Notes of many Things, Places, and Events; which, in connection with a Walk Through Shrewsbury, an Excursion to Hawkstone, and a Visit to Halton and Runcorn, I committed to the Press: and had on my third TRIP to the Island, in your company, my dearest Charles, many thanks and favours on account thereof. I still love thee, Ancient Mona!

Being always an admirer of the Works of Nature, and an adorer of Nature's God; and also an admirer of the genius, enterprise and labours of his creature Man. After great expense in the purchase of suitable valuable Works, Correspondence with Travellers, &c. In this year, I commenced Printing my first volume of the Museum of Nature and Art, now, Museum of the World; on which I bestowed intense labour, and nightly toil: often to complete a single description, I had to consult probably twenty or thirty authorities. The first volume on ASIA, appeared in April, 1822; and that on AFRICA, the latter end of the same year; the third on the 24th of December, 1823; and the fourth and last, on September 21st, 1825. At the conclusion of the preface to this volume, I first announced my intention to publish the 'Diversified Incidents of my Past Life. The Supplement was published the year following, and is now uniformly attached, with my dear Charles's 'Celestial Musings,' to the volume on Africa. To yourself, my dearest Son, and to many dear friends still living, it will be interesting to read some notices of favourable Reviews, and friendly testimonies received, subsequently to the Publication of the whole Work.

*The Literary Gazette*, of October 25, 1825, says

"The industrious compiler of this Miscellany began by publishing a volume on Asia, in 1822; and since then he has added, as a diligent employment of his time enables him to

produce them, a volume on Africa, a volume on America, and now finally a volume on Europe. Mr. Hulbert is also the Printer of his own Work at Shrewsbury, and it really does him great credit in every respect. From an immense variety of sources, (some of them original) he has collected a very considerable mass of information of all kinds: his publication may be advantageously put into the hands of youth. It will teach much that is useful, and teach nothing that can be injurious: a praise of no mean value as such books are too often composed. His own sentiments, wherever they happen to be introduced, are sound and moral; but they are by no means made so prominent as to interfere with the prevailing entertaining as well as the instructive character of the Museum."

*The Literary Chronicle*, of the same date, kindly says

"We have already noticed, in terms of strong commendation, the three preceding works, by Mr. Hulbert, similar to this—on Asia, Africa, and America, and we have no hesitation in saying that the Museum Europæum, is entitled to still higher praise, taking as it does, a somewhat more ample view, and displaying the same good taste and discrimination in the selection of subjects the most interesting and diversified; though the work is in a great degree a compilation, yet it is not entirely so, many of the articles being wholly original, and others considerably improved by the additions or corrections of the editor. The great difficulty in a work of this nature is to know what to select, and where to stop, for the field is so very ample, that we scarcely expect to find the choicest Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art in Europe squeezed into a volume of five hundred pages, yet this Mr. Hulbert has successfully achieved."

*The Imperial Magazine*, of December, 1825, edited by the celebrated Mr. Samuel Drew, M. A. remarks

"In the volumes now under inspection, we have also an Author and a Printer in the person of Mr. Hulbert of Shrewsbury, and it is with pleasure, as well as justice, we add, that he has happily succeeded in both characters. As an Author, his volumes partake of spirit and variety; and as a Printer, the work is executed in a manner honourable to himself, and creditable to the Typography of Great Britain."

"In the first volume we find an account, historical and descriptive of nearly every place of note, mentioned either in the sacred writings or by profane authors, that lies within the confines of Asia. The author also adverts to the memorials of departed ages that still remain, and introduces us to an acquaintance with those extraordinary characters, whose shadows still march onward with time in the page of history. The volumes partake of the same common spirit, and combined together, they may not improperly be denominated the Museum of the World."

"The materials which they contain, though partly original, are chiefly selected from the works of travellers, voyagers, and historians of known celebrity, and accredited fame. The original portions have their share of merit, being chiefly introductory to the narratives, facts, and incidents which follow, and the observations are illustrative of the various subjects submitted to the reader's attention."

"The descriptions in these volumes are upwards of one thousand in number, varying in length according to the nature of each subject, and the interest which it is calculated to excite.—We are not aware that any one has been drawn out to an immoderate extent, so as to be rendered tedious to the reader. Mr. Hulbert has had the happy art to terminate his descriptions as soon as his materials became exhausted."

"To such persons as have not time and opportunity to examine larger works, these volumes will be found to contain a valuable fund of information."

Numbers of private commendatory letters were received, and a list of approvers written on parchment; the number of which I forbear to name, as the statement might be doubted: one by command of His Majesty King George the Fourth, to his Librarian. This List, or document, was my comfort and pride, until the lamented catastrophe in 1839, so often deplored.

I beg leave to record a few, out of many pleasing incidents connected with the Work, still vivid in my recollection, and gratefully remembered.

The first I will mention, was the friendship of Mr. Ferguson Hulbert, Surgeon, of Melksham. On the publication of the volume on Africa, he wrote to enquire to what family of the Hulberts' I belonged; for, from the coincidence of similar feelings and sentiments, he was certain we must be relatives. Only a very distant relationship could be proved, but our hearts were united most firmly, (see page 25 of this volume) and we agreed to call each other 'Brother' through life. Many were the letters, which, in the course of years passed between us, and would now form a volume of considerable extent and interest.

Mr. Butler Hulbert, now of Trinity College, Dublin, met with the 'Museum of the World,' at a Bookseller's in that City, and made the same remarks and enquiries as the former; and has subsequently, on your Nomination, my dear Charles, been Elected Master of Slaithwaite Free School.

Being at the Bear Inn, Welshpool, sometime after the Museum was concluded, and my Religions of Britain had been published; the late John Humphreys, Esq. of Bodhilin, Montgomeryshire, called on me while there, and without the ceremony of introduction, he pleasantly enquired, "Are you Mr. Hulbert, Author of the Museum of the World, and the Religions of Britain?" I am, Sir, I answered. "The very identical Mr. Hulbert?" Yes, the identical Mr. Hulbert. "Then you must come and dine with me at Bodhilin, to-morrow." To which I replied, as you, my dear Charles, will well remember, I am sorry indeed, it so happens that I am engaged to-morrow with an old and dear

friend, Mr. Lloyd, of Llan-er Brochwell Hall; but here is my Son, whom I can spare, and who will, I am sure, be pleased with the excursion, and your entertainment. "Yes! yes! O do come, young man, I shall be very happy to see you, in the absence of your Father." You went, my dear Charles,—saw and admired the beautiful and unique Bodhilin: wrote a description of the Hall, Scenery, &c. which so delighted the owner, that he had it beautifully Printed, elegantly got up with gilt edges, &c. as presents to his most particular friends. A View of Bodhilin is given in my 'History of the Town and County of Salop.' Our friendship continued during his life, and his death was lamented by me.

But the most amusing part of the story is, —being at Stockport, in lodgings at Mr. Whitmore's, Hillgate; the fact became known from the Public Newspapers—when one day seated in my room, a fine handsome, portly gentleman enters it without ceremony, saying "Pray Sir, are you the Mr. Hulbert, Author of the Museum of the World, and the Religions of Britain?" I am, Sir. "The very identical Mr. Hulbert?" Yes indeed, I am, the identical Mr. Hulbert. "You must come and dine with me, I am just going home to dinner—my carriage is at the door." Hesitating, I enquired, Pray Sir, to whom am I indebted for this kind invitation? Taking up a pen then on the table, on a slip of paper he wrote "Sir Salusbury Pryce Humphreys, Bramall Hall." The singularity appears in his making the enquiry in the very same words in his introduction, which his brother of Bodhilin, as previously related, had done some years before. I had again to plead an engagement for the day, when he said, "Come to-morrow, and if it be convenient, bring copies of your Museum, and any other Publications you may happen to have with you." Having my own little carriage with me, I drove over to Bramall Hall, was most kindly and hospitably entertained; and on my List of Publications being presented, a copy of each, including my Museum, and the forthcoming Shropshire History, was kindly and promptly ordered. We parted with many professions of future friendship, all of which were realized. A short time before my sad Fire, he wrote me a valuable and interesting letter, in which he gives the History of his own Life; noticing particularly, a most providential escape from being killed, while engaged in a dreadful conflict at Schiermonikog: kindly and graciously commending my humble Publications, and the industry he was pleased to say, the Author had manifested, he further said, "I will most cheerfully subscribe to your forthcoming 'Cheshire Antiquities,' and I am so well pleased with your 'County of Salop,' lately received, that I will have it handsomely bound, and placed in the Bramall Library," and concluded by expressing himself still more kindly, saying, "If I can be of the slightest service to a meritorious individual, you are heartily welcome to all I can do for you." An excellent and very correct Memoir of the gallant Admiral, appeared in *Eddowes's Journal*, November 26th, 1845, from which the following brief extract is given. The Editor says

"We have to announce the death of Sir Salusbury Davenport, a distinguished and long neglected officer, at his residence at Cheltenham, on Monday Nov. 17, 1845, at the age of 67 years. Sir Salusbury, who changed his name a few years ago on his accession to a considerable property in right of his second wife, was the son of the Rev. E. Humphreys, of Clungunford, Salop, by the eldest daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. Dr. Salusbury Pryce. He was born in 1778, and married in 1805 the daughter and heiress of John Tyrel Morin, Esq. of Weedon Lodge, Bucks. In 1810, some years after the loss of his first wife, Captain Humphreys married the daughter and heiress of William Davenport, Esq. of Bramall Hall, Cheshire, whose father's name he took as one of the conditions of inheriting his property. He entered the navy in July, 1790, received his lieutenant's commission in January, 1797; was made a commander in April, 1802; a post captain in May, 1804; and a rear admiral in August, 1840. In 1797, when lieutenant of the Fury, he was present at the siege of St. Lucia, as well as at the unsuccessful attack upon Porto Rico. When removed to the Juno, he commanded a schuyt in a gallant and successful attack on a squadron of armed vessels and a battery of six guns, in the island of Schiermonikog; and in 1799 took part in the expedition to the Helder. He assisted, in the Isis, at the capture of the Dutch fleet in the Texel, and when in command of the Stag cutter, in 1800, was present at an attack on four French frigates in Dunkirk Roads. His last and most distinguished exploit was his capture, when in command of the Leopard, 50 gun frigate, of the American frigate Chesapeake. This action took place on the 22nd of June, 1807. In 1831 the compliment was paid him of nominating him Knight Commander of the Bath, and in 1834 the Cross of a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, was conferred upon him."

Sir Salusbury was Chairman of the Stockport Quarter Sessions; and it is but justice to add, that he discharged all its duties with talent and integrity.—*See also page* 182 *of my History of the County of Salop.*

My dear Charles will recollect my interview with the late General Lord Blayney, at my house in High street, to which I had removed some time before. His Lordship had taken up the volume on Asia, and had read the article on Fossil Remains, and Indications of a Former World, (page 174) and was in warm debate with one of my Assistants, a talented youth, when I entered; and discovering the nature of the controversy, I entered very warmly into the debate, and defended the opinions I had promulgated—when my assistant put into my hand a paper cautioning me not to be so warm, as he was sure the gentleman must be of high rank. He left me without ceremony, and in ten minutes afterwards, I received a little note, in which were these words, "If Mr. Hulbert can spare a few minutes from his business, the individual who had a controversy with him on Fossil Remains, a few minutes ago, will be glad to see him at the Talbot Hotel. Enquire for General Lord Blayney."

Oh! I thought, I have offended his Lordship, and he is intending to give me a good scolding. On my entering the Hotel, Mrs. Jobson hastily enquired "What have you said to Lord Blayney, he compliments you very highly, and has ordered these several descriptions of Wines against you come?" My name being announced, his Lordship sent his Aid-de-camp to bring me into his presence; on my entering the room, he kindly condescended to hand me a chair, placing it near his own. Oh! I thought, this does not seem as if I had given him offence, but to be sure of it, I put into his hand the little note of my assistant, on reading which, he laughed most heartily, assuring me "That so far from being offended, he never was more gratified in his life. Mr. Hulbert, your ideas of a World before this, and that our present Globe is only a renovation of a former, are completely my own; but I never could explain or defend them as you have done. Let me have six copies of your work, which will come to £7 4s. and I will give you an order on my agents in London, Cox and Greenwood; or pay you in cash immediately—and soon as you have leisure, come over to Castle Blayney, in Ireland, where I will do everything I can to shew you respect, and be sure to make a long visit." I thanked his Lordship with my warmest gratitude—we sat together until near midnight; the Noble Lord giving me a sketch of his own life, and desiring some particulars of mine, to which request I readily conceded. When parting, his Lordship renewed his invitation, and requested me to inform Lord Hill of our pleasant interview, adding "It will do you no harm." Lord Blayney, to my great grief, departed this life in 1834; at which time, I was making arrangements for a visit to Blayney Castle.

Some years after my interview with Lord Blayney, I visited my late beloved Brother-in-law, the Rev. Theodosius Wood, then Vicar of Leysdown, Kent, but who had his residence at Sheerness. During my stay there, he kindly introduced me to the Captain and First Lieutenant (if my memory be correct) of the Royal George, 120 guns, then lying at Sheerness as a Guard Ship. These officers kindly invited us to an inspection of their noble vessel—the Captain escorting Mrs. Wood, and the Lieutenant my Brother-in-law and myself. After being highly gratified with the inspection above deck, the polite and kind Lieutenant conducted us to his State Cabin, which was indeed elegantly fitted up. My Brother-in-law casting his eyes on a handsome bookcase well stored with books, discovered a copy of my Museum of the World. Addressing our kind and friendly conductor, he said "Ah! my dear Sir, I perceive here a copy of Hulbert's Museum of the World; What is your opinion of the Work?" "Why Sir, it is one of the most interesting publications I ever read—quite in my way. I am sure the Author must have travelled a good deal, for I find his descriptions of the places and things I have visited, perfectly accurate." My Brother-in-law again enquired, "Do you know the Author?" "No," he replied "nor ever shall do; but I value his Books." "Well then, I will introduce you to him. This is Mr. Hulbert, the Author." Instantly grasping my hand, the generous Officer said, "Mr. Hulbert, I am delighted to see you; and, Gentlemen, you must both stay and lunch with me." The invitation was of course gladly accepted, and a few hours were most agreeably spent in his company.

Some years after the publication of this

Work, being at Hanley, in Staffordshire, I received a generous present of China and Earthenware, from an intelligent Manufacturer, Mr. Elisha Jones; consisting of a complete Tea Service, handsome Toilet set, &c. which, Mr. Jones, with great kindness observed, were "Presented, as a humble tribute of esteem, for the happiness he had received in the perusal of the Museum of the World, and the Religions of Britain."

No token of esteem, or gratifying encomium awarded to my poor labours, gave me greater happiness, my dear Charles, than did your own sweet lines, commencing your Poem, entitled 'Celestial Musings,' and appended to the volume on Africa; the following are still vivid in my recollection.

"My Father! let thy name begin my song!
I ask no wilder inspiration's powers;
To thee my earliest thoughts, Dear Sire, belong,
And gratitude shall teach my vagrant hours
To yield to thee those unassuming flowers,
That 'neath thy fondest culture here have grown:
Though bloomless some may deem the wreath he pours,
Yet thou wilt smile, yea priceless tears be known'
To shed their balmy dew, and cheer thy grateful Son.

Thy book is closed—the all instructive page
Hath stor'd my mind with half thine own delight,
The world has pass'd before me—on its stage
Have glitter'd beauty, majesty and might;
The wide Creation wonderful or bright
Has gleam'd reflected through thine ample soul;
As the deep torrents from the mountain's height
O'er the broad world in rainbow splendour roll,
And searching every clime display the glorious whole!"

Among the many gratifying occurrences resulting from the publication of the Museum, one was the friendship of that learned Orientalist, Sir William Ouseley, Knt. L. L. D. &c. who ordered six copies of the work. Our correspondence from its commencement, was the most hearty, constant and affectionate. On the announcement of my intention to publish a new edition, with Additions, Continuation, &c. of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, and an Original History of the Town and County of Salop; Sir William interested himself in obtaining subscribers to the work: and so pleased was he with the volumes while in progress, that when finished he presented me with a copy of his Travels in various Countries in the East, 3 vols. quarto, value ten guineas. On my removing from Shrewsbury to Hadnal, Sir William paid me a visit; and as in the course of our correspondence, he had often expressed his feelings of friendship, and desire to live near me—an estate was pointed out to him, but which the proprietor seeing both of us anxious to conclude a purchase, demanded too great a price for the property, and we lost the opportunity of having a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent man, with his also excellent family, resident in our Chapelry. I regret extremely that all his letters (two short notes only excepted) perished in the Fire at Providence Grove; but the terrible cruel ravager, as if it had some feeling of compassion, spared one volume of his Travels: and that, which on a blank leaf he has written my name, an expression of kindness, and the date of the presentation, which is to me a precious relic. Sir William rests with the illustrious dead.

To the good and beloved Archdeacon Corbett, my gratitude and affection will never cease. In the Supplement to my Manual of Shropshire Biography, Chronology, Antiquities, &c. a brief notice will be found of this best of men; from this publication the following is extracted.

The Venerable Archdeacon Corbett, was author of the Agricultural survey of Shropshire, and published several sermons and charges of distinguished merit; he was the president of the Shropshire Auxiliary Bible Society, for many years, and its great promoter, and also the unwearied advocate of the abolition of the Slave Trade, as the early friend of Mr. Wilberforce.

The Author of this Publication will ever remember with gratitude, the liberality and kindness with which the Archdeacon patronised his humble publications: for one of his earliest works, the 'Museum of the World,' he was a subscriber for six copies, on receipt of which, by letter, he thus encouragingly expressed himself, "I am highly delighted with your most interesting volumes, but I hope in a second edition you will make choice of a larger type: Mr. Hulbert's publications are not alone useful to the young."

The Author here also expresses his deep sorrow for the loss of so valuable a friend, at the same time he believes that so much virtue and goodness is only removed from a station of great usefulness in the Church Militant, to one of complete happiness in the Church Triumphant.

Associated in our recollection of the Venerable Archdeacon Corbett, and the Village of Longnor, will ever be the name of another learned and beloved individual, now living, viz. the Rev. Samuel Lee, D.D. Professor of Hebrew, Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Bristol, Rector of Barley, Herts, &c. Dr. Lee was born in the Village of Longnor, and the first infant baptized in the Church of that place, by his great friend and early patron, the subject of the preceding notice.

To which I will briefly add,—all the kindness of the Venerable Archdeacon has been, and is still, graciously continued to myself, his poor friend, by his honoured, eldest son, Panton Corbett, Esq. many years the able, upright and beloved Representative of the Town of Shrewsbury; now Chairman of the County Quarter Sessions, and also of various charitable and religious Institutions. I would say of Mr. Corbett, and of his predecessor in the judicial chair, the late honoured and Honourable Thomas Kenyon, brother of Lord Kenyon, as is said of Bishop Wilson, substituting Salop for the Isle of Man, "Let Salop speak the rest."

I cannot but recollect with veneration and gratitude, that high and distinguished Nobleman, the late Right Honourable William Noel Hill, Lord Berwick, of Attingham Hall, who died in 1842. His Lordship kindly patronised all my Publications, and the opinion he expressed of the value of my humble labours, was shewn by the liberal manner in which he paid for them. Some time before his Lordship's lamented decease, he invited me to spend the day at Attingham, which I did with great delight to myself. On our parting, his Lordship was pleased to cheer me by saying, "Mr. Hulbert, I never spent a more happy day in my life."

The day was spent in the most interesting conversation, chiefly on days gone by, when the Chiefs of the Ancient Corporation of Shrewsbury were living, for his Lordship possessed the most retentive memory, as well as the most capacious and enlightened understanding. It might be truly said, Lord Berwick was a complete Nobleman, in mind, person, character, and rank.

---

* For many interesting particulars of Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart, see the European Magazine for July, 1810; and of Sir William, June, 1811, same publication. These particulars condensed, with others original, in addition, will be found in my edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, pages 53, &c.

His Lordship was never married, and was succeeded in his estates by his youngest brother, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Noel Hill, M. A. It has been noticed as an extraordinary occurrence, that three brothers have in succession succeeded to the title of their Father.

With feelings which I cannot express, I venerate the name of the late Robert Burton, Esq. of Longner Hall. He was also the patron of all my Publications, especially my Phillips's History of the Town of Shrewsbury, and my original History of the County of Salop, 2 vols. quarto, 36s, In the course of publication, Mr. Burton often cheered my toils by his warm and friendly commendation; and on the eve of its completion, he generously expressed the fear, that from the great expense to which I had been subject, I must of necessity be a loser by the work: adding, "How many copies do I subscribe for?" Five, I answered. "Put me down Ten! and if that will not fill up your list, put me down Twenty!!" The Destructive Fire at Providence Grove, elicited his sincerest sympathy, followed by his liberal contribution towards my loss. The following additional particulars of this excellent man will be found in the supplement to my Shropshire Manual.

The late Mr. Burton was of retired habits, most amiable and obliging temper; yet possessed of a powerful degree of mental energy, when called into action. In the year 1804, he served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Salop, with distinguished honour and ability. As a husband, a relative, master, landlord and friend--in these, and every other relation in life, he sustained the character of a man of the strictest probity—a most accomplished gentleman—a pious and humble Christian, and, as he lived, so he died, in peace, charity, and love.

Robert, the eldest son of his brother, the Rev. Henry Burton, succeeds to the Longner Estate, and who admires and imitates his beloved Uncle's virtues—adorns and maintains the high character of the illustrious family, of which he is the head representative. *See my Histories of the Town and County of Salop.*

Many are the kind and distinguished Patrons of my humble labours, now no more; especially that patriotic benevolent friend of his country, Colonel Gatacre, of Gatacre Hall; whose noble mansion was generally my home on my Literary Tours, on the borders of Shropshire and Worcestershire; the attention and hospitality of his excellent Lady, and the attentions of every member of the establishment, rendered a visit, one of grateful delight.

If I were to speak of the living, whose dwellings I have long found the abodes of hospitality and kind attention. John Smallman, Esq. of Quatford Castle, the early friend of my Museum, and the patron of every Publication issuing from the same Pen, would claim a lengthened memorial. About three months ago, I visited Quatford Castle; my honoured friend of thirty years, was then confined to his room by dangerous illness. I hope Providence has restored his valuable health, and in his mercy will prolong his useful life.

> "May every hour that leads him to the tomb,
> Make the bright future wear a brighter bloom;
> And death close round him, as the falling night,
> The sure precursor of heaven's dazzling light."
>
> *Griffiths's Tale of the Castle of Quatford.*

Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Posenhall, Shropshire, is a faithful and beloved friend of the same period, whose heart and house are ever open to one, who values his kindness and friendship more than gold. I know not of any of my Publications he has not in his possession. His excellent Lady shares with him, in every attention paid to his friend.

Edward Turner, Esq. of Coston Hall, a friend of the like number of years. The patron first of my Museum of the World, and subsequently of every other Publication: most affectionately receives me as his friend and visitor, once every year. Many are the instances I could record of his affectionate attention to his grateful friend—his urbanity and kindness are manifested to all around him.

To the Rev. John Piccope, M.A. Incumbent of Farndon, Cheshire, a friend of more than fifty years; and the Rev. Maxwell Phayre, M.A. Incumbent of Threapwood, Flintshire, I am indebted for constant kindness and hospitality, and for the favour and patronage shewn to my poor Literary exertions.

I have found it very difficult to make a selection of friends, from so many, whose names are written on my heart; the above stand foremost in NUMBER OF YEARS, since I first experienced their disinterested, uninterrupted kindness and attention.

Should my intended Publication, 'THE LITERARY EXHIBITION,' be brought before my friends and the public, any, or all of the above notices can be extended, and new ones introduced: All I have named were friends and approvers of my Museum of the World; and from the recollection of events attending that Publication, these notices originated.

At the sametime, my dearest Charles, I feel that I am trespassing on the limits of my present Publication, while attending to those previously Published: and also, that I am forgetting that you are not the only reader of these pages, and that I cannot expect every one to possess the same feelings or charity, as an affectionate beloved Son. But, whatever of vanity or egotism may appear in the unreserved openings of my heart at any time, let me beg the indulgence so courteously granted, by the generous and kind, to individuals of lengthened years, a gracious permission to relate their adventures, in their own peculiar manner: kindly excusing, what must otherwise appear inexcusable vanity, and unwarrantable egotism. I grieve for my own faults, I lament my own errors, and sincerely crave the forgiveness of my readers; at the same time I humbly trust and devoutly pray, that ingratitude may never be of the number.

Instances of kindness shewn to my humble MUSEUM could be multiplied, but they are known to you, my dearest Charles; I shall therefore only remark, that in this case I had the good fortune to print an extensive edition, and had also the patronage and encouragement of an extensive List of Subscribers. At the time of my sad disaster in 1839, many copies were destroyed, and sheets of the Work were carried away with the wind, but which, at some expense, have been restored with improvements and additions; and at the present time, I am under great obligations to it, and not unfrequently receiving benefits from its circulation.

To this Work chiefly, but in connection with the Literary Beauties and other Publications; I am also indebted for my present Library or Collection of Books. Many generous and liberal Booksellers, feeling for my great loss by Fire, having subsequently indulged me with selections from their Catalogues in exchange for those of my own. Many extensive exchanges were effected in years prior to that Calamity; to the amount of £800 at one time, with Messrs. Lackington and Co.; £200 worth with the late Mr. Bumpus; and at various times, probably to the

amount of £100, with my ever-valued friend Mr. H. Washbourne; and for 5,000 Ready Reckoners, with another valued friend, Mr. Allman. A choice portion of those received from Messrs. Lackington and Co. and from Mr. Washbourne, were destroyed in my Calamitous Fire. Speaking of the Museum, I often say, "It is the bridge that has carried me safely over." But the present great reduction in the price of Books, as you know, my dear Charles, has caused me greatly to reduce the price of that Work, and of all my various Publications, now in stock.

Yet it affords me many pleasing recollections, that according to my feeble ability, I have for many years endeavoured to promote in Shropshire and adjoining Counties, including North Wales, an increased knowledge and love of Books; and having also at a vast expense, published Engravings on Rural, Domestic, Architectural, Historical, Portraits, and general subjects, selling them comparatively cheap: the taste of the same Counties, and those more distant, has I hope thereby been improved. Prior to my Calamitous Fire, I had more than 1,000 Copper Plates.

Closing my recollections of the MUSEUM OF THE WORLD, and one or two others of my early Publications; in my next letter will be recorded Events, probably among the most important of any in my varied Life.

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

*Providence Grove,* C. H.
*Dec.* 10, 1851.

---

## LETTER XXXII. ENTER ON MY PURCHASE OF LAND AT HADNAL, SALE OF COLEHAM PROPERTY, PROVIDENTIAL PURCHASE AND SALE OF CANAL SHARES; MR. SYLVESTER, AND MR. HAWLEY; PREACHING AND EVENTS AT BAYSTON HILL; PROVIDENCE GROVE COMMENCED, NOTICES OF WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ. NEW CHURCH FRANKWELL, SIR R. JENKINS, M.P. AND INCIDENTS.

"WHAT a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, who interests his heart in everything; and who having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journies on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on. If this won't turn out something, or another will; no matter, 'tis an essay on human nature—I get my labour for my pains, 'tis enough; the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep."—STERNE.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

IN referring to my loose memoranda, with concern I observe, what a number of relations and events, are yet to be recorded. I am now exceeding the number of pages to which my Work was originally limited; many events must therefore be passed by, and those most particularly necessary, for the connection and illustration of my History, fully recorded; others must receive only a passing notice. Should any of my readers perceive the omission of Anecdotes, Narratives, or efforts of the Muse, with which he may happen to be acquainted, I hope he may yet see them collected together in a forthcoming Publication, to which I have several times alluded.

Having completed the purchase of the Land at HADNAL, as previously intimated; in the beginning of the year 1825, I commenced its cultivation, and a preparation for the erection of outbuildings, and workmen's cottages; contemplating, when the toils of my then various businesses were ended, to erect a comfortable Residence in my own humble style, adapted to the pursuits I intended to continue, whether hereafter my Coleham Property, with its obligations, was retained, or disposed of on the best conditions that could be obtained, considering how much the Currency Bill had lessened the value of Property, and increased the value of Money.

Here I may be permitted to record the kindness and disinterested conduct of a still dear friend, my then landlord and near neighbour, W. Nevett, Esq. who on being acquainted with my intention to sell, came to my house, and in the kindest manner enquired my reasons for disposing of the Coleham Property, adding "I thought you were so attached to your Castle, the School, and your Tenants, that nothing could separate you from them." My dear Mr. Nevett, I said,

there is a necessity for it; you are not perhaps aware how much the expenses of my Manufactory have for many years exceeded my income, nor the vast expense I have been at, in building houses, and converting unoccupied premises into neat comfortable dwellings: during which period, my beloved unfortunate Buildings have been my SINKING FUND, and also my BANK, and the consequence has been, they are now incumbered. "To what extent?" eagerly enquired Mr. Nevett, and added "I know your heart is in them, they shall not be sold." On my naming the amount, "Oh!" he replied, "I will advance it to you on the same security." But then, I answered, supposing you should hereafter want the money, I shall again have to pass through the same sorrow. "To what extent do your surplus rents exceed the interest you pay?" When fully tenanted, more than Two Hundred Pounds per annum. "Why then," he kindly observed "out of your rents, you may pay the interest; and in twenty years you can do more than repay the sum I will lend you, and then the whole Property will be free—I will guarantee that it shall not be removed of that period: and if you pay me, or reserve the surplus rents every year, the Property will be redeemed in a much less time." I thanked him with intense gratitude, and grasping each others hand, our feelings can only be conceived. Such kindness I had scarcely ever before experienced. Recovering myself from the joyful surprise, doubts and fears again returned, and I said, Property may continue to fall in value, I shall still be in debt, and my great desire is to be free. Permit me, my dear friend, to consider my position for a night, and I will in the morning return an answer. I passed a sleepless night, sometimes I fancied myself independent in circumstances; living again at my Castle—preaching, teaching, and doing good to the end of my days. But doubts as to the stability of the Property would return; it might be sometimes untenanted, and again be a dead weight on all my exertions. Were the Property now free from debt! I would not dispose of it for twice its value; it should descend to my family for years to come: next morning, I informed Mr. Nevett, begging permission to make this remark, should I fail in the Sale of the Property, I will most cheerfully and gratefully accept your generous proposal; and by continued exertions in my various business engagements, facilitate the redemption of my beloved Property, and once more be rich and free. To this he kindly consented. The name of Mr. Nevett, will for ever have a place in my grateful recollection.

Not long did my feelings remain unsettled. I had another dear, wealthy and honourable friend, Joseph Palmer, Esq. (see page 255 of this volume) who on learning my intention to sell my Coleham Property, signified his desire to become a purchaser. Of all others, he was the gentleman to become my successor. He was attached to the Sunday School, and would encourage its continuance on the premises, without the slightest change; he would be kind and liberal to my poor tenants. After an inspection of my rental, and the state of the premises; and a large deduction being made from Messrs. Birch & Carline's last low valuation, we agreed for £4,200. And thus departed from me, (not without a wish to have retained my Miniature Castle), nearly fifty beloved Tenants, the School Room, my Chapel, &c. for ever! I disposed of all my Looms, and Machinery, for almost less than nothing. Mine was the loss of Thousands at once. Oh! what sorrow has my poor heart endured. It was still gratifying to my mind, that my connection with the Sunday School would remain the same, and continue its usefulness, which it did for fourteen years afterwards.

Fifteen years ago, in my History of the County of Salop; I gave the History of the unfortunate Coleham Manufactory, and I do hope my present readers will pardon my reference to the following record.—*See page 308.*

Disastrous as appears the history of Coleham Manufactory, it has been the medium of no inconsiderable benefit to the Town of Shrewsbury, and to the hundreds of hands, which for so many years found healthful employment within its walls, money in consequence was also brought into circulation; but above all, the establishment of a Sunday School on the premises. It is also, in no small degree gratifying to my mind to know that the order and discipline of my Manufactory, were not thought undeserving of the commendation of His Majesty George III. and his Ministry, &c. and which is also thus noticed in the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' vol. Shropshire, —"In Coleham, Shrewsbury, is an extensive Cotton Manufactory, the internal economy of which, as it regards the morals of the individuals employed, forms an example worthy of adoption, in all establishments of a similar kind." In Cooke's Topographical Description of Shropshire, the Author, speaking of the excellent discipline of the County Gaol, remarks—"Even the great private Manufactories in Shrewsbury,

partake of the same moral government that pervades the Public Institutions,—we particularly allude to what is called the *Coleham]Cotton Manufactory*, established by Messrs. Hulbert."

## The following information being on the same page, I cannot withhold it from the readers of my Memoirs.

Longden Coleham has had many other individuals of enterprise, and other *less* fortunate establishments, the history of which would swell a volume.—I will briefly notice the principal.

Near the Cotton Manufactory are Terrace Buildings, formerly a spacious Tannery, afterwards purchased by Mr. Hugh Sylvester, chiefly known in Shrewsbury by his riding in a donkey carriage. This gentleman designed establishing a Brewery, and was in the act of superintending the workmen employed in the undertaking, when he fell from an upper floor, and broke his back, and was consequently disabled for life. He however converted the premises into dwelling houses, but fearing a revolution in his own country, he emigrated to America, and there died, leaving his property* here to a Mr. Turner of Pittsburgh, with whom he boarded at the time of his death.

The Salopian Brewery, erected at the extreme end of the suburb, in 1806, by Sir John Heathcote, of Longton Hall, and Messrs. Bent and Caldwell, of Newcastle, Staffordshire. For a few years this appeared a flourishing establishment,—Mr. Caldwell, however, did not long continue a partner; and after some years, Sir John Heathcote and Mr. Bent were successively removed into another world.—Their successors, to their great loss, continued the concern for a time, but finally declined it; and after the sinking, it is said, of £30,000, the undertaking was abandoned, and the spacious and substantial premises, with the land, sold to Mr. Hazledine, for a mere bagatelle; the buildings are now in his occupation as a depot for timber, &c.

The Linen Weaving Factory, a short distance from the Brewery, nearer the House of Industry, was erected by the ingenious Charles Bage, whose great talents and enterprize certainly merited and deserved more success than awaited his endeavours.—He expended on these premises many thousand pounds, in buildings and steam loom machinery;—they did not succeed, and anxiety brought on disease, and he died. The buildings with the land, were afterwards sold for (I believe) £400, to Mr. Burr, Plumber, and are now his Lead Manufactory.

Coleham Iron Foundry.—Having noticed the unfortunate erections, and establishments, I come now to the mention of one, which not only rears its head, but has been a source of great wealth to its spirited and now venerable proprietor, Mr. Hazledine: it stands on the river's verge, nearly midway be-

---

* It was my fortune to be Agent for Mr. Sylvester at the time of his death. Previous to his going to America, he directed me to borrow £500 on mortgage of his property, which I did, from Mr. Justice Smith. He left this country without giving me the slightest information of his intention to emigrate to America, for which he was the most unsuitable man in the world, being unable to move from one chair to another; he left England in company with his housekeeper and her intended husband. On arriving in the Land of Liberty, they married, settled, and forsook their old master; who, on his journey to the West, there to become a settler, and staying at Pittsburgh, lodged in the house of a Mr. Turner, where he soon fell sick and died: leaving by Will to his Landlord, the whole of HIS PROPERTY in America and England, except an Annuity of £20 a year, to his sister Catherine. For years before his emigration, Mr. Sylvester's helpless state required much friendly assistance and attention, which he always had from me and my family, and which he often gratefully acknowledged, and why he should entirely pass me by in his will, and leave his property to a stranger, I cannot divine. Mr. Turner sent me the Probate of his will, and desired me to continue in my office of Agent for the property until he should arrive in England, which I did, and received him and his family with every degree of respect and attention. He afterwards sold his property in Coleham, to John Clarke, Esq. of Shrewsbury, subject to the Annuity before named. But where was the residence of Mr. Sylvester's sister, no one could inform me; but it so happened that a paragraph passed through the Newspapers, stating that a Catherine ——— had been indicted by her master, a magistrate, for stealing a china tea set. That sweet Poet and elegant Scholar, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, a magistrate, was with her master and others, on her Trial, on the bench; and Mr. B. believing the statement made by Catherine, that the china was given to her by her master, to obtain improper liberties, which she refused; hence he protested against the conviction and sentence, to six months imprisonment.

This paragraph I read, and instantly wrote to enquire of Mr. Bowles, if this said Catherine ever had a brother who once had the misfortune to injure his back; and if she knew what was become of him? To which enquiries she replied, that "her brother, Hugh Sylvester, was so disabled; that he emigrated to America—but that she had not subsequently received any intelligence of him." She was then in Gaol. I instantly answered Mr. Bowles, assuring him of the fact, of Catherine's good fortune, &c. when he wrote again, declaring his intention "To represent the case to the Prince Regent, and to obtain his Royal Highnesses Pardon of the unjustly condemned female." I cordially joined with him in the humane effort, Pardon was most readily granted—and I wrote her particulars of her brother's death, will, &c. I also informed her, to whom she was to look for the payment of the Annuity. She afterwards wrote to me, requesting my aid in the disposal of her Annuity, which I begged of her to retain: and I have not subsequently heard from her. Mr. Turner, from Mr. Sylvester's bequest, has arisen to considerable eminence; and is now a very extensive Brewer and Spirit Merchant, in the City of Chester.

Less fortunate as a Brewer, have been the exertions of the noble-minded, generous Thomas Hawley, formerly of Cause Castle, in this County; who established, and conducted for a time, a Brewery in Shrewsbury—which, though not successful, was conducted by him with great ability and intelligence. Like Mr. Sylvester, from a complaint in his back, he was unable to stand or sit erect, and in his carriage he could travel only in a reclining position: also, like Mr. Sylvester, he had a partiality for the United States, and with his family, crossed the Atlantic. But what is remarkable, he recovered from his complaint on the voyage, and was restored to activity. I had great happiness in noticing his character and excellent qualities, in my Museum of the World; which work, having a circulation in America, that notice procured for him the offer of a beneficial situation with an eminent Brewer. In a letter from him, dated Cleaveland, Ohio, September 23, 1839, he expresses the obligation he feels, for my efforts in various ways to serve him, and orders a copy of the Museum. He has now been absent from his native country, since the year 1823. At the time Mr. Hawley was erecting his Brewery, now Mr. Davies's, Bagley Bridge; Mr. Sylvester proposed a Partnership, "Oh! no," replied Mr. Hawley, shrewdly "the people would call it the BROKEN-BACK Brewery."

The conversation of Mr. Hawley was always open-hearted, intellectual and sincere. I had his confidence, and he had mine. I accompanied him to Harmer Hill, on his way to take shipping, when we exchanged tokens of unchangeable esteem; and with a mutual declaration, that this motto should ever be ours, "Trust in God." With feelings we could not suppress, we bade each other Adieu.

tween the Cotton Factory and the Brewery.—From the Furnaces of Coleham Iron Foundry have issued all the castings of the magnificent Menai Bridge, and other national erections of similar magnitude. Mr. Hazledine is also proprietor of a great portion of Coleham; many houses of consequence, and other premises in the town; his property in various parts of the county, and out of it, is beyond my description; and shares in public companies, &c. almost immense. *His* biography would be *worth* compiling.—*Written in* 1835.

Mr. Hazledine was born at Shawbury, April 6, 1763. Died at his residence, Dogpole House, Shrewsbury, October 25th, 1840, in his 78th year.—*See my Manual of Shropshire Biography, and also my History of the County.*

A few years previously to the Sale of my Coleham Property, I had purchased Two Houses, on Castle Hill; and had the good fortune to re-sell them for more than double the amount I had given—but which Houses have subsequently been sold to the Shrewsbury Railway Company, for nearly six times the amount of my original purchase money.

My stock of Books, engraved Copperplates, and Impressions therefrom, had now become so extensive, that I deemed it necessary to resort to Auction Sales, for their quicker disposal.

This year, 1825, I had a most signal instance of the goodness of Divine Providence. After the sale of the Factory, &c. so low was the price I had obtained, and so little benefit did I derive from it, that after building in Hadnal, Workmen's Cottages, &c. without taking something from my Stock-in-Trade, I could not erect at that time, such a House on my Property, as the one I desired for my future residence. But it so happened, that the beloved and excellent friend who had purchased my Manufactory, and desiring promptly to pay for it, put into my hands, for Sale, Fifteen Shares in the Shropshire Canal Company; which I advertised in various Newspapers, without immediate success. I had however the high gratification to receive a letter from an eminent Share Broker, in Manchester; containing an unexpected offer of £160 or upwards, per Share, for the Fifteen Shares I had on Sale, and for as many in addition as I could deliver to him at the same price; offering me also the additional temptation of a Commission of One per cent. on all and every Share. To the £160, in my mind I instantly added the £1 11s. 6d as commission on each the Fifteen Shares. Mr. Palmer having only paid for the same, £135 per Share, there would be a gain on the whole, of £393 6s. Oh! what joyful news, I thought, I should have for Mr. Palmer. A few hours after I had received this cheering communication, Mr. P. called at my Counting-house, and smilingly said, "Well, Mr. Hulbert, I have sold my Shares." To whom? and for what? I hastily enquired. "To Mr.——, from whom I bought them; at the price I gave, £135 a Share." On hearing this, I became indignant, and asked why he had done so, after I had spent so much in Advertising, &c.? "Oh!" he answered "Mr. ——— has sent you Five Pounds, to pay your expenses." I will not have it, I said.—But, can you keep a secret? Dare you sign a paper written by myself, without reading it previously? "Why," said Mr. P. "I never heard of such a proposition in my life." Hesitating a moment, he cheerfully replied, "I dare, I will for you." And he did so—the purport of which was, that we should immediately exert ourselves in purchasing Shropshire Canal Shares, for mutual profit or loss. I then shewed him the letter I had received, which astonished him greatly; now, I said, we have not a moments time to lose, the gentleman who has purchased your Shares, with others, is in the market: and we must for the present leave all other occupations, and to-morrow morning, wait on all the Shareholders we know, and purchase their Shares—we did so, and before 11 o'clock in the morning, I had realized in profit, nearly £500. This was an encouraging prospect to me, and proceeding on the road to Ironbridge, between Wroxeter and Buildwas, my sense of the goodness of God, and my gratitude to him, was so overwhelming, that I uncovered my head immediately, driving in my gig in that state, for several miles, blessing and praising Him for what I was induced to believe, to be a manifest interposition in my favour; saying, I shall soon have enough of money, without disturbing my business, to build me a handsome house, and I will name it PROVIDENCE GROVE.

I met Mr. P. at the Ironbridge, and found he had been equally successful; we continued to purchase these Shares, until none were left on sale. The Broker, Mr. Macardy, handsomely and honourably paid our full claim. We then turned our attention to the gentleman who had bought the 15 Shares, whom, as we discovered, had re-sold them for £175 a Share. As that gentleman had acted as Agent for Mr. P. we well knew he could

not lawfully be also purchaser. On the case being represented to him, he honourably proposed to leave the affair to my decision; when I promptly proposed the equal division of the profit on the Shares, which had been obtained: each party instantly said, "Agreed. Agreed." After this was so agreeably settled, and the half profit, about £300, paid to Mr. P. he with the greatest honour and kindness said, "Now, Mr. Hulbert, in all our purchases and re-sales, you have had no commission or allowance. What must I do for you? the money has all been honestly paid to us, and the gain divided, and all has been through you." I answered, you were always kind and generous, I expect nothing. "Well then," rejoined my friend, "I will tell you what I will do. You have often wished for a portion of a field at Hadnal, adjoining yours, and in my purchase, I will give it to you." And he did so, with great delight. The addition of this land was very desirable. I consider the profit I derived from this speculation, was about £1,000; Mr. Palmer's share, something beyond that sum.

At this time, my numerous businesses, and I may say, successful engagements, were almost beyond my power of active continuance; Writing, Printing, and Publishing, travelling and working, in sickness or in health—by night and by day; attending to the Sunday School, and my beloved flock at Bayston Hill. Twelve months previously, I had published a small Collection of Hymns, for the use of the humble, but increasing congregation, to whom I was now become ardently attached, and had the high gratification to witness the blessed effects of the Gospel, plainly and zealously taught, however humble the instructor. The Hymns were all Original, and very plain, to which was prefixed the following Address.

To the Members of the Church of England, meeting at the house of Edward Biggs, Bayston Hill.

My Dear Friends,

TWENTY Years ago the following Hymns, originally written by your Teacher, were printed with many others, for the use of a congregation, who assembled under my instruction, in a room or chapel pertaining to my then Cotton Manufactory: a portion of the collection is now re-printed, and presented to you, in the humble hope that they will contribute to your comfort and spiritual welfare. Cultivate the temper and spirit, I hope you will perceive in them, and let all your prayers breathe the spirit of your Book of Common Prayer; offering up daily Petitions for all ranks and conditions of men,

SR

—especially love and pray for one another, and also for him who cordially subscribes himself,

Your affectionate Friend and Teacher,

C. HULBERT.

I continued my unworthy ministrations to these grateful cottagers, with success and great happiness, while I remained in Shrewsbury. On leaving that Town entirely, for Hadnal, a few Sundays attendance, convinced me that it would not be possible to continue that duty, and return from Bayston Hill so late in the evening, as must be the case, without great risk of my health, and the comfort of my family. After due consideration, with deep sorrow of heart, I announced to my humble affectionate flock, that my general attendance on Sunday evenings, must speedily cease; but that I hoped occasionally to visit them, comfort them, and never forget them in my prayers. Ministers or Teachers, who have been similarly situated, will conceive with what feelings the information was received. The real sorrow manifested, for some time caused me to waver in my decision; but the then full intent to pay them occasional visits, afforded ALL relief. Knowing what an excellent Minister they had in the adjoining Parish, good Mr. Bather, at a nearer distance than their own Parish Church, I advised them to a constant attendance on his ministry; and that those who resided a little distance from Bayston Hill, should also be recommended to attend punctually at their respective Parish Churches. I announced the intention, by a printed Notice, that I would deliver a Lecture in the open air, on Sunday, July—, 1832, being what is called Shrewsbury SHOW Sunday. My design being to call to the remembrance of my old hearers, the Gospel Truths I had so often humbly attempted to enforce; to convey to others, the solemnity and importance of those Truths, and impress on them all, the duty of attending their Parish Churches, and to recommend particularly, the Liturgy and Services of the Church of England.

By the hour we had appointed, in company with one of my youthful daughters, and a niece, I arrived at the place selected, a piece of ground in the vicinity of a near Village; many were the hearers assembled, all devout and serious. I took my stand in my own little four-wheel vehicle, recommended the use of the Liturgy of our beloved Church, gave out a Hymn, which was sung with great feeling and animation. I then commenced

in my usual manner, the Afternoon Service of our Church, and was proceeding in the exhortation, when the Lord of the Manor, and the Clergyman of the Parish, each on horseback, rode near to me; when one of them, quite mistaking, I have no doubt, my principles and my design, with evident emotion addressed me, mean while I suspended my reading. "Mr. Hulbert, I come to say, you are not to Preach on any of my ground." I instantly inquired, Pray Sir, are you not a Member of the Church of England? He answered, "I shall not answer any questions, nor do I wish to offend you." I again repeated my question, which he again answered by saying, he would answer no questions;* insisting upon it that I should not preach upon any of his ground. Then in reply, I said, Pray Sir, is the Turnpike Road your's? He replied in the negative, and left the ground. My friends then drew me and my carriage into the public road, and after again exhorting the people to assist me in the responses with their whole soul and energy, I resumed the Service, and never in any place, or on any occasion, did I hear the responses so loudly, or so fervently repeated. Prayers being ended, I called their attention to that solemn and extensive command of Our Blessed Lord, recorded in the 16th chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, and the 15th and 16th verses.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I exerted myself to the utmost, and the effect was beyond what I could have expected. Before separating, I exhorted them all to attend their Parish Churches, and I was afterwards informed, that the Sunday following, and many succeeding Sabbaths, the effect was visible. The painful part remains.

On Monday morning, by seven o'clock, information was brought me, by a good man, now no more, Mr. Hodges of Dorrington, that he had a positive knowledge, that Farmer, the bailiff, was to lodge an information against me, at the Town Hall, by ten o'clock that day, for preaching without a License. At first I was completely startled; but He, in whose service, according to my ability, I had been engaged, suggested to me, that if I would see my ever dear friend, the late Joseph Loxdale, Esq. and obtain a License, I should frustrate their really foolish and cruel design. It was Show Monday, but before ten o'clock, I was in waiting, in Mr. Loxdale's office. The moment he came in, I informed him of my situation. "I am very sorry for it," said that talented beloved Magistrate, "and my astonishment is great beyond degree; for all the world knows you are no Dissenter—and that your exertions and charities to the poor of the vicinity, have for many years been attended with great spiritual and temporal advantages. In your case you do not need to take the oaths of a Dissenter; I was present when you were made a Burgess of the Town, and took the oath of Allegiance, &c." In an instant he rang his bell for his Clerk, saying "Bring hither a blank License for a Preacher." Filling it up almost in a moment, "There," he said, "go your way, you are safe." I offered the Fee. "No, no," said that good man, "instead of putting you to expense, or giving you trouble, you ought to be rewarded and encouraged." I left his presence, when descending the Hall staircase, I met Farmer; we passed each other without notice. When introduced to Mr. Loxdale, he said, "Sir, I am come to lodge an information." "Ah!" answered Mr. L. "some Poaching, I dare say. Who is it against?" Mr. Hulbert." "Mr. Hulbert, impossible. Mr. Hulbert can do nothing, of which you can lodge an information." "Yes, Sir." "Why, what has he done?" enquired Mr. L. "He has been Preaching yesterday at ————, without a license." "Oh!" smilingly rejoined my good friend, "Mr. Hulbert is licensed." "When?" enquired Farmer. "Why," replied Mr. Loxdale, "this very minute." "Then," angry with disappointment, exclaimed the infamous informer, (who probably was the original instigator,) "we are done! we are done!" The penalty would have been £20, one-half to the informer. Since that period, how zealous and wise have many of the Squires and Clergy of the Church of England become; instead of persecuting Lay Preachers or Scripture Readers, of Church of England principles, and of truly good and religious character, they are every where sought after and encouraged.† Happy am I, that

* Knowing the kind and generous character of each the gentlemen, I am quite sure, had they permitted an explanation, they would not have given me the least trouble or offence.

† The *Leeds Intelligencer*, a few weeks ago, contained the Report of a Committee of the Rural Deanery of Leeds, including Dr. Hook, and Mr. Sinclair, Clergymen; one eminent, on

Heaven has permitted me to live to see this day, and that the prayers of more than fifty years have at length been answered. Oh! that thousands of Lay Preachers and Scriptnre Readers could be sent to Ireland forthwith, another of my prayers would then be answered. I know it is impossible that a competent number of regularly educated and Ordained Ministers of the Church of England can be engaged in the glorious work.

Whenever I visit the ever-beloved Bayston Hill, I meet with some who are still living to express their affection for one, who, in days gone by, endeavoured to guide them into the paths of truth and righteousness. Sweet are the reminiscences,—grateful to my feelings are their blessings!

Among the sweetest of my recollections, my dearest Charles, connected with Bayston Hill, is the happiness and encouragement your beloved company afforded, in many cold winter evenings, sometimes through rain, frost, or snow.—Particularly when you ventured to make your first, but successful attempt at exhortation; nor with less love, joy, and HOPE, did I listen to your first youthful efforts, occasionally to supply my place as Lecturer, at Coleham Sunday School.

In the month of July, of the present year, I attended at the neat little Church, situated very near to the place where my humble exercises were weekly performed. The Rev. Mr. Breeze officiated, and is the stated Minister. On leaving the Church, I had the gratification of being instantly and affectionately addressed by one of the congregation, whom I did not at first recognize, Mr. Holbrook, who had successively lived with his father in one of my Coleham houses—attended my Sunday School and Lectures. I visited the cottage of the late Edward Biggs, and had the pleasure to find his descendants living in it. I was also delighted to behold the handsome National School, and Schoolmistress's house, erected near to the Church, and found that it was well attended by the youth of the village, and had a very efficient Schoolmistress. On the gable end of the building, I was also happy to read the following inscription.

"This School, with the House, was given to the Poor of Christ's Church, Bayston Hill, for the purpose of Religious Instruction according to the Doctrines of the Church of England, by MARY FLAVEL, the only surviving child of John Flavel, Esq. and Deborah his wife, of Pulley, 1849."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Bayston Hill is most delightfully situated, it is partly within the parish of Saint Mary, Shrewsbury, and partly within that of Condover. When my attention was first directed to its humble but affectionate inhabitants, it was almost unknown and unheeded. During my religious intercourse with them, I had the happiness to witness its moral and religious improvement; and increase in peace, order, and the comforts of life. It had not at that time, a single School, or Place of Worship, and probably not more than 500 inhabitants. It has now its neat District Church, and its regular Minister; a neat Independent Chapel, and I believe a Meeting House for Primitive Methodists. The Church is a Perpetual Curacy, erected about nine years ago, by Public Subscription; the Endowment, I lament to say, is very small. The population, has, I believe, more than doubled itself within these ten years; and at this time, December 15, 1851, it is a large thriving Village, and being within three miles of Shrewsbury, on the road from that Town to Ludlow, Hereford, &c. and the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway, now completing, passing so near it—having these advantages, it promises, in time, to become a place of some importance.

Though, as I before observed, few of my old congregation are now living at Bayston Hill; all that do remain, are jewels in my eyes, and the few humble, clay-walled, thatched cottages, then and now in existence, are as finished palaces. But in comparison with the numbers that once attended my teachings in the Manufactory Chapel, still fewer remain to tell the story of other days: yet it is great enjoyment to behold the answer to all my hopes and prayers, the erection of a commodious Church, (see page 192 of this volume) not far distant from the site of my former humble labours; and no less gratifying is it to witness the ministerial and benevolent exertions of its first, the present

---

what are called High Church, and the other Evangelical principles, recommending the Ordination as Deacons, of persons still following secular employments, to preach and teach in the otherwise unprovided and populous districts, under the Incumbents. Had such a regulation existed in my early days, how gladly should I have embraced it!

Incumbent, the Rev. James Colley, M. A. On his entering on his Pastoral duties, in the district of Trinity Church, Coleham, a blessed evidence of his zeal and humility was exemplified in his commencing an Evening Week-day Lecture, in the very room in which, in the year 1803, a Gracious Heaven permitted me to deliver my first Sunday Evening Lecture, to my workpeople and neighbours.

The same pious, able, active, and successful Minister of God's Holy Word, is further carrying out to their fullest extent, all my first and last desires, relative to the place and vicinity of my poor exertions. The pure Gospel is preached, a Sunday School established, &c.; and in the very same room in the Manufactory, where my Sunday School was established, an Evening School for Young Men is ably conducted, and diligently attended to, by Mr. Colley himself, and qualified Assistants. I remember with gratitude, his kind exertions in receiving subscriptions after my Calamitous Fire—and great is my joy, my dearest Charles, whenever I see you in the Pulpit of Trinity Church, Coleham, and hear from the lips of one so dear to me, the same Truths, which, with some zeal, but very great feebleness, I endeavoured to inculcate, before your infant tongue had learned to lisp the name of our Blessed Redeemer.

Looking at the present depressed state of Agriculture in our neighbourhood, (Hadnal) I often lament that my purchase of Land had not been made at Bayston Hill, as it is possible, something might have happened to have promoted my one great desire, of being an Ordained Minister of the Establishment; at all events, I might, and with the blessing of Heaven should, have continued my humble labours amongst the people of my Christian affection.

But when I first thought of Hadnal, I also thought of continuing the same plan of instruction; and in designing my outbuildings, I so arranged them; the barn opened with folding doors into the carriage and cart house, subsequently the printing-office: and having some ancient windows, the whole presented a Gothic appearance. A melancholy circumstance soon afforded me the opportunity of making a commencement.—I may remark, that I had engaged a very honest faithful aged workman to reside in one of my newly erected cottages. I had not the comfort of his services many months, when one Wednesday morning, on driving from Shrewsbury to Hadnal, to my great grief I found the wife of my workman had died suddenly in the previous night, and that the neighbours observing the window shutters closed late in the morning, proceeded to their dwelling, and listening at the door, heard deep groaning with feeble lamentation, they proceeded to force open the door, and entering their bedroom, found Mary the wife, quite dead, and the husband struggling for life. Relatives of the aged pair living very near, William was removed to their house, where he soon afterwards died of Pleurisy; his wife had died from the infirmities of old age, her death being probably hastened by witnessing the affliction of her husband. This was a great shock to my feelings; for two evenings previously, when I parted with them, both appeared quite well and cheerful. They had lived honestly and happily, and are both interred in one grave in Hadnal Churchyard. Hoping to improve the afflicting event, I caused the following Notice to be distributed in the neighbourhood.

"A DISCOURSE will be delivered on the lamented and unexpected DEATH of William and Mary Wright, of Hadnal, at half-past Five o'clock, on Sunday Evening, September 17th, 1826, in the premises adjoining their late dwelling; by a Member of the Church of England, and a true friend of the honest labouring portion of the community. Every possible accommodation, as to sittings, &c. will be afforded to those who may think proper to attend."

Numerous was the assembly of deeply affected hearers, and for a moment I felt the intention to continue my efforts; but I did not find Hadnal, like Bayston Hill, without a School or a Pastor. It had a venerable Church, a Dissenting Meeting House, and a Daily and *then* Sunday School; and as I considered myself only a cultivator of barren hills, wastes, and commons, I saw but little occasion for my labours, and not any prospect of a plentiful harvest from any mode of cultivation I could adopt.

With due care and some labour, previous to this event, I had collected together the materials necessary to commence building the humble structure which, I intended, with the

blessing of my Heavenly Father, should be my residence, until he was pleased to call me, as then was, and still is, my daily prayer, to some humble inheritance among those who love him, in his own eternal kingdom.

On the 27th of August, 1827, the first stone was laid, and great was the joy of myself and family. Little did we think on that happy occasion, that within less than thirteen years, another structure on the same foundations, would have to be reared in tears of sorrow and loss.

For the ability to specify the precise date of the erection of Providence Grove, I am indebted to a burnt and tattered fragment of a memorandum book, in which were recorded the events of three or four years, and which feeble record, while volumes of the greatest bulk and value, title deeds, &c. had perished in the conflagration, was permitted to escape. On another singed page, I found the following record.

"April 11th, 1828, died, aged 93, William Smith, Esq. senior Alderman of Shrewsbury, without one single observation on his death or character, by the Shrewsbury Papers."

The year after his death, I published a little volume, entitled 'Eccentric Biography, or, Memoirs of No Common Characters,' in which I gave, among my other notices, the first notice of a man, who under great disadvantages, with only a very limited education, by dint of great economy and perseverance, had raised himself to the rank of Mayor and Alderman of the Town of Shrewsbury; a Magistrate of the Town and County, &c. I once had his warmest friendship, and he had my veneration and esteem; many times did he promise to remember me liberally in his Will, and in a Codicil, which he afterwards destroyed, he had done so. I forfeited his esteem, first by my zeal for his son, to whom, I regret to say, he was far from being either liberal or kind. I assisted the amiable and excellent young man with small sums of money, which he really needed; and pleaded for him on every occasion I had the opportunity. The Justice in consequence treated me with great coldness—but as he declared, he only gave me up as his friend, on my refusing to testify, that when he lent the £500 to Mr. Sylvester, he was to have a premium of £25, which he demanded when the first half-year's interest was due. This demand, Sylvester resisted, as not being true in fact, and if true, was an act of usury, and perfectly illegal: and this I knew to be the case—I therefore used every argument to induce him to give up the demand, as I perceived Mr. Sylvester had engaged a professional gentleman to enter an action against Mr. Smith. As Mr. Sylvester was nearly as close, and far more keen than the now aged and mentally enfeebled Justice Smith, I perceived that an action was what he desired, I therefore was the more urgent with Mr. Smith, to give up the claim, which it would be madness to attempt to uphold. The penalty for usury was at that time, *the whole principal and three times its amount*, which in this case would have been £2,000. By my zeal for his interest, I lost his friendship—but then I saved his credit and his money,§ and I do not regret the deed. Covetousness, or an excessive love of money was his great failing, otherwise his heart was feeling, naturally humane, and charitable. Some instances have been recorded in these Memoirs, and many more I could relate of his kindness towards individuals in distress.

There is a poor, but honest widow, now living in Shrewsbury, who will remember, if she sees this notice, that after I had related to the Justice her distress and sufferings, he went to his larder, took from it a shoulder of mutton, placed it under his coat, and with quick pace hastened to her dwelling, and without speaking a word, laid it on her table and retired.

The Justice never saw my property at Providence Grove,—but I remember gratefully, that just as I had finished my little Castle, in Coleham, and preparing to become its inhabitant; the Painters employed being gone to dinner, had locked up the house doors, and taken the keys with them, but had left a ladder leaning against the outside wall, under the window of our intended humble drawing-room, leaving the sash open. On their return, great was their surprise, but greater was my own, to find tastefully arranged on the shelf of the marble chimney piece, a set of splendid Chinese Jars: by what medium, or by whom they had been introduced, no one could divine—and all my enquiries could not discover. Some time after, being at the Justice's residence, he enquired if we were quite settled in our new dwelling. Partly so, I replied, but we have had a great surprise,—by some means unknown to us, a splendid set of real Indian or Chinese Jars, at a time when the house was closely locked up, and all the windows closed, were placed upon the shelf of the chimney piece of the drawing room on the second floor, just over the dining room, to which at the time, there was no access whatever. "And what have you done with them now?" Oh! I said, they are removed to the sideboard, in the dining room; we were very much afraid that some person might by accident press them against the large looking glass resting on the chimney piece, and before which they were placed. "My friend, my friend, they were in the right place; take them back, take them back, and he who placed them there will give you a glass too, if that be broken." Oh! then, I said, the mystery is revealed; you must, my dear sir, be the generous friend who placed them there. "Yes, I did," he replied. But how did you enter the house, and into the room? "Why, I will tell you. I took my servant with me to carry the Jars, intending to present you with them; when I came to the house, the doors were locked, but I saw the ladder reared against the wall, and the window open. I instantly mounted the ladder, entered the room through the window, and placed them as you found them. I left the room, closing the window after me, descended the ladder, left it as I found it, and retired from the premises without being by any one observed.

Until within a few years of his death, Mr. Smith was a very amusing companion, he had something to relate of every respectable individual who lived or died in Shrewsbury. He was a man of peace. Many were the parties brought before him who had quarrelled with each other; in these cases he would patiently listen to their complaints, and having heard them he would say, "Well, well, faults on both sides, make it up, make it up. Go home, be friends, and live as friends." Though I scarcely ever hear his name mentioned, there must be many in Shrewsbury by whom he is still remembered; and let it never be forgotten, that at my simple request, he gave the land on which the first Royal Lancasterian School was erected. (See page 233 of this volume.)

While my house at Hadnal was in course of erection, I commenced writing and printing my History of the Town and County of Salop. First, announcing a second edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, which had been published by my father-in-law, the late Thomas Wood, and was then become exceedingly scarce and dear—copies selling for four times their original price. My Continuation and Notes, doubling the original

§ Query.—Was this service ever remembered by his *descendants*? NO! Perhaps *some* never knew. 'Tis said they inherited £150,000.

size of the Work. Mr. Smith eventually discovered his mistake, and partially received me into favour; being one of the first to offer me encouragement to proceed with the undertaking—presenting me also with a Manuscript Historical and Chronological Account of the Town, by the celebrated Dr. Beech; memorable for the opinion he entertained, that no man need ever to die, provided he only took a certain degree of exercise, ate only a certain proportion of food, and of a certain quality. He lived by this rule, and attained the age of more than eighty years, active and sprightly as youth; but forgetting his rule of a proper degree of exercise, he undertook a journey on foot, to Ellesmere and back, in one day, which brought on fever, and occasioned his death. A copy of the Doctor's Manuscript, I now possess.

At this time, the Parish of St. Chad,—a portion of which was High street,—where I resided, was unusually agitated by a division of opinion among the Rate-payers, relative to the erection of a New Church in Frankwell. Vestry Meetings were convened, and disputes ran so high, that even the sacredness of their Parish Church, did not prevent ill names, ill words, and quarrelsome blows. These disorders were very very afflictive to my mind, and I published and circulated at my own expense, the following free Address.

NEW CHURCH IN FRANKWELL.

To the Parishioners and Rate-Payers of St. Chad, Shrewsbury.

Fellow Parishioners, &c.

WHILE our common opponents, the unbelievers, are perpetually on the alert seeking for occasion to upbraid the Friends of Christianity with the want of love and unanimity, shall it be said that so respectable and intelligent a portion of the Christian Inhabitants of the Town of Shrewsbury, as the Parishioners of Saint Chad certainly are, seem determined to furnish their enemies, and the enemies of the Church of Christ, with the most powerful weapons to accomplish their own defeat. In ancient times it was said "see how these Christians love." From the spirit which now begins to make its appearance in our parish, I fear it will soon be remarked, "see how these Christians hate."

Christian Friends, let us endeavour to prevent so disgraceful a reproach—let each express a difference of opinion with becoming moderation and obliging respect.

The point in dispute among us is said now to be, whether there shall or shall not be a Church or Chapel of Ease in Frankwell, one of the suburbs of our Town.

When first the idea was suggested, it met with general approbation. Churchmen and Dissenters all appeared united in the expression of one common sentiment--"There wants an edifice for the Worship of Almighty God in that populous part of the town; there being neither Episcopal Church, or Meeting House for Methodists or Dissenters:"—indeed all voices united in the general wish, that Frankwell might be blessed with the presence of a Temple of God.

At this period it was, I believe, generally understood, that in case a New Church should be erected, the patronage or power of appointing a Minister would be vested in the Subscribers. This idea seemed gratifying, inasmuch as it gave to every one a certain something, besides the thanks of charity, for his money.

The subsequent proposal is, that the Patronage and Revenues shall be vested for ever in the Vicar of the Parish.

From this change in the patronage, all the evils of increased parish Rates have by some been anticipated. Without entering at all into the controversy on the subject, I will humbly and briefly endeavour to heal the wounds which seem to have been opened in the breasts of neighbours and friends, and to propose, with all due deference, a remedy at once simple, and if adopted, I trust efficacious.

A war of words, like a war of swords, pierces and destroys. Let us therefore, avoid a continuance of the conflict; let us agree to erect a Church for the honour of our God, and the benefit of our race: let the patronage or appointment of the *first* Minister be vested in the Vicar, under his guarantee that no additional Rate shall be levied upon the Parish in consequence of the erection during the period such Curate may continue to officiate as the Minister of his *own* choice. Let the revenue and every future appointment of a Minister be vested in the Vicar of the Parish, the Churchwardens of the mother church, and a Committee of Pew-holders of the New, say 6, 7, or 8, elected by and out of themselves; giving by that means, to *all interested*, a certain degree of power in the choice of a future minister. Upon this plan I most respectfully submit, that the Vicar would represent himself and his superiors in the economy of the church; the Churchwardens, the body of Rate-payers throughout the parish; and the Committee of Pew-holders would represent those most interested in the essential qualities and abilities of their minister.

Another consideration, or rather enquiry, I would beg leave to offer, is, may not the present design be too extensive, and could not a comfortable and respectable place of worship be erected for a much less sum than that already proposed; and in that case, might not a fund be supplied to meet future contingencies.

At the same time, I trust on the plan of investiture or patronage here proposed—a NEW Chapel would rather DIMINISH than increase the rates. We may suppose the value of property would be enhanced in Frankwell, and all that portion of the parish adjoining; that respectable new houses would be built, and additional rate-payers introduced. The present worthy Vicar for his own sake would make choice of a popular Curate; and from the same motives the succeeding and all future electors would do the same.

If these suggestions appear to have no weight, let me in the name of Christianity implore, that all difference of opinion may be expressed in candour and love. Let us never make the vestry or the entrance of the House of the God of Peace the arena for unhallowed combat. Rather let the benches in the County Hall, or the trees in the Quarry be the witnesses of your intemperate discussion, than the sacred walls of our Parish Church.

The last consideration or enquiry I would most respectfully urge, is the following;—does not the happiness and prosperity of a nation, town, or parish, depend upon its MORALITY; to be religious is to be moral, and to be moral is to be happy. Public worship invigorates and improves our religion; the increase of places of worship affords additional facilities to worshippers; therefore the erection of Churches and Chapels promotes Worship, Morality, and general Happiness.

Let us therefore, by no means stay the good work, but endeavour to erect a Church upon *some* conditions, and on *some* ground in Frankwell. The humble individual who thus presumes to address you, claims your indulgence on the ground

that he is a Parishioner and a Rate-payer; that he is no party-man, but in his mind the friend of all. Should what he has ventured to suggest, in any degree tend to allay that unpleasant feeling now existing in the parish, he will be amply repaid for the expense and labour bestowed.

*High-Street, January* 7, 1828. C. HULBERT.

It was indeed delightful to witness the effects, this humble Address, by the blessing of Heaven so soon effected. You will recollect, my dearest Charles, how kindly and affectionately your Father was waited upon by the worthy Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Compson; and Mr. Morris Morris, one of the Churchwardens; and many others, each desirous to communicate the happy effects a few words of conciliation had produced, and that a Church would certainly be erected. (see page 196)

This year, being thoroughly impressed with a consideration of the great evils the Currency Restriction would inflict. I published an Address, all my impressions of which having been distributed, or consumed by my sad Fire; to your care and kindness alone, my dear Charles, I am indebted for a preserved one, of which the following is a copy.

LOCAL ONE POUND NOTES.

*To all Classes of my fellow Townsmen.*

ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

PERMIT me, with every sentiment of humility and respect, to direct your attention to a very important subject—one in which you all are most particularly interested, whatever may be the station you occupy in the Common wealth.

Perhaps you are not aware that an Act has passed the Legislature, declaring that no Banker shall lawfully issue One Pound Notes *after the Fifth day of April*, 1829. Should that Law not be previously repealed, only think how greatly the circulating, *the most useful* circulating medium of this County will be reduced. You all know and feel, that in proportion as the general Currency of the Country is limited or withdrawn, your property sinks in value—your industry becomes nerveless and unavailing—your Agricultural or Commercial prospects are blighted—your *health* and *comforts* disappear. It matters not to you what Money you receive, so long as that money will discharge an engagement or purchase whatever property you may need or desire. When money is plentiful the landlord obtains a better rent, the tradesman a better price for his goods, and the labourer higher wages; and the tax collector has *less* trouble: every branch of the community warmed and cheered by wealth, is lively and happy. A state like this you all experienced, before our Government unwisely interfered with the Paper Currency of the country; and you all will very soon, unless you now exert yourselves, experience increased calamities from the total disappearance of our Country Bankers' Notes of One Pound. You know their convenience, and that you would now rather receive in payment fifty pounds in our Town or County Bankers' Notes, than the same sum in Bank of England Paper, or even Sovereigns. And why should we not be indulged with the liberty of trading one with another through the medium of Bills, Notes, or Cash, so long as we break no law of the land, debase not the King's Coin, diminish not, but rather increase his revenue. To this it will be replied, "If Local Notes be encouraged and permitted to pass without restriction, what will be the result? We shall have Bankers, &c. in every street." Be it so, and my answer will be, such an evil will soon correct itself. Men without capital or reputation cannot in these days obtain credit; their paper issues would be circumscribed to the circle of their own pockets, and never gain admittance into ours. But even supposing we should lose now and then, a few pounds by the failure of a Banking House, do we not *now* lose a deal more by the want of trade, the low price of labour, and the produce of the field, &c. And do we not also lose frequently by counterfeit Sovereigns, and counterfeit Bank of England Notes.

The individual who presumes to address you has been nearly thirty years engaged as a manufacturer, as a wholesale and retail dealer, and he can truly say he has lost more from counterfeit Bank of England Notes, than he ever lost from the failure of Local Establishments. He does not advocate the cause of Country Bankers because he is under obligation to them; he can boldly affirm that he owes not a single penny to any, or to all the Bankers in the world. He advocates the cause of Country Bankers from a conviction of their great utility, convenience, general wealth, and respectability. He would therefore beg of you to consider the importance of the present moment, to lose no time, but to call a Public Meeting, and forward a Petition to both Houses of Parliament, when the following may be adopted, or anything better, which may then be proposed.

——1828. C. HULBERT.

The Petition, embodying the above sentiments, is purposely omitted.

I need not describe to you, how sorrowfully our good Town and County were affected by that unwise and cruel Bill. Many were the expressions of approbation I then received in passing through our own County, and others adjoining; it was then, on my part, a period of business exertions and travel.

In 1830, on the death of George IV. Parliament was dissolved, and the Representation of our Borough was again contested. The Candidates were Mr. Panton Corbett, Mr. Slaney, and Mr. Jenkins, (afterwards Knighted.) On being waited upon by each the respective Candidates,* I declared my opin-

---

* All the candidates were natives of Shropshire, and had very legitimate claims on the Suffrages of the Electors of Shrewsbury.

PANTON CORBETT, Esq. the son of the Venerable the Archdeacon Corbett, of Longnor Hall, whose family had the affection and esteem of every one who knew their active benevolence and worth. He had all the qualifications of a statesman and a man of business, he had served the Town as its Representative,—diligently, honestly, and faithfully, for the ten preceding years.

RICHARD JENKINS, Esq. of Bicton Hall; his family also of the highest respectability, eminent for their virtues, humanity and benevolence. He had rendered services to his country, as a RESIDENT in our Indian Possessions, where he had manifested superior wisdom, and Political talent. His father I never knew, I believe he was dead before my arrival in Shropshire. His honoured mother I well remember, and his lovely and talented sisters. When Sir Richard, (as we now call him) received his first appointment in the East India Company's

ion of the Currency Bill, and my determination not to support any friend of the measure. Messrs. Corbett and Jenkins entered warmly into my feelings, and they had my best assistance and support. Mr. Slaney very kindly expressed his approbation of my open declaration, and sincerely wished that all voters would express their opinions in the same open and candid manner: but he so far approved of the Currency Restriction Bill, that if elected he should vote for its continuance. This was equally honest on his part as a Candidate.

Mr. Corbett commenced his canvass with the full determination not to purchase a single vote, when I do believe that an expenditure of £400 would have secured his Election. With the view of discouraging the hope and desire of Bribery in the Burgesses, I published the following brief Address.

A WORD TO CANDIDATES AND ELECTORS.

*To Candidates.*

GENTLEMEN,

If it be true that you are now degrading yourselves and breaking the Laws of your Country by *purchasing the Votes of Venal Electors*, I honestly blame and truly pity you. You are taking that from yourselves and families you may some future day want, for more honourable purposes, unless you should be *fortunate enough* to obtain a slice of the *rich things* Government may have to bestow. Think, too, to what you expose yourselves by *purchasing votes*. Bought friends are seldom true friends. He who is corrupt enough to receive a Bribe, will seldom have Virtue enough to keep a Secret.

I, therefore say, Buy no Man's Vote; be contented with the Suffrages of the Virtuous and enlightened portion of Electors. Keep your fortunes for your families, or in readiness to assist the virtuous distressed and needy. If elected, seek to serve your country as honest independent men.

*To Electors.*

You complain of heavy Taxes and a corrupt Government—and yet you imitate the practices of the men you affect to despise—nay, do you not set them the example of depravity? You often express yourselves in terms of just abhorence of what you hear and read of men being bought and sold as slaves in the West Indies.

Now let me reason with you. When you have sold your votes, have you not sold your Freedom? If you have sold your Freedom, are you not Slaves? If bought as Slaves, may not your Masters sell you again? Yes, and they will do it, if they possess not more virtue than falls to the lot of mankind in general.

Do you not feel yourselves degraded the moment you have bartered your Freedom for a *paltry bribe*: which, having obtained dishonourably, you spend disreputably—in rioting and drunkenness? and so, from becoming the Slaves of men, you become the Slaves of Vice!

Electors, keep your Freedom and act like Freemen. If you disinterestedly serve an upright humane Candidate *now*, he may serve you when afflictions or misfortunes happen. You can always look the man you serve honestly, in the face, and if need be, demand his assistance. But how can you expect the Man to assist you when in want, *disinterestedly*, whom *you* would not serve *honestly*, when he wanted you.

Be assured my advice is sincere, and proceeds from a due regard to your own Interests, and the real Interest of the Country. A BURGESS.

As I have no personal knowledge of a single voter receiving a bribe, I make no remarks, only that my honest, honourable and beloved friend Mr. Corbett, lost his Election.

In 1830, the Country was in deep distress, particularly the working classes; the Currency Restriction Bill had operated, as I anticipated, in crippling the efforts of Manufacturers and Agriculturists, and consequently lowering the price of labour, and creating misery among the labourers. This affected my heart, and I took the bold measure of addressing a Printed Letter, in the form of a Pamphlet, to our beloved Representative, Mr. Jenkins, whom I knew to possess in many respects, views and feelings similar to my own.

When first my humble Memoirs went to Press, I fully intended to have given the Letter entire; but my limits will scarcely admit of a brief notice. The chief object is to shew the necessity of encouraging the honest industrious operatives or workmen. In the Preface it is observed that

"It is not *against* Master Manufacturers my observations are directed, quite the reverse: my desires are that something may be done to save ALL CLASSES from ruin. If the poor cease from the land—if poverty destroy them—if the foundation of the structure of society be removed, what will become of the upper stories of the building? they must fall together in one common heap. Reciprocal prosperity is the interest of the whole community; in society we have no interests separate from each other."

"It will be observed in the following pages, that my views are simply these—Prosperity can only diffuse itself through

---

Service. I felt no little pride and pleasure in supplying cotton goods of my own manufacture, in completing his outfit. And gratefully do I record, that the friendship and patronage of this highly respected family, like that of the Corbett's, has from that period to the present, been unvaryingly bestowed on all my humble labours, by its various branches.

I could say much, but I forbear, of the family of Charlton Hill.—Robert Jenkins, Esq. the honoured father of this family, died some years ago. His beloved, generous, and hospitable widow remains at the Ancient Mansion, surrounded by her amiable and affectionate daughters. Her sons, in the service of their country, by their skill and bravery are rising to high eminence and distinction.

ROBERT AGLIONBY SLANEY, Esq. of Walford; son of Robert Aglionby Slaney, Esq. of Hatton Grange, near Shiffnal. A gentleman of undoubted talents, and his character standing high as being most exemplary in all the relations and duties of life. Since which period, he has contested the Borough many times, and except in one instance, with uniform success. He is at this time one of our honourable Representatives.

All the above gentlemen were kind contributors to the fund for my relief after the Fire.

*all* ranks, by *ascending* from the humble workman to the Retailer, Farmer, and Manufacturer, from the Farmer to the Landlord, and that the general good of the *whole* is indissolubly connected with the welfare of the Working Classes; and that if we cherish and water the *roots* of the National Tree, the trunk and branches will be sure to flourish."

"To the working classes the reduction of Taxation does not appear of so much importance as a small advance in the price of labour would be; they can readily calculate, that supposing it possible, *ten millions* annually could be taken from the national expenditure, even that sum would not amount to ten shillings a year to each individual in the United Kingdom. I would not for a moment desire it to be understood that I consider public economy useless, but I confess I do not attach the same importance to retrenchment, especially in public works, as many of my more experienced and skilful contemporaries may do; I still look at the *reaction*. In many cases money expended by government, returns speedily into the pockets of the members of the national community. I fear too, the cherished *expectation* is deceptive, "that opening new channels of commerce, and new markets for our manufactures, would completely relieve the country." While the power of production continues to increase, a population double that of India would be supplied."

"Far be it from me to ascribe the distressed state of the labouring population to the employment of machinery alone, on the contrary, I am aware that many causes have assisted in promoting the lamentable results we have to deplore; among which I enumerate the destruction of small farms, and cottages with allotments of land. A farm of one thousand acres now only maintains one GREAT Farmer or Grazier, and not many servants; when formerly the same would have been in the occupation of ten or more different families, supporting the whole with their servants, in comfort and independence. In the *Bath Journal* of Nov. 27, 1830, it is stated that in one of the villages where they have burnt the machinery, *one* farmer alone occupies land that formerly maintained in respectability thirty-seven families."

"To support my opinion that our home trade may be rendered equally beneficial with our Foreign, I will suppose the population of the United Kingdom to be twenty-two millions, consisting of eight millions of Families, and that in that number of Families, one million are Farmers, Shopkeepers, and retailers of one description and another, whose income at present is barely sufficient to support them in comfort or a suitable degree of respectability. I will suppose four millions of Families to be engaged in Manufactures, or are Labourers and Handicraftsmen, receiving wages or annual salaries."

"Now add to the profits of the million of Families of Farmers, Shopkeepers, and Retailers only twelve shillings a week each, and you have the annual sum of thirty-one millions two hundred thousand pounds; add to the wages of four millions of Families engaged in Manufactures, Handicraft Trades, Agricultural Labour, &c. only three shillings a week and you will have a like sum of thirty-one millions two hundred thousand pounds. Total, sixty two millions four hundred thousand pounds."

"I admit there is much may be said against the system at present adopted by many Manufacturers and retail Dealers. A *great* business and *small* profits is the prevailing maxim of the day; while the same, or greater gains were formerly made from one-fourth the present toil and risk. There is also a most ungenerous propensity in us all, to banter and to obtain goods very cheap, forgetting the maxim "we should live and let live."—*Written December* 2, 1830.

At the period when the Pamphlet was written, Members of Parliament had the privilege of receiving or addressing letters free of postage, I therefore took the liberty of directing copies of the Letter to almost every Town or County Representative; and was favoured with answers according to the bias or particular opinions of their respective writers.—Some in perfect agreement, and others adverse to my sentiments and opinions—all friendly and polite; I preserved the whole until the fatal 7th of January, 1839.

I make no pretension to Political sagacity, but I have my own opinions, and they are the same in 1852, as they were in 1822; I still believe that England has within herself the power of being great and happy.—Let us encourage internal and colonial commerce to the fullest extent, and rely more on our own capabilities and resources, and have less reliance and dependence on friends, who may in the course of events one day become our enemies.

As it respects my present views, with regard to the Currency, and the effects of Machinery, they are also unaltered. I still say, in proportion as money becomes scarce it becomes dear, and produce and property in the same ratio becomes cheap. The progress of machinery, whether employed in manufactures or agriculture, must of necessity interfere with manual labour.

The Papers of the day record, that a new Foreign Machine employed in the manufacture of Carpets, has in the first week of its introduction, thrown hundreds of hands out of employment in the town of Kidderminster, creating a panic and general gloom. The anticipated success of the new American Reaping Machine, will have the same effect on harvest labourers. What is to be done? Send all the active unemployed Operatives and Labourers, to work the Gold Mines in Australia; where, the same Papers say, 10,000 hands are already employed in raising and collecting the "precious metal." And what will be the result? The disarrangement of our monetary system, in the inverse ratio of the withdrawment of the Paper Currency. Money will be cheap, and too plentiful; property and labour will rise beyond calculation; and we may live to see Colonial, Provincial, and even Local Gold Tokens, as fifty years ago we did those of Copper and Silver, in general circulation.

Purchasers of land, labourers, and farmers will turn their attention to Ireland, now being

deserted by the emigration of its inhabitants.† To keep labourers at home in England, as they now are, Allotments of Land must be given, or sold to them. To keep my own Cottage Tenants on my premises, I am now cutting up portions of three small fields into ten allotments, being an increase to the garden of each residence, without any increase of rents. Several of my tenants (farm labourers) are now employed in Draining, on the lands of J. Corbet, Esq. of Sundorne Castle; J. Lloyd, Esq. of the Knolls, &c. and have to walk twice a day, viz: morning and night, a distance of five miles.

Suffering, as I am just now, from severe indisposition, and other depressing causes, I do not give way to despondency; though at present, distress exists among my neighbours, and in Shropshire generally:—I yet have HOPE.

Leaving those moral reflections, with which my heart is quite full, I proceed with my Narrative. As you will recollect, my dear Son, many were the journies of business I undertook at this period, and also in previous and succeeding years; either to collect information for my Works in hand, and receive the orders of Subscribers, or to promote the sale and circulation of those various Books I had been publishing; visiting near and distant Counties, and was every where well and kindly received. In every place where I remained a few days, friendships were formed with very respectable intelligent reading individuals,—all of whom I remember, and many remain to the present day. Sometimes in places where unknown, I had to encounter some difficulties; but that gave me power and resolution. As I have previously intimated, the Stock of Books and Engravings, of my own Publication, had become so extensive, that I found it necessary to remove them for sale, to Towns in which I had no residence, as on the following occasion.

Having sent one of my young men, William Millward, to Burslem, he engaged an excellent place of sale, situate in the Market Place—opened and displayed his goods to the astonishment of the natives; he had printed catalogues with him. A Mr. Edge was then Inspector of Hawkers, and supposing from a view of the catalogue, that there was not any man in the kingdom who could really be the *bona fide* Publisher of so varied and extensive a collection. He lodged an information against the young man, took him instantly before the magistrates at Leek, 12 miles distant, where upon the plea that the young man's story and the catalogues were false, he was convicted in the penalty of ten pounds, taken into custody, the property seized—and as he had no money, he was to be committed to prison until the sale of the effects had realized the penalty and expenses. At that time, letters were from two to three days in their transit from Burslem to Shrewsbury.

Remaining comfortably at home, and enjoying a party taking tea at my house, the postman brought me a letter from William, stating his condition, and that I must immediately come to his relief. My little carriage was then under the hand of the coach-builder.—I left the tea table in haste, saw him, related my story; by four o'clock in the morning the repairs were completed, and I was on my way to Burslem, by way of Newcastle: approaching to that Town, I met William Milward. Oh! I am glad to see you at liberty, jump up into the carriage and return with me. "Oh! no sir, I dare not, they will take me to prison; the constables were taking me there, when a mob of hundreds of people assailed the officers, and nearly killed them, set me at liberty, and I ran for my life." This grieved me, as I knew our cause was good, and would instantly be proved on my arrival at Burslem, which I did about ten o'clock. Proceeding to the Market Place, I found it filled with my advocates, in great agitation; as soon as they saw me, they made the welkin ring with their huzzas. "Are you right, Mr. Hulbert?" they enquired. Quite right, I replied. "Shall we break open the room in which your goods are destrained, and punish the rascals in possession?" Oh! no, I thank you very kindly. Standing up in my carriage, I addressed them, and explained the law, that as a Manufacturer, I had a right to remove and sell my own Publications, in any part of the kingdom, except London, without a license, and that such was my stock. The huzzas and rejoicings were instantly resumed—a party accompanied me to the Leopard Inn, from whence I addressed letters to Lord Clive, Gen. Lord Hill, Panton Corbett, Esq. M. P. and Mr. Donne, Secretary at the Hackney Coach Office, London. I believe each of the Noblemen, with my ever-dear friend Mr. Corbett, waited upon Mr. Donne with my catalogue, declaring their conviction, and from personal knowledge, that I was the Publisher of every Book and Engraving; adding their testimony to my character and respectability. The letters referred to I sent by my zealous friends to the post-office, first apprising the Inspector of what I had done. After refreshing myself and horse, in company with Mr. Powell of Burslem, formerly of Stanton-upon-Hincheath, I set out to see the Magistrates at Leek,—the roads I found to be very hilly, so we advanced slowly. On my arrival at Leek, I waited on the Magistrate's Clerk, who informed me that the magistrate who convicted the young man, was a Mr. Trafford, and that he lived in Derbyshire, a distance of 8 or 10 miles. Finding my horse refreshed, I again set out for the Justice's—it was summer time; we arrived at his house, a solitary residence, about eleven o'clock. There was a light in one lower room, the kitchen—I knocked at the door—no one answered; I repeated my knockings—when a servant trembling with fear, in great agitation enquired my business; I related it briefly, adding, I have travelled already from Shrewsbury without changing my horse. The servant replied "Mr. Trafford is in bed." Well, if he is, take up my card while I remain here. He did so, and returned

† Now all I have here suggested, I believe will be accomplished by the influx of Gold from the Colonies. What most surprises me is, that Government did not reserve the Australian Mines, and work them on the Nation's account—employing all the surplus Labourers of England and Ireland in raising and coining gold for the National Expenditure, and gradual liquidation of the Public Debt! The money thus raised and distributed among all classes, would eventually create such a desire for investment, that all the Estates in Ireland, and the Waste Lands of England, would not supply the demand: and what a market for labour and produce would be created—what room for steam power, machinery and inventions, for the *benefit* of all, and the *injury* of none. How much better this, than fighting the Kaffirs, or provoking a war with Louis Napoleon and the French People!

with the kind answer, that "If I would excuse it, Mr. Trafford would see me in his bedroom." He received me very politely, and assured me that he never signed a conviction so much against his will,—that he was inclined to believe William Milward's and Mr. Powell's testimony; but that Edge the Inspector assured him it was impossible that any one man could be Author, Printer and Publisher of such a number of expensive Works.—I will however instantly write to Edge, to liberate your young man, and restore your goods."

We returned to Leek, and reached there about two o'clock in the morning, very much to the joy of the inmates of the Inn, who had warmly espoused my cause. I had then travelled about 72 miles. In the morning by seven o'clock, I waited on the Magistrates Clerk: I shewed him the note Mr. Trafford had written. He looked at me with some degree of astonishment and pleasure, saying "Like Edge, I doubted very much the correctness of your catalogue, or that any one man could be Author, Printer and Proprietor of so many Publications. Come to Leek, and I will do all in my power to promote your views and interest; your energy on this occasion convinces me that your statements are perfectly correct."

We returned to Burslem, delivered the note to the confused penitent Inspector, who released the goods, acknowledged his error, became my warmest friend, and in two days letters arrived from the Noblemen mentioned, and Mr. Corbett, detailing the success of their application: and from Mr. Donne, stating his conviction of my correctness, and that he had ordered Edge to release the goods and the young man; and that he would take care that I should never be again molested. Here I succeeded well—I never was so popular. I rewarded my zealous friends, and presented the beaten officers each with a gratuity, and my pardon.

I visited Hanley, and was almost enthusiastically received. But all who called to make purchases or to see the Author, had not the same impressions. One of the first ladies in the vicinity had just selected the 'Museum of the World,' and various other Works, when a respectably dressed farmer entering the sale room, bowed to the lady, who said "How do you do Tench." Mr. Tench looking round with an air of *learned* importance, and satirical sneer, enquired "Pray sir, have you the History of Adam's Grandfather?" No sir, I answered, but I have the History of his Grandmother. "Have you,—let me see it." So I opened to the Article in the first volume of the Museum, which treats on Fossil Remains, and Indications of a Former World. Taking the book in his hand, he enquired "And pray, who wrote this?" I believe I did. Taking up the 'Religions of Britain,' he enquired "And did you write this?" when he received the same answer. Viewing me contemptuously, and looking for the approbation of the lady, he said "Well, I should think you would say anything. If you can write Books, I should think I could write Books myself." I have no doubt of your ability, I replied. He then said, "You profess to be the Author of all these Publications, which I very much doubt. Pray sir, are you engaged on any work now?" Yes sir, I answered, and I am now in search of information. "Are you so, if it be true that you are the Author you state yourself to be, you have no need to seek for other information. But, pray sir, what is it you want to know?" I wish sir, to know who it was that walked and talked and never sinned? "It was not me," he replied "and I think it was not you." Perhaps not, but I think he was very like one of us. "Oh! then," (laughing) he said "do tell me who it was?" It was Balaam's Ass, I replied. Starting with rage, he exclaimed, "And do you mean to apply that to me?" No, no, to myself, as one of us. "There," said the lady, who had been listening very attentively "Tench, you will now be Balaam's Ass as long as you live."

**At Bollington, Hyde, Stockport, &c. I met with the greatest kindness, attention and success. In the Town of Macclesfield, though situate within the Parish of Prestbury, where my ancestors, the Mottersheads, had their estates and location, I never spent more than a single night at one time, although it was often my intention to introduce myself to its inhabitants.**

On a subsequent occasion, driving through it, and having to call on two respectable subscribers to my Sunday Reader, &c. I stept into a smart looking Barber's shop, and took my seat—an elderly gentleman being near me reading the newspaper. A gay looking 'Knight of the Razor' commenced operations on my chin, at the same time remarking, "Why sir, your beard is Blue. You remind me of Blue Beard," looking at the gentleman expecting approbation of his wit. This, I considered, called from me some reproof, and I instantly enquired if he ever shaved a Green Beard? "No sir." he answered. Did you ever shave a Monkey? "No sir." Then you never shaved yourself. What effect the reproof had upon the young man, I know not; but the gentleman who was reading expressed himself in terms very flattering, and declared his desire to be my friend during our lives.

**Thus I am going on with my old man's stories, forgetting that all I relate may be uninteresting to many of my readers; but I will not *now* weary them with more than two others, which have just recurred to my remembrance.**

Before your time of recollection, my dearest Charles, when my old friend Mr. James Roberts was still residing in Manchester; with that kindness which was natural to his heart, he recommended to my notice and patronage, a Public Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, a Mr. Nield of Hebden Bridge, in your County—who, to my afterwards regret, I found to be an unbeliever and a bad speaker. To oblige Mr. Roberts, and to promote the cause of Science, I engaged for him the Lion Room, and obtained the patronage of Dr. Du Gard, and other scientific gentlemen. I made up a party to dine with me at my little Castle, comprising the late Rev. J. Fennell, then of Wellington; the Rev. W. Morgan, Curate of the same place, Mr. Tudor, the Surgeon, and two or three Methodist Preachers, whose office and character Mr. Nield very unpolitely, and I may say offensively, ridiculed at table. All looked at each other with amazement, but offered no remarks. We all, at one time or another, attended his Lectures, and admired some of his Experiments—but not the awkward manner of his address: his speech being scarcely intelligible, nor some other things which the ladies thought vulgar.

On leaving the town, he came down to Coleham to thank me for the kindness he had received, adding rather pompously, "I am going to Liverpool to Lecture, can I do any thing for you there?" Why no, I answered, if I were there myself I should not do anything, excepting I might buy a Parrot. "Buy a Parrot," he contemptuously remarked "surely your head is too warm, I perceive you have your hat on. Why, what would you do with it?" That would depend upon circumstances. *If* it happened to be a keen, sensible bird, and a very good speaker, I would make it into a Methodist Preacher: if a stupid dull bird, and a BAD speaker, I would make it into a Lecturer on Natural Philosophy. "Thank you, thank you," he replied "you have given me what I richly deserved. I shall never forget it. This lucident will do me good through life." I afterwards learned from Mr. Roberts, that he manifested great improvement, and related the story in several of his Lectures.

**The following incident is one that I have felt great difficulty in prevailing on myself to give a place in my Memoirs; yet I do not**

know why that should be the case. The facts related are only illustrative of the temper of many a noble generous individual, expressing himself hastily, while under the influence of real or imaginary injury or insult, previously, from *some one* received. But reflection, aiding the natural disposition of the heart: affectionate liberality, and kindness alone is manifested, where the contrary had been threatened.

Within six miles of Shrewsbury, is ——— Hall, the occasional residence of an excellent and venerable Nobleman lately deceased. In addition to estates in the neighbourhood, his Lordship had some property in the Town of Shrewsbury. At that time it was my fortune to occupy a large warehouse, which I rented under a gentleman, who himself held it under a lease from the Noble Proprietor. Being in one room only, and only one window fronting the street, a counting house or office, with a good light was almost indispensible; to obtain this, a new window must be opened, but which would have the disadvantage of overlooking the premises in the rear of the adjoining house, also his Lordship's. I applied to Mr. Hazledine, who then acted as my Lord's Agent, for liberty to make the improvement at my own expense. He referred me to his Principal, whose Town Lodgings were at Mr. Bowdler's, near St. Julian's steps. There I waited on the Nobleman, who received me very politely and enquired my business, which with great deference I stated to be to request the liberty of opening a window in premises his property, but which I rented from Mr. L——. At the name of L—— his countenance instantly changed, then he said 'You are a friend of L——'s I perceive; I will not grant you the liberty—I hate L——, he has offended me, and I never forgive: but I will do you an injury if I can.' Not in the least awed by his rank, or his threat, I replied with firmness, And is it true my Lord, that you never forgive: then how can you expect to be forgiven? 'I am no Methodist,' he angrily and hastily replied. No, my Lord, I rejoined, nor was it a Methodist who said 'if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you.' In an instant he darted from me, and was gone. Mr. Bowdler who was present during the interview, exclaimed 'Oh! Mr. Hulbert, I would not have said what you have, for the world; he will ruin you if he can.' Not so, Mr. Bowdler, he cannot ruin me, I am independent of him, and protected by the laws of my country.

A short time afterwards, crossing the Market-place, some distance from the apparently angry Nobleman, he in the most kind and affectionate manner called me to him, saying "Mr. Hulbert, I am dining to-day at the Talbot, do come and dine with me." Thank you my Lord, with pleasure I accept the invitation. At the proper hour I entered the great dining room, and found the table spread for a number of guests, many of them seated. I took the very lowest seat at the table, which being perceived by my Lord, who was sitting at the head—he with some energy called out "Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Hulbert, come up hither." Of course I could not do any other than obey, when he kindly placed me next to his Chaplain, the Rev. R. C——, who was nearest to himself. During dinner, his Lordship in the most affable manner invited me to take wine with him, and paid me every possible attention. Oh! I thought, what a strange manner this is of taking revenge, and doing an injury. I was all astonishment and admiration. After dinner, in conversation, that kindest of men the Chaplain called the attention of his Lordship, observing "Mr. Hulbert has published a great number of Books, and is now publishing, by Subscription, the History of the Town and County of Salop." "Is he? Am I a Subscriber?" "No, my Lord." "Well Mr. Hulbert, enter my name on the list, and send me any other of your Publications already completed." The late William Hazledine, Esq. was one of the company, and many others, respectable tenants and friends.

In after years his Lordship with great kindness was a contributor to the Fund subscribed for my relief, after the Fatal Fire so often alluded to.

It is not, my dearest Charles, that the relation of these Incidents affords me any particular gratification in their recital; I relate them, thinking they will diversify the Narrative, and in some of my readers, serve to awaken attention for a few leisure moments. With different feelings I record the Goodness of Divine Providence, which I desire, in all my ways, ever gratefully to acknowledge, in whatever form it may be exhibited. The following Incident I have previously recorded in my History of the County of Salop, page 11, second edition.

"In the month of October, 1832, my eldest daughter, now Mrs. Dearsly, desired me to drive her from my present residence to Shrewsbury, and to take Haston in our way—on arriving at the lane leading to the latter place, my mind was *deeply* impressed with the desire to proceed *direct* on our road without a moment's delay. This impression was attended to, and we hastened on till we passed the junction of the Shawbury with the Hadnal road to Shrewsbury, where there are three dwellings under one roof. The first house was in the occupation of a widow and small family; in the second lived Samuel Thomas and his family: in the third two lone widows, both infirm, one so much so as to be nearly incapable of moving. On our approach to these houses, we observed the centre house to be on fire. I immediately alighted and hastened to the distracted inhabitants, all females and children—Samuel Thomas being engaged in his daily occupation at Sundorne castle. My first efforts were to save the poor infirm widows and children, with the best of their furniture, beds, &c. this was no sooner effected, than our feelings were greatly excited by a cry of distress issuing from the house on fire, which an afflicted mother supposed to be that of her infant child. Rushing into the increasing flames I discovered a poor cat perishing in the fire—this effort had nearly proved fatal from suffocation, for on reaching the outer door I fell to the ground, to the great distress of all who perceived it, particularly of her so nearly related to me: we had however at the same moment the gratifying sight of the approach of a waggon accompanied by two men; these I instantly engaged by the promise of pecuniary reward, to render their best assistance, and with the aid of the women, water being at hand, we succeeded in subduing the devouring element, notwithstanding it had arisen to and caught the spars of the roof of the dwelling in which it was first discovered. This circumstance I reckon among the happiest events of my life. A deep sense of the deliverance experienced remains with the poor widows and families to this day, Jan. 1838."

"The dwellings saved from destruction are the property of Mrs. Corbet of Sundorne castle, in some degree related to the good Mr. Williams, Incumbent of the Parish of Battlefield, who piously considered all the circumstances connected with this extraordinary preservation, as directed by Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow."

"Mr. Williams was also Incumbent of Uffington, and Rector of Chelsfield in Kent. He was the son of Edward Williams, of Eaton Mascott, Esq. who died in the year 1824, at the age of 94.—Next to the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, we consider the Rev. E. Williams a pattern of holiness and beneficence—certainly he had not the Ministerial talents of the Apostle of Madeley, but the same genuine humility, piety, and faith, love of God and man, governed the actions, inspired and

cheered the living and dying desires and prospects of each these eminent servants of the living God.

Mr. Williams was not only an accomplished Classical scholar, but he was a Botanist, an Artist, and a most profound Antiquary.—He was a man perfectly disinterested and purely charitable: bestowing every doit of revenue, nearly £900 per annum, arising from his rectory of Chelsfield, on charitable institutions, and in aid of suffering humanity. He was not only a humble, pious, and benevolent christian, but he was a grateful man; he noticed 'every good received' by himself, or any related to, or in connection with him.

Soon after the occurrence just related, I met him on the road near Battlefield, and never will be forgotten the sincere and kind expression of thanks which flowed from his heavenly lips towards the author of this History, as the humble instrument, under Divine Providence, in saving from destruction the lives and habitations of several of his parishioners."

Every day brings before me some remembrance of the fatal 7th of January, 1839. A fragment of the communication of thanks from the good Mr. Williams, for my exertions on behalf of his parishioners, as above related, I have now before me: picked up a few days after the calamity, in a field at a considerable distance from my ruinated residence; to which place it had been carried by the fury of the hurricane, which at that time prevailed. The mournful relic, notwithstanding, affords me a degree of satisfaction that I would not exchange for honour or wealth.

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

*Providence Grove,* C. H.
*Dec.* 31, 1851.

---

## LETTER XXXIII. SKETCHES OF TOURS TO PLINLIMMON,

ABERYSTWITH, LLANBISTER, REV. D. LLOYD, GLOUCESTER, WORCESTER, TOMB OF KING JOHN, MONMOUTH, RAGLAND CASTLE, WINDCLIFF, VALENTINE MORRIS, MR. J. F. HULBERT, ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE, HOLMFIRTH, MY LIFE IN DANGER AT RUYTON, &c.

"Viewing the work of that Almighty hand
Which formed the sea, and reared the solid land:—
Albion, the praise of charming scenery claims
From Tay or Tweed, or Tyne, to Trent or Thames;—
From Dee, or Severn, or meandering Wye,
Whose varying beauties please th' admiring eye
Throughout her course, but chiefly where she roves
Near Tintern's ruined pile, or Piercefield's groves;
To where on Avon's banks the Muses reign;
Or lovely Tamar, or romantic Teign."

J. F. Hulbert.

"'Tis sweet," to linger where of old,
The bardic roundelay was told,
And where the harp's enlivening strain,
Stole through many a princely train;
Tho' time may spread its twilight shade,
History, and recollections fade!
We like to wander round the scene,
To think, and muse on what has been;
For such is human life."

Vision of Penguelne.

My Dearest Charles,

Had Providence seen it best that my Manufacturing efforts should have left me in the possession of wealth and independence, at this time I might have presented you with some account of my Travels in the land of Holy Miracle and Prophecy; such having ever been the desire of my heart. How humble then, in comparison, will be the descriptions I have to give! especially as they must appear in *this* volume, mere hints or sketches, to which my pen is necessarily confined.

Still entertaining the hope of publishing a Miscellaneous Work, which will include my principal Tours in England and Wales, Isle of Man, &c. and having now exceeded by many pages, the number originally calculated to comprise my whole Memoirs: references only to a few will be given.

For the purposes of my History of the County of Salop, (which includes also the Source and Course of the River Severn, Towns, &c. on its banks,) on the 29th of August, 1831, I set out on a Tour through Montgomeryshire to Aberystwith, &c. On the 30th, passing through Welshpool to Newtown, taking Notes as I went along. Staying all night at Newtown, I met with kind attention and encouragement to proceed with my undertaking. From thence to Llangwnog, calling on that most beloved of men, the Rev. D. James, now Vicar; thence to Llanidloes, meeting there also kindest attention and respect, especially from Mr. and Mrs. Jarman, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, &c. On the 31st I arrived at the Estedfa Gerrig, and rested at the Plinlimmon Hotel, as it was called, kept by Enoch Hughes. Here I met with two young gentlemen, Messrs. Price and Jones, of Ludlow, who agreed to accompany me up the Mountain, to the Source of the Severn. Two boys attended on us as guides, but after an hour's toil, I lost my companions.

and with my poor Welsh lads, proceeded on my search, with the zeal of James Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller. Evening began to close upon us—I had frequently sank into the bogs and quagmires, and was covered with mud from head to foot: at last, when nearly despairing of accomplishing my object, and fearing that I must remain on the hill the whole of the night, Providence directed a Shepherd to our relief, who conducted us to the Source of the "Queen of Rivers;" situate in a narrow swampy dingle, her infant stream issuing from a small aperture, which I stemmed with my hand. I had obtained the object of my endeavours, when night came on—I was quite exhausted, having rambled more than 12 miles, and had 8 to travel back to the Plinlimmon Hotel. This I could not by any possibility have accomplished, but for the guidance of the worthy Shepherd, who understood a little English. On arriving at the Inn, carrying my mud-loaded coat on my arm, great was the joy of the inmates, who had concluded me lost.—Permit me to remark, my dearest Charles, that Mrs. Hughes, the landlady, had been extremely kind and active in drying and brushing my apparel.

Next morning before proceeding on my journey, I observed on the sign-board of the Inn, the following inscription.

"We are up the ill, all dangers past,
Come in and drink a chearful glass."

Why Mr. Hughes, I remarked, your inscription is neither Rhyme nor good English. "No sir," he replied "I believe it is not. I wish you would write me a new one?" I will, was the answer, when taking out of my pocket a black-lead pencil, I wrote on a slip of paper.

GOOD TRAVELLER,
You are up the Hill, your toil all past,
And at an Inn arrived at last;
I hope kind sir, you will not refuse,
To take a glass with ENOCH HUGHES.
Should ENOCH HUGHES be not at home,
Pray stay a while, he's sure to come,
But should he not, 'twill be no worse,
*'The Grey Mare is the better Horse.'*

Presenting it to him, he said "Oh! sir, if I adopt this, I shall be laughed at by every passenger; they will think my wife is better than myself." Be it so, I replied, and numbers will believe it, and become your guests, by which your purpose will be answered.

I had a pleasant drive to the Devil's Bridge, and so on to Aberystwith; where I met with good inns, good fare, and good friends. I afterwards visited Aberdovey, and stayed all night at the Corbet Arms Hotel, where I also met with admirable accommodation and civility. In the morning, perceiving on the side board, in the dining room, the Visiter's Book, or Album, I hastily penned a few lines in it, descriptive of the scenery, &c. the following are all I can remember; and I fear they are little worthy of record.

If verdant hill or rocky cliff,
If stately ship or lowly skiff,
If silent wave or roaring tide,
If mountain rill or ocean wide,
If wild or lovely scenes,—have charms,
Enjoy them here—at CORBET'S ARMS.

On my next visit to Aberdovey, Mr. Jones the landlord, informed me that the lines had been copied by visitors, had appeared in the London Papers, and done him great service, he therefore kindly refused payment for the excellent entertainment I had received. In after years, being on a visit in company with your Mother, my dear Charles, to Langollen, we had together left the King's Head Hotel, to visit the Pillar of Eliseg, and the Ruins of Vale Crucis Abbey. Leaving carelessly in the room, my History of Shropshire, in which the lines are printed; on our return, we found a lovely young female reading them, bedewing the pages with her tears. I gave her their history, and also told her of the kindness and hospitality I had received in consequence. "Oh!" she said, "I remember it well; Mr. and Mrs. Jones were my parents."

In subsequent years, I have several times visited kind and friendly Aberystwith, Aberdovy, Towyn, Machyntleth, Dinas Mowddy, Llanymowddwy, Dolgelly, and all the places on the route.

While living in Coleham, I supplied manufactured goods to a Mr. Woosnam, who kept a store at Llanbister, in Radnorshire; and spoke highly of the piety of his Vicar, the Rev. David Lloyd; I consequently presented that gentleman with a copy of my 'Candid Strictures,' then just published, which he not only kindly received, but commenced a correspondence, in which many were the expressions of mutual feeling and friendship.

Being at Newtown, again in company with your dear Mother, 21 miles from Llanbister, I felt a great desire to visit my friend, and we did so. On announcing our names, and entering his humble Vicarage, he lifted up his hands, looking to heaven, and said "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," and then led us to Mrs. Lloyd, who with her maid, was sitting in the kitchen, their only sitting room below stairs. She received us very affectionately, and welcomed us heartily; at the same time addressing her maid servant, said "Sally, you must go to the shop for some white sugar, for I dare say these gentlefolks do not drink brown." Yes, most certainly we do, Mrs. Lloyd. While the good lady sent for the white sugar, Mr. Lloyd desired my company in his little study above stairs. Opening his bookcase, he said "See here, Mr. Hulbert, I have purchased all your books as they have issued from the Press, and they are my favourite companions. Long may you live to benefit mankind by your labours." Taking our seats, I observed, Mr. Lloyd, you were kind enough to present £500 to the Methodist Missionary Society, and which kindness it was said was occasioned by your reading my Pamphlet; I was therefore, at a late Meeting in Shrewsbury, desired to move the vote of thanks for your munificent gift, which was sent to you by post. Did you ever receive it? "Yes, I did; but the reason I did not reply, was, you sent it to the wrong person: you should have thanked Him who gave it to me.—But I will tell you what I have also done, I have made my Will, and have left £500 to the Church Missionary Society; £500 to my Parish; and £500 to the Wesleyan Society: and my Books and Manuscripts I have left to you—and I desire you will publish the latter," and added "I have, after great study and many experiments, discovered PERPETUAL MOTION." Referring to the Manuscript which abounded with Mathematical Calculations, of which I expressed my entire ignorance. "Yes," he replied "but your Son, who is I understand at College, will clearly understand them," to which I assented. We left the abode of this good man, and Minister of God's Holy Word, not without feelings which neither of us could suppress. My venerable beloved friend survived our interview, about three years. There were difficulties respecting his Will, and I heard no more of his kind bequest.* Mr. Lloyd published a volume of excellent Sermons, a copy of which he presented to me, and from that I selected the first Sermon for my 'Sunday Reader.'

Many were the incidents of my frequent Tours. On the 28th of September, 1832, returning from a delightful visit to the residence of the excellent and hospitable Rev. Reginald Rabett,† Vicar of Thornton, near Leicester, whose elegant and talented lady, is the daughter of my ever-revered friend, the late Richard Bickerton, Esq. of Rhoden, I visited Bosworth Field, as I had previously done other places in the Earl of Richmond's route. Though far from being an admirer of war, I could not but be animated by strong and powerful feelings which inspired the following reflections:—I have drunk at the same spring where Richard III. and perhaps many of his fainting soldiers in the heat of battle allayed their burning thirst—I have peacefully trodden on the same ground, once trampled on by infuriated Englishmen in mortal combat—I now survey lovely fields, clothed with verdure and richest produce, which were once covered with dying men and floods of gore—I now stand on the very spot where, on the Twenty-third of August, 1485, was fought the most memorable battle in English history—a battle which ended the Civil contests of 300 years, in which barbarous conflicts 100,000 Englishmen fell by the sword and the avenging hand of the executioner. Oh my country! my beloved country! may Heaven preserve thee for ever from Civil discord, revolution, and scenes of blood.

Great historical interest attended this journey, in consequence of the particular

---

* His Legacy to the Church Missionary Society, appears in the Report for 1839, of that valuable Institution, thus. "Lloyd, Rev. D. Llanbister, Radnor.—Exors. John Moseley, R. Williams and J. Wicklin, Esqrs. (£500, less deficiency in Assets, &c.) £314 11s. 8d."

† This distinguished Clergyman is Author of a learned and valuable Work, entitled "LATEINOS, the Mark and Name of the Beast, &c. Rev. xiii. 1. and xvii. 3." and of several other Publications in illustration and defence of the Protestant Religion, &c. Speaking of the "Lateinos," the *Christian Remembrancer: or Church of England Magazine*, says "Mr. Rabett displays considerable acuteness, and demolishes Popery and Socinianism, with mortal blows." The Editor of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, observes "The whole Work displays much learned research, and acute scripture reading." Which testimony entirely expresses my own humble opinion. The Work is now before me, beautifully printed by Painter, of the Strand, London.

connection between Henry VII. and our own immediate vicinity. In Wales, Henry landed; at Shrewsbury he was first proclaimed King. He was a Welshman by descent, being the Grandson of Owen Tudor, who was himself descended from Arthur, the renowned British King.

In the course of my Tour on the Severn, as previously referred to, I visited the Cities of Gloucester and Worcester. The recollection of that battle, which was so nearly fatal to the life and fortune of King Charles II. his providential escapes, &c. inspection of the venerable Cathedral, all were full of interest. The Tomb of King John, reflections on his history and fate, and that I was then standing over his remains—had their effect on my mind, clearly indicating the end of tyranny and oppression. I had slept all night at an Hotel in the City, or rather I had attempted to sleep, but the agony I had suffered from that universal tyrant, TOOTH-ACHE, had induced me to have two front teeth extracted. Under the impulse of a foolish fancy and feeling, with a large knife, I opened a crevice between the flag-stones covering the King's grave, and there deposited the disturbers of my head, to rest with that of the once Tyrannical Ruler of my Country.

A short time subsequent to my visit to Worcester, Gloucester, Tenbury, &c. I visited Leominster, Hereford, Ross, Monmouth, and places of eminence in their vicinity, many of which at present must be left unnoticed. I will however glance at Ragland Castle, midway between Monmouth and Usk, which I visited, in company with my late ever-dear friend, John Ferguson Hulbert, Esq. then residing at Redbrook, his lady, and his son Richard, I passed some happy hours within its ruinated walls; and on the top of a remaining tower, from whence may be surveyed to great advantage, the majestic Ruins beneath; and an extensive tract of country, bounded by distant hills and mountains. At Redbrook, with the same dear friend and relative, I spent several happy days, visiting Newland Church, where rest the remains of Mary, his beloved, good, and amiable daughter. Also, Coleford, in Glamorganshire; the celebrated KYMIN HILL, near Monmouth; the Naval Temple on its summit; the splendid view from thence; TROY HOUSE, an ancient seat of the Herbert's; that celebrated antiquity the BUCKSTONE, the form of which resembles an irregular square pyramid, inverted and standing upon its point or apex; its circumference at the top is 56 feet, the part on which it rests, only 3 feet, we endeavoured to shake or move it, as others have done, but it was more than we could accomplish.

Before I left the vicinity, in company with the same beloved friends I ascended Windcliff Hill,—but never shall forget the elevated, the divine sensations of the moment:—to say my soul was filled with admiration of the vast, the varied scenery which instantly burst upon me, would but partially express the feelings of my heart. Nothing less than the vision of another and a better world; could have heightened the love and the homage with which, towards the great Creator, I was then impressed. An elegant writer, Fosbrooke, speaking of this scene, gives the following summary.—"Its parts consist of a most uncommon combination of wood, rock, water, sky and plain—of height and abyss—of rough and smooth—of recess and projection—of fine landscape anear, and exquisite perspective afar, all melting into each other, and grouping in such capacious lines, that although it may find a counterpart in tropical climes, it is, as to England, perfectly *unique*."

The objects in the view may thus be particularized. Immediately beneath the observer, is the circuitous Wye, the pretty Hamlet of Llancaut, and the whole domain of PIERCEFIELD, formerly the enchanting seat of Valentine Morris; beyond, a little to the left, the Town and Castle of Berkeley, and the Town and Castle of Thornbury: before you, the Town and Castle of Chepstow, the meeting of the majestic SEVERN with the lovely WYE, —the Old and New Passages, Durdham Down, Blaise Castle, and Dundry Tower, near Bristol: a little to the right, KING ROAD, and the mouth of the AVON, the Denny Islet, and Portershead Point; still further to the right, the Holmes, and Penarth Point, near Cardiff: behind you, the Black Mountain; and within the circle of the horizon, parts of the several Counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, Glamorgan, Brecon, Hereford, and Worcester. It may be worthy of remark, that at the point of land where the Wye enters the Severn, the ruins of St. Tecla's Chapel are to be seen at low

water.—The romantic ruin of Tintern Abbey, within two and a half miles of Windcliff, does not appear in the view. So long did we enjoy the inimitable prospect, that the sun sank beneath the horizon, ere we reached Chepstow, and the moon rising with a lovely brightness, afforded an opportunity of surveying its ruinated Castle; returning from Chepstow, we paid a nightly visit to Tintern Abbey,—charmed, from thence to Redbrook House, the abode of my friend, with the songs of thousands of Nightingales, whose melody kept alive the exalted feelings inspired by the magnificence of the scenery we had surveyed.

Returning from this delightful excursion, I visited the Town of Ross, its Church, &c. the City of Hereford, its Cathedral, &c. The objects noticed and visited in this Tour, if limits would permit, how delighted I should be to describe them to the readers of my present volume!

With what rapidity the memory revisits objects, scenes and countries, once familiar to the view of the eye or the ear; but with still greater rapidity, the imagination wings its flight to distant worlds scattered through the immensity of space: and then again, how calmly it stays itself on some almost invisible spot on the globe we inhabit. Just so, my memory rests on the grave of the good Bishop Wilson,* in the Isle of Man; on the tomb of my sincerest friend, Daniel Burton, Esq. at Didsbury in Lancashire; and with the same rapidity fixes itself on the oaken Reading Desk, in the Church of Leysdown, in the Isle of Sheppy, where your Father, my dearest Charles, read the Lessons for the day, for your late Uncle, the Rev. Theodosius Wood—and where his venerated remains are deposited. With deep feeling, recollection rests on little spots in the Churchyards of Bowden, Prestbury, Leigh, Eccles, Hadnal; and that of Saint Alkmond, Shrewsbury, where in peaceful silence repose the ashes of parents, children, and relatives, once the objects of delighted vision.

Often have I visited the resting places of individuals of no personal interest or affection, but distinguished for some peculiarity or event in their lives or their death.†

Strikingly vivid in my remembrance, is the delightful excursion to KIRKLEES, in company with yourself, —— Bradbury, Esq. and Mrs. Bradbury, to visit the grave of one, perhaps little worthy the remembrance of any

* Within view of the chair in which I am sitting, are four green grass sods, from the graves of my Mother, Grandparents, good Bishop Wilson and Daniel Burton, Esq. gathered by my own hand.

† In the Churchyard of Newtown, in the county of Montgomery, side by side, rest the remains of Richard Owen and Jane Lewis; two lovers, who being refused marriage, by Richard's cruel father, in the year 1815, formed the determination to die together, and trust to the goodness and mercy of God, for a re-union in another world. They retired into a hovel in a field near the town, and in the extreme of agitation and distraction, took poison, from the effects of which both died.

For many years subsequent, I have myself known and seen the tender mother of Richard, daily visiting their graves, on which she had planted flowers and ever green shrubs, weeding or renewing them, as time might require—bedewing them with the tears of undying maternal love. When I have beheld the affecting scene, often have I said, just so could I weep over the grave of my own long-departed beloved Mother.

While I am writing this, a melancholy instance of suicide, is passing through the Papers of the country, illustrative of devoted female affection, towards a departed husband. The *Liverpool Journal* of February 22. 1855, thus records the circumstance.

"A discovery has just been made in a house in Dean street, Westminster, which has given rise to a most painful feeling in that neighbourhood. About seven years ago, an engineer, named Stone, died, and was buried in the Broadway churchyard. His widow was left unprovided for, and left London to take a situation in Kent, where she was not successful. At the beginning of the present month she took lodgings in Dean street, Westminster. She said her only purpose for coming was to visit the grave of her husband. For a week no more was seen of her, and suspicion being excited, her door was forced open, and she was found lying dead on the carpet. She had been in the habit for two years, of going to the churchyard and weeping over the grave of her husband. In her room the following letter was found:—"To save trouble, Mrs. Ann Stone came by her death by a draught of laudanum, no one knowing that she did take it, as she is a total stranger in the house she is in. Every effort she has made to obtain an honest living failed her. She has the presumption to throw her soul into the presence of the Almighty, and she fervently prays that God will have mercy on her soul. Good Christians, do not allow a number of persons to look on my unfortunate body, I have performed all the offices that are requisite; the body is quite ready for the coffin." She then begs that she may be buried in the same grave with her husband, and expresses a fear that the New Victoria street might destroy it. She concludes—"If I could have died on my husband's gravestone I would have done so."

About forty years ago, Mr. William English, and his wife, took up their residence in Shrewsbury; they were strangers, but evidently persons of respectability: they seemed devotedly attached to each other. Mrs. English had a settlement or annuity during her life. She died, and being of the Society of Friends, was interred in the burying ground of their Meeting House, on St. John's hill, Shrewsbury. The distracted husband visited her grave every day, and sometimes more frequently, for more than six months. He occupied apartments belonging to a friendly respectable family, residing at the Mount, from whence he removed to lodgings in Claremont street, where under the distracting influence of grief and

one, but whose History and Adventures, were the subjects of my earliest reading and boyish song—ROBIN HOOD, the Archer.

Some doubts have been expressed, as to the identity of the place of the sepulture of that celebrated outlaw—for my own part, I have none. Uniform tradition has pointed out the spot, where as Drayton, in his '*Poly-olbion*,' a kind of System of the Geography and Antiquities of England and Wales, written most probably in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says

"————————as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd she in her course on 'Kirkley' cast her eye,
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie."

Kirklees, formerly Kuthune, is about four and a half miles distant from Huddersfield, and in the Parish of Dewsbury. The site of the grave is situate in a lovely Park, on a gently rising eminence, crowned with stately forest trees, waving over the spot. About half a mile distant, are some remains of the Nunnery, where, it is related, he was suffered to bleed to death, by the Prioress, a reputed relative. About three-quarters of a mile distant from the grave, is Kirklees Hall, the seat of Sir George Armytage, Bart. to whom the Park belongs. Over the acknowledged place of sepulture, is a large flag stone, on which is inscribed the ancient Epitaph; for the copying of which, my dear Charles, I am indebted to your kind attention, while I took a delightful little ramble on the bank, and among the trees overhanging the river Calder; which, winds its devious way, enlivening and adding beauty to the interesting scene.

" Hear undernead dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ver az hie sa geud
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
vil england nivr si agen.
obiit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247."

The handsome Pillars at each corner, and the strong iron Palisading by which the stone is surrounded, show the great care and attention of the late and present owner of the property; to whose kindness and good taste, great praise is due from every Antiquary and Tourist, who visits the place.

As stated (page 51 of this volume) when only eight or nine years of age, I purchased my first copy of 'Robin Hood's Garland;' I also often read in a rather ancient History of England, being of the date of Charles II. and belonging to my honoured Father, which in the conclusion of the reign of Henry II. was this notice or observation, as nearly as I can recollect. "Now flourished Robin Hood, Little John and Will Scarlet, three bold outlaws, who with a hundred stout fellows more, abode in the woods and wilds of Nottingham, Yorkshire, &c. destroying the Deer in the Royal Forests, for which they were outlawed; robbing the rich, and feeding the poor, and selling large penny-worths when they had done."

Ever since I became a reader, I have been collecting all the Traditions, Songs, &c. I could meet with, respecting Robin Hood, many lately purchased, I have in reserve, probably for another Publication.

In the First Edition of my *History of the County of Salop*, page 158, I have given the following Note, which identifies very satisfactorily, the burial place of Little John.

Tradition says, "that in the church-yard of Hatherage, county of Derby, Little John, the famed gigantic companion of Robin Hood, lies buried, with one stone at his head and another at his feet, and that his bow was hanging up in the church in 1652. To prove the truth of this story, the ground betwixt the two stones was dug up in 1784, and at the depth of two yards was found a thigh bone, measuring twenty-nine and a half inches in length."—*White's History of Sheffield.*

In the course of my twelve years acquaintance with hospitable Yorkshire, I have visited Leeds, Sheffield, &c. but none of my excursions were more interesting than this to Kirklees; including in it, the continued manifestation of the true hospitality and disinterested friendship of Thomas Haigh, Esq. of Colne Bridge, his lovely, amiable and talented family. I remember with feelings of deep sensibility, also in your company, my dearest Charles, a visit to the then lively and flourishing village of HOLMFIRTH, the affectionate hospitality and attention of the Rev. Thomas Gleadow Fearne, M. A. Incumbent of Upper Thong, and his lady; also of several other highly respectable individuals, whose honoured names appear in the List of Subscribers to this humble volume. But Oh! the sad disaster, the almost

despair, he took laudanum the night or morning after entering upon his new apartments, and ere 12 o'clock of the day, it was my melancholy fortune to witness his agonised departure to another world; being at the time the bearer of information, that the late Thomas Panting, Esq. myself, and other friends, would raise a subscription for his comfort and relief. How melancholy to think, that had he trusted to the care of Divine Providence only another day, he would have been saved.

unparalleled destruction and calamity which has subsequently destroyed its flourishing manufactories, warehouses, shops, and houses, together with more than one hundred of its happy industrious inhabitants; throwing out of employment between seven and eight thousand workpeople! This ever to be deplored catastrophe, happened about one o'clock in the morning, of February 5, 1852, occasioned by an instantaneous and terrific inundation of the valley, from the bursting of a large Reservoir, about three miles above Holmfirth, and known as the 'Bilberry Reservoir.'

In that intelligent and ably conducted Newspaper, the 'Huddersfield Chronicle,' there appeared at the time, a most affecting Narrative of the event, and which I hope will be collected into a pamphlet or volume; and that it will also notice and record, the many Providential escapes from destruction, of particular individuals; the munificence, sympathy, and exertions, of the noble-minded inhabitants of Huddersfield, surrounding, and distant towns and villages in Yorkshire, and adjoining counties.

The losses* sustained by this Catastrophe, are estimated at more than a quarter of a million of money; and the loss of life is rather above the number previously stated.

What a lesson to others residing near similar depots of water, and more or less exposed to the same danger. Think of this, my beloved friends of Slaithwaite. THINK of this, and ACT in time.

I must pass by many Tours through my native county, Lancashire; and my ancestoral county of Cheshire, Derbyshire &c. and many years of time, as in the last case, in which I have forsaken all chronological order, with the design of concluding my notices in this volume, of occurrences connected with my Literary and Antiquarian ramblings, on English ground.

I will now briefly relate an occurrence which happened within these last ten years. When I left home on this occasion, my intention was to visit Oswestry, Llangollen, Ruabon, Wrexham, Farndon, Chester, &c. and unfortunately alone, without servant or companion. Soon after passing through the village of Middle, I had a violent spasmodic seizure in my left side, and near my heart. Arriving at Baschurch, I desired to see Mr. Croft, surgeon, but he was from home; so, in great agony I proceeded to Ruyton of the eleven towns, resting at the house of Mr. Timmis, of the Powis Arms.

I lost no time in waiting on Messrs. Benyon and Broughton, highly respectable gentlemen of the medical profession: at that time I only saw Mr. Benyon, who assured me that he would instantly send proper medicine for my relief. I returned to the inn in continued agony, every moment expecting the promised medical aid—but none was received. The kind-hearted generous family of the inn, did all they could to minister relief, and to make me comfortable. At length, just as I was preparing for bed, and a little more at ease, a young man, Assistant to Messrs. Benyon and Broughton, delivered into my hand two bottles of medicine, with the gentle intimation, "that I might expect my rest to be disturbed; that Mr. Benyon had not returned from Oswestry, which circumstance Mr. Broughton very much regretted, but that he had sent the medicine as prescribed by Mr. B." This was quite satisfactory.

Supposing by a similarity in the bottles, as seen by candle-light, they were probably both the same, 'the Black Draught,' I declined taking them until the morning; and rose about six o'clock, in some pain, and no sooner had finished dressing, when having seen on the previous night, one of the bottles labelled 'The Draught,' without examining either, I took one of them and emptied its contents into the water glass: remembering the saying of 'Tummus o'Williams, in the Lancashire Dialect, I said to myself "I will not make two BAUGHS at a hay seed," I drank it off. But to describe the agony and perfect suffocation, is impossible—or the effects that instantly manifested themselves, in large blisters in my mouth, throat, &c. I endeavoured to drink a glass of water, and partially succeeded.

* The following is given from the Public Papers, as a brief statement of particulars relative to this most Awful Catastrophe. "It appears that, by the late inundation, four mills ten dye houses, twenty-seven cottages, seven shops, six bridges, and ten warehouses, were totally destroyed; whilst a still greater number of buildings have suffered serious damage. The total injury has been roughly estimated at £250,000. The number of hands thrown out of work is 7,038. About £50,000 has been raised by subscription for the relief of the sufferers; and a letter has been received from Colonel Phipps, enclosing £150, as a joint donation, from the Queen and Prince Albert."

Not being far from the surgeon's residence, I ran my best, almost frantic with pain and agitation. The servant maid having arisen, was lighting the fire. Mr. Broughton was in bed. I obtained a slip of paper, writing upon it, "Mr. Hulbert is here, and has taken the Liniment instead of the Draught." On reading this, I heard him distinctly say, "My God! he's a dead man." Quickly was he slightly dressed, and with me in the surgery. Meanwhile my agony and distressing symptoms had rapidly increased. In a moment, the Doctor prepared an emetic, and endeavoured to administer it, but I had no power to swallow; the blisters had swollen to such a degree, as perfectly to close the passage to my stomach—all my efforts were in vain: the most distressing sensations followed. I wished very much to lie down on the floor, and the room became dark. "No, no," said Mr. Broughton, "you must not lie down," and called his young man to bear me up, and to keep me in motion, saying "Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Hulbert, you must take this emetic. your life depends on it." I cannot, I cannot, was the reply. He then most feelingly and kindly said "Well, Mr. Hulbert, I tremble for you, yet not without hope—and if you have anything you wish to communicate to me, whatever be its nature, it shall be sacred." Oh! I said, as well as I could, I understand you, but I have nothing to reveal; my Son knows my worldly affairs, and my peace is made with God—I have nothing to fear. Instantly rousing himself, he said "Well, Mr. Hulbert, if you cannot take the Draught, we must force you," when his young man kindly assisting, he gently leaned back my head, and poured the emetic into my mouth, which finding its way to the stomach, had the desired effect; producing sickness and vomiting, which continued, until, as Mr. Broughton supposed, the stomach was emptied of the poison it contained. With the assistance of the young man, I returned to the inn, in a dreadful state of suffering, and an almost overpowering propensity to sleep. The kind people of the house were all attention, as was good Mr. Broughton, who informed some of my friends, that he "had never seen a man so near to death, who ever recovered; nor any one" he was pleased to observe "so little afraid of death, or so resigned to die."

Thus, through the merciful goodness of God—the ability, the promptitude of his servant, Mr. Broughton—the attention and kindness of the excellent family who kept the inn—the otherwise destructive effects of a quantity of Laudanum and the Spirit of Sal Ammoniac, sufficient to have destroyed several lives, was happily prevented; and here I am still in existence, feebly endeavouring to express my gratitude, and to shew forth the praises of Him, in whose hand are the issues of life and death.

Of how many similar cases of incaution or accident do we read, which have ended fatally, but of few whose lives have been saved.

On the subject of Divine Providence, I am ever delighted to dwell, and to see the hand of a Gracious Father, in every event of life. I am well aware, that incidents of the following nature, are of daily occurrence; yet I cannot, in the instance I am about to record, but regard my preservation to something more than common accident or occurrence. Being on my way from Welshpool to Newtown, I stayed a short time at the Half-way House Inn, and proceeding about half a mile further, two men concealed under the hedges, on each side of the road, simultaneously made a rush to seize the reins of my horse, a spirited animal named 'Prince,' who startled by an instantaneous lash of the whip, made a most desperate plunge, throwing the man down on my right hand, when the wheels of the carriage passed over him; the other man not having taken hold of the reins, both were left behind in a moment: 'Prince' never slackening his pace until we arrived at the turnpike-gate, near Newtown. In token of regard for my favourite horse, I preserve his Portrait; and look upon it, with grateful recollection.

On the 23rd of March, 1836, I had also in my opinion, an equally Providential escape from Robbery, and probably from Murder, which I hope hereafter more particularly to record.

"In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
God's goodness I'll adore;
And praise him for his mercies past,
And humbly hope for more."

I remain, my dearest Charles,

Your affectionate Father,

*Providence Grove,* C. H.
*March* 10, 1852.

# LETTER XXXIV. REMOVAL TO HADNAL, NOTICES OF THE VILLAGE AND ITS CHURCH, LORD HILL, AGED INHABITANTS, DITTO CHURCH PULVERBATCH; ORDINATION OF MY SON, NEW PUBLICATIONS COMMENCED, BRIEF NOTICES OF SUCCESSFUL JOURNIES. MARRIAGES, AND HAPPY FAMILY EVENTS, DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PROVIDENCE GROVE, PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCES, KINDNESS OF FRIENDS, SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

"It is the lot of mortals frail,
To suffer disappointments thus;
Each bosom might unfold a tale
Of withered joys—of secret woes.
But there's a land of summer flowers,
No wintry winds ere chill the scene:
And ever fragrant are its bowers,
And all is peaceful and serene.
It is the land where Jesus reigns,
Where seraphs bright his name adore;
Where mortal pilgrims know no pains,
And earthly sorrows are no more."

CAROLINE BATEMAN.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

ON commencing this Letter, many events crowd my remembrance, especially three circumstances among the most important in the whole period of my existence, viz: my removal to Hadnal, your Ordination, my dear Son, as a Minister of the Church of England, and the Calamitous FIRE at Providence Grove. These events have had, and now have, in some way or another, a reference to every subsequent event of my life, for these last twenty years.

Early in the year 1832, I disposed of my retail Trade in High street, to a near relative, Mr. John Davies; in the hope, and with the prospect of years of rural retirement and happiness. But there were difficulties and sacrifices attendant on the disposal of my Business concerns, I did not anticipate, nor have occasion to mention. After the lamented Fire, which happened within seven years, I deeply regretted the measure, and often have repeated the lines over the door of an Almshouse, in Leominster, and under the figure of the Founder, grasping an hatchet, changing the word MONEY for LIVING.

"HE who parts with his LIVING before he is dead,
Let him take this hatchet, and cut off his head."

My successor has however prospered, and done well, and is worth his Thousands—so far I rejoice.

At this period, my dearest Charles, you were a Member of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, having entered in June, 1830. Your good conduct, industry, and successful study, gave your parents and friends the greatest happiness, and the liveliest anticipations of the future. A letter of yours, nearly illegible from a scorching in the Fire of 1839, is now before me, and is indeed a precious relic: a letter, you most likely have ceased to remember, it is dated

"Cambridge, April 25, 1832.

"My ever dear Father,

"When every letter brings good news, you will not think I write oftener than necessary. Thanks to the All Bountiful Donor of Good, the College has quite (to me) unexpectedly elected me to an Exhibition of £20 per annum, in their gift; and have likewise elected my friend, Mr. Isaacson,* to a similar one, but (Mr. Gibson says) that only one being vacant at present, and our merits being so equal, that they could not decide between us, they have divided the next half-year's payment (£10) between us, and afterwards (as the other Exhibition falls out at Michælmas) we shall then have £20 per annum each, as long as we remain at College, and this we may do until we are Masters of Arts. So that with the Haberdasher's Exhibition, founded by Mr. James Hulbert, and the present one, (Johnson's Foundation) I shall have £32 per annum, for the next five years, if I chuse; add to which, I hope to have a Scholarship soon, which will be about £10 more. These are great and abundant causes of thankfulness, as well as encouragement to future exertion.

"As I wrote only two days ago, I have nothing particular to say at present, except that I am quite well, and reading hard for the Examinations. Give my love to all in a circle,—and it is a wide circle which includes all whom I love and pray for,—But the centre of the circle is my dear Father, whom I pray God long to continue, its light and love,—while one of his most constant, tho' distant Planets shall be,

"His ever affectionate Son,

"C. A. HULBERT."

P.S. "Attraction is the love of the Planets. Excuse my being Astronomical, as it is a branch of science that is very highly esteemed here."

I have also before me, in the same situation, the copy of a Certificate, granted to you, of having "Evinced a very accurate and extensive knowledge of the Hebrew language," signed Geo. Phillips, Examiner for Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship; which Scholarship in 1835, you obtained, also the Crosse Theological Scholarship, in 1834: both of

* Rector of Bradfield St. Clare, Suffolk, and the highly respected Curate of Stockton, near Bridgnorth.

which being *University* Scholarships, were of course open to general competition. To record all your Prizes and College Exhibitions, would afford your Father, my dearest Charles, the highest gratification, but fearing you might not approve, I therefore forbear.

Joyful were my feelings, when you were Ordained by the Bishop of London, to the Curacy of the large Parish of Islington, in the year 1834; and when in 1839, you were instituted to the Perpetual Curacy of Slaithwaite, and the care of 4,000 souls.

After a considerable length of time had been employed in fitting up and furnishing my house at Providence Grove, which had become my own occasional residence, and the general residence of a portion of my family, in the month of July, 1832, we made it our entire home; and I then became, not only a Freeholder, but an Inhabitant of the Parochial Chapelry of HADNAL, in the respectable Parish of MIDDLE. The generous, kind-hearted Inhabitants received us with the utmost friendliness, and a hearty welcome.

In *my History of the Town and County of Salop*, I have said so much of this hospitable, moral, and I may say religious village—that little will be required of me on the present occasion. I will however relate, for the information of my Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. readers, that the village of Hadnal is pleasantly and conveniently situated on the Hawkstone road, leading from Shrewsbury to that place, Wem, Prees, Whitchurch, Nantwich, into Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. Five miles from Shrewsbury, and only about three and a half miles from the Railway Station, at Leaton. The Mail cart passes and repasses daily.

The Population at present is rather stationary, somewhere between four and five hundred inhabitants. The houses which comprise the PROVIDENCE GROVE PROPERTY, consist of two rather genteel Residences, with about two and a half acres of land pertaining to each; Eight neat workmen's Cottages, with some outbuildings, gardens, &c. constitute the chief portion of additional dwellings, since my first acquaintance with the village. Notwithstanding these additions, and the consequent increase of inhabitants, until the 15th of September, 1837,* I had not a single sitting in our Parochial Chapel of Ease. Before that time there were only twelve pews in the Church, and not one Free-sitting for the poor, and Service only once a day. For the accommodation of myself and family, and the opportunity of attendance, I had to hire a pew from a kind-hearted farmer, Mr. Thomas Jones. There was not any Gallery, Vestry, or Steeple; an old wooden Turret, which had braved the storms of four or five hundred winters, reared its gloomy head just above the ridge of the deep roof: for the accommodation of the school children, benches had to be removed from the school; and the Clergyman changed his Robes in the Reading Desk. An old deal table, just like a cottager's ironing table, served for the Communion. (See page 186, this volume)

The Incumbent of the Living, resided in London, as he had done for nearly half a century, and received the emolument, about £75, paying a poor Curate £30 or £35 per annum, but never came to visit his flock; I wish I could say much for the zeal of the then Curate. The Rev. Mr. Evans, afterwards Curate of Roddington, who resided in Shrewsbury all the week: he was however, if not a man of talent and ability, a man of peace. Hadnal had been thus situated, from time immemorial.

In the meantime a Dissenting interest had arisen, and so far it was happy for the inhabitants—they had the gospel preached in cottages, by successive Independent Ministers, latterly in the school-room, where all seats were Free. If that had not been the case, Hadnal, as far as the poor were concerned, might have been a land of heathenism. Of this, I was not fully aware, when I made my purchase of land; but I have not had any other cause of regret.

On the 16th of April, 1836, being elected for the first time, Churchwarden, and having for my colleague, Mr. Heath, a professed Dissenter, I made known my intention of improving the Church; to my great satisfaction, it was approved of and promoted by Mr. Heath; although the persons, who chiefly promoted his election, believed, that if he did not oppose my intention, he would controul and limit the expenditure.

On a Public Parish Meeting being called, I was called upon as the promoter of the improvements, for my plan and specification, which was produced, viz:—To erect a Gallery at the West end of the Church, a certain number of Free sittings, and eight or ten new Pews, at the moderate cost of £78. "How will you find the money, Mr. Churchwarden?" enquired some of the assembled Parishioners. By Rate, I answered. Then they said "We will not grant you one," and on its being put to the vote, a great majority were against it. Well then, I said (speaking for Mr. Heath and myself) we will do it by Subscription. "Do," said the opposition "and you will not get Five Pounds." Well then, in a moment of disappointment, (striking the table with my hand) I replied, I will do it myself, at my own expense. It shall be done. "Yes do, and welcome," was the reply. Hearing my determination, the Meeting kindly passed a Resolution, that the expense should be defrayed by Subscription.

To the honour of that gallant and beloved Nobleman, Gen. Viscount Hill, on hearing of my intention, in case funds were not immediately supplied, to make the necessary improvements at my own expense, requested to see me at the Hall.—I waited upon his Lordship, and was most graciously received, and encouraged to commence a Subscription, offering himself £20; to which were instantly added the contributions of his benevolent sisters, Miss Hill and Miss Emma Hill. Without solicitation, also those of the benevolent Major Bayley and his Lady: the Rev. E. H. Dymock, Incumbent of Hadnal: the Rev. J. Horsman, Rector of Middle: Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart. and other generous subscribers. The Noble Countess of Bridgewater, to whom, at the suggestion of Lord Hill, I addressed a letter, containing particulars of my design, which she instantly answered, saying "The Countess of Bridgewater very much approves of Mr. Hulbert's design of improving Hadnal Church, and Forty Pounds are at his command." Eventually more than £104 15s. were contributed, without one word of solicitation beyond the letter to the Noble Countess.

It was in my design to build a square Tower, and which would have been done at the same time, by the aid of £80 from the Lichfield Diocesan Society, had a letter addressed to our respected Incumbent, Mr. Dymock, who resided at Ellesmere, been received in time to have enabled him to attend the appointed Meeting at Shrewsbury.

But this was all for the best as it happened. It was reserved for our beloved friend, Lord Hill, within four years afterwards, when Mr. George Blantern and myself were Churchwardens,

*After the completion of all the improvements, a Public Meeting awarded me a commodious Pew for my family, and another for my tenants. The Church of Hadnal is now one of the most delightful in the County.

Hadnal Church Shropshire

to erect the Steeple, which should, in its lower compartments, contain a vault, for the deposit of his own remains, whenever it should please the Almighty to call him hence; a Vestry over it, and a Gallery over that, comprising thirty free sittings. The Parishioners very willingly conveyed the materials for the erection of the Tower; Major Bayley, at the expense of £15 ceiled under the roof of a part of the Church: his Lordship, at a great expense, adding New Windows and other improvements.

On my suggesting, how much it would gratify the Inhabitants of Hadnal to have the Arms of the principal contributors to these improvements, placed in their noble East Window, The idea was instantly approved and completed, at the joint cost of the Countess of Bridgewater—Lord Hill—Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart.—Major Thomas Bayley—the Rev. J. Horsman, and the Rev. E. H. Dymock, the Incumbent of Hadnal: each of whom has his Armorial Bearings vividly displayed. The execution of the design does great credit to the skill of that eminent Artist, Mr. David Evans of Shrewsbury, at the reasonable cost of sixty guineas.

On the North side of the Communion, is the elegant elaborately carved Monument, in fine white stone, by Mr. Thomas Carline, of the great benefactor of Hadnal, General Viscount Hill. The design and execution are equally admirable. The gallant General's Arms in full, form the centre compartment: on the right side stands his Lordship's favourite Shepherd with his crook in his hand: on the left, resting on his musket reversed, stands a soldier, whose dejected looks, pourtray the sorrow of his heart, just as if he had said "Our Father Hill is dead." Between the figures is a noble Lion couchant, who seems quite subdued, and to partake of the general grief. The inscription (too long for insertion) is perhaps as faithful a delineation of his Lordship's character, as ever was inscribed on a monument. This gallant, humane and benevolent Nobleman departed this life, December 10th, 1842, in his 71st year.*

There is only the Monument above described, within the Church of Hadnal. There are many handsome Tombs in the churchyard, particularly to the memory of the late Mr. George Blantern of Haston, who died in 1839, aged 66 years; to Mr. James Walton, who died in 1848, aged 52 years; Mr. George Hilditch of Haston, who departed this life in 1836, aged 75 years, &c.

Near the churchyard gate, under a flourishing yew tree, is a plain Altar Tomb, on which is inscribed

"This Tomb perpetuates the Memory of Thomas, son of Charles and Anna Hulbert, who died May 10th, 1817, aged 10 years. Buried at St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury.

Samuel Jasper Mottershead Hulbert, also son of the above, died at Providence Grove, June 26th, 1842, aged 22 years, and is buried here.

Dear youth, but he's happy.

Helen, daughter of Charles and Anna Hulbert, died Nov. 25, 1823, aged 2 months. Buried at St. Alkmond's.

'She lived to smile—smiled once and fled to heaven.'

Rosamond, their daughter, died July 20th, 1826, aged 20 months.

Ah! lovely rose, though blighted is thy bloom,
And thy dear form lies mould'ring in the tomb;
In parents' fondness, all thy beauty lives,
And sweet remembrance lasting odour gives. C. H.

A separate flag stone by the side of the Tomb, records the death of Juliet Grace Hulbert, daughter of Charles and Anna Hulbert, who died March 26th, 1829, aged one day."

I have shewn in my description of Hadnal, page 249 of my *Shropshire History*, that it is distinguished for its salubrity and favourableness to health and longevity, this is also proved by the following, among many various instances of life-gifted individuals now resting in the Churchyard. Mr. John Wright, aged 83 years, who died a few years before his brother Mr. Thomas Wright, who departed this life, April 17th, 1848, aged 90 years and 7 months. Nearly 70 years of his long life he passed in the employment of the family of the Hills' of Hardwicke and Hawkstone, whom he honoured and loved.

The Churchyard being only Consecrated in the year 1837, some families, inhabitants of the Chapelry, have graves in the Burial ground of the mother Church of Middle. In one of these rest the remains of another Patriarch of Hadnal, Mr. Jonathan Leech, a venerable and respectable farmer and freeholder; a native of Beeston in Cheshire: he died July 9th, 1844, in his 90th year.

All these venerable men were my near neighbours, and they had my sincere esteem. There are now living in the Chapelry, almost within sight from my residence, Peter Dodd, in his 90th† year; and a worthy and excellent neighbour of his, Mrs. Pescal, farmer, in her 80th year. When I last called upon her, a few weeks ago, she was as cheerful and lively as if only 20 years old. She has resided in the house she now occupies, as tenant of the beloved Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart. and his venerated Sire, ever since the day of her marriage, in the year 1795.

Many are the interesting Villages in loyal, kind and hospitable Shropshire. Few, if any, can be said to surpass that in which I at present reside. Circumstances have happened, and may happen again, that I may think of changing. On the occasion alluded to, a few lines addressed to her Father in 1844, by A. H. P. had considerable effect in soothing my mind. The following are a portion.

---

* His Lordship's kind and benevolent sisters, Miss Hill and Miss Emma Hill, happily for Hadnal, still reside at the Hall. Dark will be the day to our village, of their departure from it. May heaven long preserve their valuable lives.

For Particulars of this illustrious Family, see *my Life of Lord Hill, Tribute to his Memory, History of the County of Salop, Christian Memoirs, Select Biography, &c.*

† As it respects longevity, Hadnal very much resembles Churton, or Church Pulverbatch, in which Parish there is now living (March, 1852) with her Nephew, Mr. Gittins, Mrs. Mary Ward, who was born January 17th, 1752, Old Style, she consequently on the 6th of January last, attained her hundreth year. She was born in the house in which she now resides, and with the exception of 30 years, has always resided therein. Mrs. Ward's father was Mr. Jaundrel, Mr. Gittins' grandfather, a very pious man in his day. Living near the Church, his daily practice was, to retire into his pew, and there perform his devotions. Mrs. Ward is of the same pious disposition, and I am happy to know, that a few weeks ago she purchased a copy of my 'Christian's Book;' and her great enjoyment is (her eyes becoming dim) to have it daily read in her hearing. On the 15th of November, 1851, I paid her a visit—we have known and esteemed each other now nearly 50 years, and I feel great veneration for herself and her kind and friendly nephew. On the completion of Mrs. Ward's Hundredth year, her relatives, friends and neighbours held a day of rejoicing, including a treat to the children of the school, tea and supper parties, &c.—Such honour being due to honourable and virtuous longevity.

February 29th, 1848, died the Rev. William Gilpin, at his Parsonage, Pulverbatch, aged 91 years: honoured and beloved by all his Parishioners, and by every one who knew his piety, benevolence, genuine Christian principles and feeling. I believe I had the honour and happiness to possess a share of his valued esteem: and also of many of his late Parishioners, as I am sure they have mine.

In April, 1841, at some distance, I witnessed the interment in the Churchyard of Church Pulverbatch, of Mr. Francis Wilding, stated to be of the age of 106 years; very much respected, and his memory is deserving of veneration and esteem.

"He cannot leave this once lov'd scene,
The very trees he planted, plead,
And when spring robes them all with green,
He will their sweet remonstrance heed,
And the loved garden gaily drest,
"Shall woo those troubled thoughts to rest."

And soon he wandered forth at eve,
And in that peaceful churchyard trod,
And said, "This spot I cannot leave,
I love this consecrated sod;
I love the trees that o'er it wave,
I cannot leave my children's grave."

Recalling to my mind the above lines, also brings to my recollection a few humble verses I had written, while under deep sorrow partly on account of dear little Rosamond. I know they will be interesting to you, my dear Charles, and to every member of our family: and perhaps not unacceptable to my readers in general.

COUNSEL FROM THE TOMB.

The moon from a cloud had emerg'd in full brightness,
The village was hushed, and to rest had retired,
But my heart sad and lonely, bereft of its lightness,
Its hopes and its joys, had in sorrow expired.

No comfort the serious, or gay could bestow me;
I wander'd, the churchyard invited my stay;
The earth sounded hollow, and trembled below me,
As though it had witnessed the last judgment day.

When a VOICE from the TOMB, near the yew tree so lowly,
Addressed me in accents both gentle and sweet;
"Indulge not, dear Father, in murm'rings unholy,
The moments are few ere in heaven we meet.

The grief that now fills thy worn heart, and thy sorrow
Though deeply enrooted, may vanish as air;
And the wound now in bleeding, ere sunlight to-morrow,
Be closed by new kindness and filial care.

Remember when war had thy prospects all blighted,
Thy works and thy houses all profitless lay,
To continue thy course not one hope then invited,
And thy faith, once so lively, had drooped in dismay.

A bright ray from heaven thy pathway directed,
He who lov'd thee, who kept thee, impressed on thy mind;
Designs now pursue, which thy pride late rejected:
I give thee INDUSTRY—PROSPERITY find.

See the *Grove* that now rises to crown thee with blessings,
The HOUSE that receives thee its master and lord,
The smiles of the *good*, and the village caressings,
The proofs of God's favour, and truth of his word."

That moment the Tomb lost its ponderous cov'ring,
A form rose to view all encircled in light;
Around it the angels of heaven seem'd hov'ring,
Yet none were so fair, so lovely, or bright.

I gazed as still brighter the *dear* form appearing,
And sweeter her look, and the glance of her eye;
'My Rosa,' I said, thy counsel how cheering:
She wav'd her white hand, then arose to the sky.

There are many advantages in the Village of Hadnal—but none greater than the friendliness of the inhabitants. They are truly kind and affectionate, and in general deeply attached to Religion, and their Ministers. The Rev. W. Oliver is the FIRST resident Incumbent of the Living: and the Rev. D. James, the FIRST resident Pastor of the Independent Congregation, who in the year 1832, erected a plain but handsome Place of Worship, in the centre of the Village. The Primitive Methodists have a small Chapel, occupied also as a Sunday School.

Another, of the many advantages of this Village, is the Endowed School, for both sexes, founded by Dame Mary Hill; very ably conducted by Miss Leech, assisted occasionally by her Niece, Miss Jane Hughes. Number of Scholars generally eighty—forty being free. Miss Emma Hill is the active and benevolent Patroness. The Poor are also assisted by several charitable bequests; and there is really a strife among the benevolent, which shall be most attentive to the needy or afflicted.

For the History and particular Description of Hadnal, and the Parish of Middle, I refer the readers to my *History of the County of Salop*, only recording, that the Rev. G. H. Egerton at this time, is the amiable and excellent Rector of the Parish.

I remember with great affection, an occasional residence in the years 1847—48, in the Village or rather Town of Dawley, within 17 miles of Hadnal. From Dawley being so near to, and connected with the Iron Works, many have supposed it insalubrious, but the reverse is the fact. The lively healthful appearance of the industrious shopkeepers, testify the contrary. On the 27th of January, 1850, Mrs. Harriot Brickley died, aged 91 years; leaving behind her 10 children, 66 grandchildren, and 118 great grand-children—total, 194.

Few individuals, resident in Dawley and its depeadencies, who are not members of some religious community. Many are the Places of Worship, and flourishing Sunday Schools. The Tradesmen of the Town are industrious and enterprising: well deserving of that success which manifestly crowns their endeavours. The Clergy and other Ministers of the Gospel, are duly honoured and esteemed, and justly they deserve it.

As a proof of the general kindness and affection towards myself, I need only refer to the List of Subscribers to these Memoirs—the greater portion of which number kindly gave their orders on the same day.

In my humble opinion should a Railway ever visit Dawley, it will become a very important Town. Robert A. Slaney, Esq. M. P. for Shrewsbury, is Lord of the Manor. I believe in ancient times there was a Castle here, the site is still pointed out, and it is probable it is the same as that mentioned by Cambden, "Hard by (Watling Street) are the reliques of *Dalaley-castle*, which upon the banishment of Richard Earl of Arundel, King Rich 2. by Act of Parliament did annex to the Principality of Chester, which he had erected. Not far from the foot of this hill, in the depth of the valley, by that Roman military highway, is *Oakengate*, a small village, of some note for the pit-coal." *See also page* 146 *of my History of the County of Salop.*

Many Places in the same portion of Shropshire, are dear to me; as Madeley, where resided my ever-valued friend, Samuel Smith, Esq. and nearer to the Ironbridge, (the Lloyds) lived his brother, William Smith, Esq. My acquaintance with each, commenced with my first residence in Shropshire, and continued to the day of their departure to the world of happy spirits.

Other Friends at Madeley, and THE HUNDRED HOUSE,* Stockton, cannot be forgotten. I hope, ere long, to see all my good friends in the whole vicinity. Wellington, Oaken Gates, &c. in one direction; Coalbrookdale, Broseley, Wenlock, Bridgnorth, Cleobury Mortimer, and Bewdley, in another. Greatly do I long to see once more, many of the beloved individuals in that route, espe-

* One of the most rural and delightful Inns in the County, whether for situation, accommodation, or polite attention.

cially my dearest friend, Thomas Brookes, Esq. of Bewdley.—Good Colonel Gatacre, of Gatacre Hall, "is resting with his Fathers." His memory will ever be dear to my heart.

I remember a little incident, which happened the last time I visited Bewdley—though similar are not very uncommon. For several journies antecedent, I took up my abode at the Wheat Sheaf Hotel, kept by Mr. Alcott. Within two years after the sad Catastrophe, I shall presently have to relate; arriving at the door of the Inn, I instantly stepped out of my little carriage, and entered the bar; Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were standing nearly together in conversation. Advancing with some rapidity, I seiz'd one of each their hands, and said "The dead's alive, the lost is found." "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Alcott, "this is extraordinary, the words had only just escaped my lips; I wonder whether Mr. Hulbert be alive or dead, and if we shall ever see him again? and here in a moment he appears, and answers the question." Addressing Mr. Alcott and myself, she continued, "This is the most extraordinary coincidence I ever knew."

The first seven years after my becoming an inhabitant of beloved Hadnal, were taken up in completing and delivering to my numerous Subscribers, my volumes of the "History of the Town and County of Salop," and which I rejoice to record, obtained for me friends wherever I went. Within the same period I also published my "Antiquities of the County of Chester," and prepared materials for its History and Topography, as a counterpart of the Antiquities; for which purpose, I visited every Town, and many Villages, in beloved Cheshire. I commenced also, the "Sunday Reader and Preacher," and the "Select Antiquities of the British Islands," a portion or part of each Work was printed, and partially delivered. At the same time, the Manuscript preparation for each, was completed as far as possible. "Memoirs of Fifty Years of an Eventful Life," were also in preparation; encouraged and patronized by individuals of the highest respectability.

Your dear Mother, my Charles, was my patient valuable companion, through my last long journey of this period; chiefly in Cheshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire, for nineteen weeks; visiting with me, the scenes of my infancy, early years, and business pursuits. Often have we said, "This was the happiest period of our lives." We were scarcely ever an hour asunder, and never for a moment out of temper with each other. Your dear Brother, and three Sisters keeping house at the Grove, happily and beneficially engaged. In the course of this journey, I had many opportunities of receiving a great variety of useful articles and goods, in exchange for my Books and Engravings, which were carefully packed, and forwarded to the common depot at Providence Grove: to which place we returned, in the latter end of November, 1838, reviewing with complete satisfaction, the success of my Literary and other engagements, and all our business exertions; and receiving only good news from yourself, my dearest Charles. In this manner, the month of December closed upon us, not with wintry gloom or frozen feelings, but with the spring of bright and happy prospects for years to come.

But of the events of the period, the matrimonial alliances formed by three of my beloved Children, were certainly the most happy. I had seen yourself, my dearest Charles, in the Parish Church of Middle, as a Clergyman, unite in the holy bands of matrimony, the hands of your eldest and second Sisters; the former to a Clergyman in Holy Orders, B. A. of the University of Cambridge, and the latter to a Gradnate of the same University, duly qualified for Orders. Of the rank or literary attainments of my beloved Sons-in law, I may not at present be permitted to speak. You, my dearest Charles, were united at the Parish Church, Islington, London, to a young lady, dutiful and affectionate to a widowed maternal Parent, "a diligent promoter of Religious Institutions, and a Sunday School Teacher;" qualities in perfect agreement with those of your own beloved Sisters. These alliances were all that parental affection, and hope for the future, could possibly desire; and blessed be God, not one hope has been disappointed. My youngest Daughter, unmarried, was happily situated, and our younger Son, clever and industrious in business—my own right hand; all were dutiful and affectionate.

Errata on Page 287.
Line 13 for 1837, read 1807.
—— 24 for 80, read 88.

As Parents, we considered ourselves the most happy in the world, and as such, often received the congratulations of our friends. MY BELOVED RESIDENCE, MY LIBRARY OF BOOKS, MY COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS, AND MY FAMILY, were the pride of my heart, and the joy of my life.

Here also, I may be permitted to remark, that the greatest portion of the week prior to the lamented catastrophe, no individual in the world felt more secure of future independence and happiness. The fact of my humble endeavours to cater for the public, having been honoured with extensive patronage, in orders given for my various Publications in the Press and in preparation, rendered their success and the return of capital, within two years, equal to all my contemplated wants or desires. This conviction cheered the commencement of the year 1839, in a degree never before experienced; indeed, my whole heart was filled with the most joyous anticipation. The daily and nightly toil of half a century seemed drawing to a close.

Not the traveller, who has gained the summit of a lofty eminence, and surveys a serene and lovely landscape before him; not the soldier who has toiled through all the vicissitudes of climate, weather, and battle,—has fought, conquered, and subdued his enemies, and beholds in prospect, years of rest and peace: not the storm-beaten mariner, whose bark is just entering the haven of joy and security, and in sight of his beloved home—not one of these could contemplate with more delight and sanguine expectation, the end of his toil, danger, and suffering, than I contemplated the end of my cares, the joys of competency, and years of repose in my beloved retreat, Providence Grove.

But how limited is human vision as it regards futurity! the events of the next day are alike unknown with those of a thousand years to come; and he who believes he has attained the summit of all his wishes, may be hurled from the loftiest elevation in a moment; loss of relatives, friends, property, fame, or health, may sink him to the depths of misery and affliction, ere the sun concludes his next diurnal circuit round the globe.

It will be remembered by most, if not all my readers, that the morning of the 7th of January, 1839, was one of the most appalling and destructive ever known in Britain. The violence of the Hurricane, which swept the British Dominions in Europe, almost from one extremity to the other, especially over our Island, very awfully visited Shropshire, and surrounding counties. To the existence and prevalence of this hurricane, at the time the Fire happened at Providence Grove, may be attributed much of the great and almost instantaneous desolation, which it is my present object to record.

The following particulars of this (to myself and family) most lamentable and destructive Event, are extracted from the Narrative, which I published in the latter end of the year the Calamity happened.

### From the Preface.

"THE following humble Narrative, owes its existence partly to the entreaties of friends, and partly to a feeling of gratitude I desire ever to indulge.

Not originally designing any particular notice of the lamentable catastrophe, many things have escaped my recollection, which might have been introduced, had the narrative made its appearance at an earlier period.

I deeply regret the delay; but the confused state of my Printing-office, my own daily, nay hourly engagements, in directing and superintending the re-building of my desolated premises; my early and late employment in restoring the manuscript arrangements of several Works which were destroyed, and are nearly again ready for the Press; attention to numerous letters, &c. left me no leisure to prepare a more comprehensive Narrative. As it is, I trust it will meet with the indulgence of the public, and that allowances will be made for the circumstances into which I was cast. For a time, I was entirely without books, or literary aid of any description; deeply depressed in mind on account of my losses, and fearful I never should be enabled to complete my humble Publications, nor keep my engagements with subscribers.

Still I consider myself 'the Child of Providence,' from first to last, as the history of my past life will amply testify; and I believe that He to whom my youth and manhood have been, though ever feebly and very imperfectly, devoted, will not forsake me, now that grey hairs are mingling themselves with the graver shades that cover my fast wrinkling forehead."

### From the Narrative.

"The first notice of the destructive calamity, which, even at this period, seems to elicit no feeble degree of public sympathy, is thus recorded in the *Salopian Journal*, of January 9, 1839.

"FIRE.—*Awful Destruction of Literary Property, Premises, Furniture, Paintings, &c. at Providence Grove, (Hadnal.)*—On Monday morning last, about eight o'clock, a fire broke out in the premises of Mr. HULBERT, at Providence Grove, Hadnal, near Shrewsbury; and so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that of all the valuable property, library of more than three thousand books, manuscripts, curiosities, antiquities, furniture, plate, bedding, wearing apparel, &c. every thing was consumed, with the whole of the house, a great portion of the houses adjoining, and some portion of the printing-office thereto attached. The premises were only insured for one-half their value, and no part of the other property consumed was insured, though arrangements had been made for completing the insurance thereof. Providentially Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert were just risen from their bed, and had time to escape from their room. The loss sustained is irreparable. The exertions of the neighbours were beyond all praise, and the members of the establishments of Lord Hill and Major Bayley, whose mansions are at a short distance from the scene of conflagration, exerted themselves in a most

A View of Front Lower Grove Hadnall near Shrewsbury.
The Property and Residence of [illegible]
[illegible] appeared [illegible] on the Spot.

extraordinary manner. To the engine belonging to Lord Hill it is owing that any of the adjoining property was saved. During the whole of the fire the wind was most boisterous, and newly-printed sheets belonging to Mr. Hulbert's stock were carried nearly two miles—hedges, trees, fields, &c. were literally covered with them. The scene was the most extraordinary and awful ever known in this vicinity: a like destruction of literary property, paintings, &c. was probably never known in this county. We lament the more this destruction, as among the manuscripts consumed were many relative to Shropshire, and others prepared for several intended new Publications by Mr. Hulbert, all of which were lost in the awful conflagration, and cannot by any means be replaced. The family were deprived of every article of clothing, which, however, was kindly supplied to Mr. Hulbert from the wardrobe of Lord Hill, and clothing for Mrs. Hulbert was furnished by the Misses Hill.—We understand that Major Bayley attended personally during the time of the conflagration; and that he also sent down provisions and other refreshments for the use of the family; as also did Miss Hill, from Lord Hill's residence at Hardwicke Grange."

An excellent account was also given in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, of the 11th of January, and another in the *Shrewsbury News* of the following day.

The subjoined paragraph appeared in the *Liverpool Chronicle* of March 23rd, 1839.

"PROVIDENCE GROVE, HADNAL, SHREWSBURY.—We are glad to see, from the Shrewsbury Papers, that the Subscriptions set on foot by the friends of Mr. C. Hulbert to enable him to re-build his beautiful antique Cottage, Providence Grove, and to restore, as far as possible, his Library of upwards of 3000 volumes, destroyed by fire during the great hurricane in January last, is still progressing. This is as it ought to be. Mr. Hulbert is highly deserving of the sympathy and respect of mankind. His exertions have been unweariedly employed in the improvement and edification of his fellow men, by the establishment of Sunday Schools, in Shrewsbury and elsewhere, and by his Works and numerous Publications. He is known to many respectable gentlemen in this town, some of whom are already amongst the contributors to this benevolent fund."

The following Letter I had the happiness to receive a few days after the distressing occurrence.

"Wellington, January 12th, 1839.

"My dear Sir,

"I was very much hurt to hear of your melancholy situation. The raging of the storm was bad enough here; but what could our situation be compared with yours, in the midst of not only a raging, but awfully devouring element! The loss to you must be immense; but I doubt not that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will enable you to bear it with fortitude.

"I should hope that a Subscription will be entered into by the gentlemen of the County, to remunerate you in some measure for your great loss of property. Should such be the case, I need hardly say, that according to the ability with which God has blessed me, I shall be happy to lend a helping hand.

"Remaining my dear Sir,
"With great respect,
"Your's very sincerely,

To Charles Hulbert, Esq. "E. GARBETT."
Providence Grove, near Shrewsbury.

No time was lost in acknowledging the above friendly communication.

At Mr. Richard Jones's near Providence Grove,
Hadnal, near Shrewsbury, January 14th, 1839.

My very dear Sir,

I beg to thank you most sincerely for your friendly and feeling Letter, it was to my drooping mind as the refreshing shower is to the withering vegetation of a scorched land. Though melancholy, sorrowful, and in poor spirits for writing, I am deeply impressed with gratitude to you, my dear Sir, and to every one sympathizing with me on this melancholy occasion. It will, I know, be painful for you to learn, that on this day, and the present week, I should, had not Heaven seen it best to permit the calamity, have been with you, and delivered to my kind Subscribers, the First Part of my 'Sunday Reader and Preacher,' and also the whole volume of my new work on Shropshire Biography and Chronology, likewise the Second Edition of my Shropshire History. My Prospectuses and Circulars were Printed, the List of Subscribers for your District prepared, and every thing ready for my journey; the Covers to the Parts of the Sunday Reader, and the Preface to the Biography and Chronology alone wanted completion.

These Works it will be my anxious endeavour to conclude; for in them, and the copies of my former Publications which have been saved, is now placed my sole dependance.

The Literary materials of several intended Works are irrecoverably gone, and, as the Public Press truly said, 'Thousands of sheets belonging to those Works, and belonging to all my other Publications, have been carried by the winds for miles around, and hang upon trees or lie in ditches.' We have done all we could to collect the scattered remains; but they are generally torn or soiled, so that sheets will have to be reprinted to complete the sets which have been preserved. I rejoice however, that of all my principal Publications, except the Salopian Magazine, and my Edition of Phillipe's History of Shrewsbury, some copies remain in a perfect state. All my Stock ready bound, in boards, or otherwise, happening to be in a room of my dwelling-house, was destroyed. My Printing-Office was partially saved through great exertion, the Printing materials, valuable Copper-plates, &c. were removed, in the greatest haste, to an open field, without shelter or protection, and are consequently greatly damaged in the removal: but as these were my future instruments of power, I thank God that I had the strength and courage, with the aid of some worthy and most heroic females, to save so many, though at great personal risk. And I still hope, through the blessing of Divine Providence, to complete all my Publications both in progress and design;—and in this way recover some degree of that independence, the enjoyment of which I looked forward to, previous to the desolation, as the reward of many years of unceasing toil, study and anxiety; and trust yet to be enabled to do some good to mankind, especially to the reading portion of this and adjoining Counties. These are the hopes which in some measure buoy me up under this tremendous catastrophe. Further particulars of which will not be uninteresting to your benevolent mind.

The fire was furious beyond conception, and literally roared like a blast furnace; the interval was only a few minutes between the discovery and entire envelopement of the whole house, consisting of Dining-room, Study, Drawing-room, Kitchen, and six Bed-rooms, in one sheet of flame. My dear Wife and Self escaping only with our lives. My younger Son had taken a walk, and the maid-servant, in whose bed-room the fire certainly originated, was in the kitchen preparing breakfast; my next neighbours were not up. Think, my dear Sir, what were the feelings of your poor friend—his House built to his own taste, furnished with the cateings of nearly 40 years, selected from many sources, and prized for antiquity or curiosity. A Library of several thousand volumes, comprising rare and curious, as well as expensive and really useful works; many presented by their authors, particularly the valuable Oriental Works of Sir William Ouseley; ancient and also valuable Manuscripts, intended as aids to future Publications, Family Records and Relics. A choice assemblage of Paintings, of ancient and modern masters, including some of value, especially one by *Titian*, an undoubted Original; of the price, which, as it had been estimated by competent judges, I forbear to speak. Besides Family Portraits, an original one of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools: an

immense collection of modern Engravings: a considerable collection of Rarities, Fossils, &c. embracing most of the Shropshire specimens. The former articles, those of Art, are gone irreparably—the latter being those of Nature, may be replaced. Much of my lost property was indeed unique. Besides Household Furniture. Optical Instruments, and Wearing Apparel, all of which were destroyed, one gold and one silver Watch, all our Jewellery, the greatest portion of our Plate, all *dear to us*, as well as intrinsically valuable, is lost. It was an unfortunate circumstance that the House happened to be peculiarly full at the time, every wall covered with Pictures, and every room full of Books: many of which had been removed to the house, owing to some alterations which were going on in the adjoining warehouse. I regret extremely the loss of my collection of Autographs and Letters, together with thousands of Papers, intended to illustrate the Memoirs of my Own Life and many of my Contemporaries, designed as my last Work. Some Deeds and Papers of importance were involved, which *honour* may, and I trust will replace. Another, though a very small part of my loss, I do also regret, viz. a Clock and the Royal Arms, I had just purchased, with the humble intent to present them to our beloved Village Church, and to place them in front of *that* Gallery, which several highly distinguished personages by their liberal Subscriptions had enabled me, as Warden, to erect. Your kind heart will pardon the notice of this simple circumstance, knowing how much even trifling occurrences at certain moments, affect our feelings and our actions.

My first effort was to secure the articles in my Study, including the above Deeds, &c. but a very few moments filled that with smoke and flame. All, all the labour of my life, and pride of my heart, was gone almost instantaneously. To tell all that I have suffered is impossible. I am however in the hands of a good and gracious God, who will I hope, enable me to say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' I am also in the County and Country of those who have given me many proofs of their regard; I have indeed, under this afflicting dispensation, received the tenderest sympathy from my friends and neighbours here. Clothing, provisions, and a temporary home, were instantly provided. My dear Wife (but I cannot speak of her without being overwhelmed with affliction) bears our great losses with considerable fortitude and resignation.

My dear Son, Samuel, lost all his Coins, and his Views of the Churches of the County, drawn by himself; that of Wellington being the last but one he had finished.

Of my own Collection of Gold, Silver and Copper Coins, (Foreign and English) some have been discovered, and we are anxiously examining the ashes and ruins in hope of meeting with more. Excuse all imperfections—my heart is full, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate obliged Friend,

CHARLES HULBERT.

To E. Gorbett, Esq. Wellington.

---

I should have considered the preceding information sufficiently circumstantial, had not a number of my valued friends, supporters and patrons, so earnestly desired to possess several particulars connected with the desolating occurrence they had heard verbally related. They consist chiefly of facts which I had been induced to consider were of interest only to myself and family. The tenderness and affection shewn by so many, have led me to change my opinion, and to believe that the recital of losses and past misfortunes are never uninteresting to the generous mind.

I may now be permitted to remark, that the most general enquiry among my friends and those interested in my welfare, is, How did the fire originate? No doubt from a spark of the candle, the match, or the tinder the servant maid had been lighting in her own room, prior to going down stairs, and being unconscious of mischief, she imagined no danger; and what confirms the conjecture is, one of our neighbours had noticed a light in her room for nearly an hour before the discovery of the fire.

When we retired to rest on the Sunday evening prior to the awful catastrophe, all was safe, and no fire existed on the premises, nor was any in use during the night.

In the morning at six o'clock, the usual hour of rising, the servant's bell was rung; the tempest was at that time apparently exerting its greatest fury. Mrs. Hulbert and myself, supposing ourselves perfectly secure from danger, were only sorrowful for what might befall or happen to others in situations more exposed.—The fate of the adventurous mariner on the ocean—the immense losses of property by merchants—the sailor clinging to the mast, or floating on the driven plank, the consequent sorrow of families for the loss of life.—The pangs of the widowed wife—the griefs of the bereaved mother and the tender sister—each had our sympathy at that moment. While all the emotions of gratitude, arising from the security of the situations and unexposed engagements of our *dear* connections, were issuing from our lips, a knocking at our bedroom door aroused our attention, and instantly the most piercing, heart rending words, which ever penetrated my ears, were uttered. 'Master, master, the house is on fire!' said the maid servant in the most hurried accents. Where, where? I instantly enquired. 'I do not know,' was the reply, in a tone of voice the most horror striking that can be conceived. Mrs. Hulbert had just risen from her bed and was partly dressed, when opening the room door we were nearly suffocated by the rush of scorching smoke. Hastily seizing in my hand a gold watch and one article of dress, we rapidly proceeded down stairs. Supposing the fire must have been occasioned by a spark from the chimney falling on the roof, it being thatch, I hastened out of doors to make the observation, but no fire appeared; in an instant the flames burst most furiously through the window which lighted the staircase leading to the servant maid's room, from which apartment the fire was issuing with desolating rapidity. It had not then affected the outside of the roof, the inside having for safety been ceiled and thickly coated with Uffington lime, the quality of which, *for such purposes*, is nearly equal to cement.

Perceiving the increase of flame and its probable consequences, I entered my study in the hope of preserving a few articles I deemed most valuable, but unfortunately all my keys were in the bed-room we had just left, a return to which in half a minute's time had been rendered impossible, the fire having taken possession both of the room and the staircase. Here we may observe the tokens of a Divine hand, and a watchful Providence, in timely directing the servant maid to give the alarm the moment she did, thirty seconds later and escape would have been impossible.

As previously observed, not being able to obtain my keys, I procured an axe and proceeded to burst open my cabinet; in which was deposited a small canister of gunpowder, which I feared might explode, and my son having joined me, he took the canister and threw it into a ditch: meanwhile some delay took place in seeking for a favourite gold watch, which had been presented to me in youth, by one of my dearest friends of that period, who in an effort to serve me, by over-exertion in walking, ruptured a blood vessel, which circumstance, in a few days, ended a most valuable life. The watch I had removed, but in the agitation of the moment did not recollect the circumstance, and it was ruined by the fire. In the mean time the flames were gaining upon us, my son was unable to re-enter the study, and I was myself compelled to retreat to save my life.

My dear wife was, at the same time, using her best exertions to save the plate, while smoke filled the room, and flames approached her, she threw various articles into the servant maid's apron, who, in her fright, dropped them on the floor, and being unable to recover them, they perished in the fire. All this time the wind roared through the house, and the flames raged with uncontrollable fury, diffusing every where,

as I before observed, the most insufferable smoke and destructive heat.

Finding I could not save or rescue any of my beloved property from destruction in the dwelling-house, the flames approaching me with so much rapidity, I retreated through the rear entrance door: for a moment I looked behind me, and with feelings never to be described, nor ever to be forgotten, I bade a sad farewell to all that was dear to me of an inanimate nature. The private door of entrance to my Printing-office was fortunately open, so that I entered immediately, when here a difficulty presented itself, the key of the outer entrance door was in that part of the house in flames, as were also the keys of the safes, closets, and chests in which were deposited my stock of valuable copper-plates; this was a moment of the deepest anxiety and difficulty I ever experienced: the roaring flames were in my rear, making their terrific approach, and apparently must close upon me before I could save any of my property, and thereby render a retreat by the way I entered perfectly impossible. To open the outer entrance door seemed of equal difficulty. Providentially recollecting the efficiency of a 56lb. weight in the hands of a poor, but *grateful* weaver, in the year 1801, when Hodson's square, in Manchester, was destroyed by fire, (see page 134 this vol.) I instantly sought for, and found a weight of the same description in the office, with which I battered out the windows, window frames, and part of the wall, and burst open the safes, &c. by which time three* of my female neighbours arrived, and, shortly after, my assistant in the Printing-office, Mr. Trend. With more than usual strength, I lifted and threw out, by means of the aperture made with the weight, printing-types, copper-plates, and the heaviest goods, which were received by my friends on the outside, and carried into the adjoining field as the only place of safety, for I did not then suppose the slightest portion of all my buildings could be preserved from conflagration.

Having done all we could in clearing the printing-office, to save the contents of the warehouse over, became a matter of deep concern, especially as the roof was on fire; no time was to be lost, all my stock of new publications in quires, were there deposited.—In removing these, we had first to throw them through a doorway in the floor into the printing-office, thence through the entrance made by the weight, into the adjoining yard, to be carried into the field, our supposed place of safety. It unfortunately happened, that thousands of sheets of books recently printed, were not folded in paper at all; and those that were tied up in parcels, had in their transit the strings broken or loosened, and the sheets became consequently exposed to the fury of the tempest, and were by the power of the wind raised to an inconceivable height, and carried for miles in the direction of its course, lodging them on the branches of trees and hedges, or filling the ditches.

By this time the immediate neighbourhood and surrounding vicinity had taken the alarm, and crowds came to our assistance, with a feeling and alacrity probably never surpassed.

I hope I shall be pardoned here relating one circumstance, which, to my heart, was the most affecting of any that transpired.

No one had observed me rushing into the printing-office.—My dear wife not seeing me among the helpers or spectators, supposed I must have perished in the flames; under this apprehension she was seeking and calling for me in the deepest agony.—"Where is my husband? He is dead! He is in the fire!" she repeatedly exclaimed.—Information of her distress being brought to me, I lost not a moment in running to her relief.—I will not venture a description of our mutual feelings on the sight of each other. "All is lost, all is lost," she uttered with indescribable agitation. "No, no, my dear wife," I answered, "I have you;" when with equal fervour she responded, "And I have you." "Then," I replied, "let us be resigned, thank God I have saved my printing-office, and we can live yet." Of the next hour or two I recollect but little; some one, at present unknown to me, tied a silk kerchief round my neck. I still remained on the ground, having no home, food, clothing, or money.

Several dear friends arrived from Shrewsbury, and my kind neighbours sought to clothe me in their best suits, but unfortunately all were too small for my adoption; when an obliging neighbour hastened to Hardwicke Grange, and returned with several articles of dress belonging to General Lord Hill, which proved of great comfort and utility.

To record all the kind and friendly visits received, or the presents of clothing and provisions made by our friends, in and out of the county, from the Noble Peer to the humble Cottager, would far exceed the limits of this notice, but their names and their actions are recorded in our hearts; and we do most sincerely pray, that they may also be registered in the book of future recompence in Heaven.

Many sweet and valuable letters of condolence were also addressed to us, immediately after the sad occurrence,—but nothing so much affected my feelings as my first visit to Shrewsbury. My dear old friends and neighbours, in whom I may include the whole population of the town, with tears of affection, received me as one risen from the dead. Their sympathy and joy were indeed unbounded.

My chief errand, at that time, was to purchase a few articles of dress and immediate necessity, for which in several instances, after being selected, and payment tendered by me, it was generously refused.

For weeks after the Fire, it was an affecting and gratifying sight to observe how many of those who knew and felt for me, were anxious to obtain some fragment of a book, or partially consumed engraving, collecting them from the fields and the hedges, to bear to their homes, and preserve in remembrance of the sufferer and his deep affliction.

Grief, and a constant recurrence of circumstances of an affecting nature, brought on a severe bilious attack, and confined me, for a few days, to a sick bed;† in which situation I humbly offered, through the medium of the Papers, the following Address.

"Beloved Friends and Neighbours, of the Chapelry of Hadnal and vicinity, how can I express my sense of your tenderness and sympathy, your "Priceless Tears," your ready aid in the moment of destitution, when a Family residing among you with some degree of respectability, was rendered by a destructive Fire, almost instantaneously, homeless, clotheless, foodless, and without money.

"My equally beloved Friends and Neighbours at Shrewsbury, accept my never-ceasing affection, in return for the sorrow you felt on account of the severe Loss I have sustained in the destruction of that Property, and those objects, you have not unfrequently done me the honour to admire, and which comprised in themselves all of an inanimate Nature, I held dear in the World.

"Generous Friends of Shrewsbury and Wellington, accept my sincere and grateful thanks for the exertions you are making in my behalf,—a token of esteem the more valuable, because on your parts perfectly spontaneous, and to me unknown.

"Hoping the brevity and imperfections of this Address may be pardoned, being written during a period of extreme suffering and indisposition.

"I subscribe myself,
"Dear and sympathizing Friends,
"Your grateful obliged Servant,
"CHARLES HULBERT."

Hadnal, near Shrewsbury,
Jan. 22, 1839.

The moment my calamity was known in the county, a Public Subscription was meditated. Richard Ford, Esq. the Mayor of Shrewsbury, who had witnessed for a short time, the destruction of my property, and the desolation it had oc-

* Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Home, and Mrs. Preston.

† At which time, the present skilful and kind-hearted Thos. Burd, Esq. M. D. of Shrewsbury, voluntarily paid me a visit, and successfully prescribed for my complaint; and I have subsequently received from him the greatest kindness.

casioned, opened a Subscription, headed by the subjoined Advertisement, which appeared in the *Salopian Journal*, of January 23rd, and the *Chronicle* and *News* in due course:

"FIRE AT PROVIDENCE GROVE. SUBSCRIPTION FOR MR. AND MRS. HULBERT.——The Fire at Providence Grove, near Shrewsbury, on the 7th of January instant, having destroyed a very large portion of the Property of Mr. HULBERT, a general sympathy and desire *to help to the Restoration (as far as possible) of the Loss, has been excited, and several kind Friends have come forward with Donations.*

The Buildings alone were insured, but only for a portion of their value.* The devouring element has consumed the whole of the Household Furniture, Plate, Linen, valuable Paintings, Books, Manuscripts, and other Property, much of which can never be replaced.

It has therefore been determined to *Subscribe a Sum, in the Hope of Assistance and Encouragement to one who has laboured so hard during his Life, and has now experienced so irrecoverable a Loss, and that means should be devised to replace the Property lost, and confer a permanent Benefit on Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert.*

A Subscription has therefore been entered into for these purposes, to be under the management of a Committee to be appointed for that purpose."

The respectable Inhabitants of the Town of Wellington partaking of the same feeling, held a Public Meeting on the 28th day of January, 1839, William Turner, Esq. in the Chair, when Resolutions were passed embracing the following.

"This Meeting, deeply sympathizing with Mr. HULBERT on the recent Loss which he has sustained by Fire, and viewing with approbation the exertions which have been made by him in the cause of Literature, and more particularly in respect to the History of the County of Salop; and wishing in some measure to assist in alleviating the Loss occasioned by so distressing a Visitation.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That a Subscription in Favour of Mr. Hulbert be entered into in the town of Wellington, to be under the management of a Committee to be appointed for that purpose."

A Committee was chosen, and a Subscription entered into for the immediate relief of the suffering family.

—o—

**The losses, sorrows, and disappointments occasioned by the desolating Fire above recorded, can never be either ascertained or estimated; its effects follow me wherever I go. They enter into all my relations in life, destroying or abridging many of the necessaries and comforts of existence. I have laboured hard, doubly hard, ever since that fatal event—and I have not now, at the age of 74, any hope of the remission of my toils.**

**In the preceding description, I have nearly followed the order of the published Narrative—a few additional facts and observations will be selected from the remaining pages.**

**One of the greatest and most afflictive of all my calamities, was the loss eventually, of my younger Son, Samuel Jasper Mottershead; the shock he received, and the cold to which he was exposed at the time of the Fire, brought into action that deplorable malady, called Consumption; which, after three years endurance, fatally ended his life, at his Father's residence, Providence Grove, on Sunday, June 26, 1842, in his 22nd year, having been born, July 11th, 1820.**

**The following notice of my beloved Son, is extracted from my *Manual of Shropshire Biography, Chronology, &c.***

"THE notice which is here given of this amiable young man, by his sorrowing Father, is chiefly inserted on account of his great attachment for the Topography, History and Antiquities of his native county, and the vast fund of information he had acquired on these subjects.

So early as his ninth year, he commenced the collecting of prints, drawings, &c. connected with Shropshire and Cheshire. Prior to the completion of his eighteenth year, he had visited a great number of Churches and Ecclesiastical Buildings in Shropshire, of which he had made faithful original Drawings, and written descriptions, most accurate and interesting, forming several quarto volumes. These his Father fondly hoped to have seen published with an enlarged edition of the Shropshire History.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable: the WHOLE, with all his FATHER'S MANUSCRIPTS, including one, containing Genealogical, Biographical and Anecdotal Notices, of all the families in Shropshire, bearing Arms, with their Arms emblazoned, perished in the fatal fire at Providence Grove, Notwithstanding the loss of his former collection of Engravings, his Drawings of Churches, &c. his ardent love of Shropshire never forsook him, though the last three years of his life were spent at Cambridge, in preparation for an Academic course, and for the Ministry of the Church of England. On his last return to Shropshire, at the sight of Shrewsbury Spires, and the New Tower of the Church of his beloved Village of Hadnal, he was deeply affected. However great was his suffering from the pain of a fatal disorder, the addition to his valuable stores of a Drawing, Engraving, or Historical Fact in connection with his Topographical pursuits, would instantly cheer, and give an extasy to his mind, most pleasing to his friends.

His collection, entitled 'Pictorial Records of Salopia,' amounted to 427; of each of which he has written a particular description, including the manner of their original publication, probable date when the view or portrait was taken &c. To this catalogue is prefixed the following grateful acknowledgement.

"The design of the collector of the prints named in the following pages, is ultimately, as far as possible, to form a collection of *all* published pictorial illustrations of the History and Antiquities of Shropshire, and to be properly arranged in one or more volumes, when the collection may be considered complete.

* The whole would have been insured at the same time, (had not the Office, in which I had not before insured) required a specific estimate to be put on Paintings, sets of Books, &c. of the value of £5 and upwards, a requirement which I understood was the rule of the office, such specification was prepared, and would have been presented on the Saturday preceding the calamity, had not a business letter been received on the Friday, requiring my attendance at Shrewsbury on the day the Fire happened, viz. Monday, and I thought I could complete the Insurance, and do my other business with the same journey and trouble.

The House destroyed, valued at £500, was insured at £250 only. The Amount of the other Property specified and offered for Insurance, was £2000, and *but* in the same proportion. The Premises being covered with Thatch in the fancy style, the whole was chargeable with 7s.6d. per cent. premium: and as we believed ourselves particularly careful, we had no apprehension of Fire, hence the specification was much below the real value. In that estimate we did not include Accounts, Account Books, Deeds, Securities for Money, Manuscripts, &c.

Deep and sorrowful as our Losses have been, we desire humbly and sincerely to unite in the prayer of the excellent Rector of Pitchford, and many other pious Friends on our behalf, "That all the temporal losses may tend to the spiritual good and everlasting welfare of the sufferers."

At this stage of his undertaking, the collector has to acknowledge with gratitude the very kind and liberal assistance he has received from his relatives and friends; of the former, his beloved Father has contributed at least one half of the present number, and to his Brother and Sisters he is indebted for many engravings, as well as for drawings expressly made for this collection. Of the latter class—his kind and generous friends—he has to enumerate pictorial contributions from gentlemen of well known literary taste and respectability."

We may remark, that notwithstanding his passion for Shropshire Antiquities and Topography generally, his still higher delight was in the study of that most ancient of all books, the Bible; from which holy fountain he had been early instructed to draw those blessed principles and doctrines which were his guide in life, and his support in death.

Some of his original Drawings of objects in Shropshire are exquisitely fine—his talent for Poetry is manifested in various effusions, rural, serious and comic. An Original Sermon of the youth's composition was honoured by being delivered, by a beloved Clergyman, to his congregation in the vicinity of Cambridge."

My continued grief for his loss, is, I fear, sinful, and I pray for Heaven's forgiveness. I look over the Drawings I have, and his notes on places of which he has given the likeness, with deep sorrow mingled with admiration. His Letters still deeply affect my heart. The following extract from one dated Cambridge, April 22nd, 1841, shews the grateful affectionate humility of his sensitive mind.

"My dearest Father,

"I was not a little gratified on reading your letter, to find, that although I have so largely received at your hands, what I shall ever prize and feel grateful for; yet you are even now, contemplating fresh acts of kindness—and your intention of sending me a copy of your 'History of Shropshire,' and 'Phillips's History of Shrewsbury,' complete, excited in me, feelings of the greatest pleasure. You have not to be told the lively interest that I took in the writing and publication of that Work, or rather those Works, and therefore you have not to be assured how much I shall value a History, written by my Father. But what wondrous words follow. "Tell me what you desire most." Need I stop to say, my dear Father, that nothing on earth can be more desirable than the possession of your Literary Works! "

Had the modest intelligent youth lived to see the commencement of this volume; like yourself, my dearest Charles, he would have rejoiced to promote its interest and success.*

"Dear youth—but he's happy."

The destruction of my Library, Collection of Paintings, Curiosities, Manuscripts, &c. was indeed a most distressing event; but a kind and gracious Providence so ordered it, that a gentleman to whom I had advanced a sum of money, 25 years before, influenced by an honest principle and the Spirit of God, came forward, and in the most noble manner, offered to return the money (principal and interest) if he could dispose of a Collection of Paintings he had brought from London, and were then in Shrewsbury. On Mr.— introducing me to the Pictures, I enquired "Have you a list of them, with prices attached?" which he answered in the affirmative. Then, I said, you shall not have the trouble of a sale; I will select, to the amount of the demand you are pleased to say I have against you, at the prices affixed in the list. Having made my selection, others of like value remained, which he, out of compassion for my great loss, added "I was with you when you purchased some of the splendid Paintings you have lost, and I know their value; and perceiving how much the loss of your Pictures has distressed you, I will fix a mere nominal sum on the remainder," which sum he then named. After due consideration, I consented to become the purchaser. They now adorn several of my rooms at Providence Grove. I consider this a most remarkable Providence. Was there no design in Heaven permitting the non-payment of the amount? While the new collection was far inferior to that I had lost, my walls being covered, my heart received joy and consolation

My loss of valuable Books, was softened by the great kindness and presents of many friends; especially the learned and pious Sir J. Bickerton Williams, Knight, &c. now of The Hall, Wem; yourself, my dearest Charles, and my beloved Sons-in-law, were each sympathizing contributors; generous Booksellers kindly exchanged with me Books in their stock, that I chose to select, for my own Publications. Some of my old favorites were re-covered, and have been re-bound; the burnt and abridged margins, evidencing that they have passed through the fire.

In the Narrative, from which I have copied, I have given a condensed list of the best Pictures I lost; and notices of other irrecoverable losses sustained, to which Publication, for the present, I refer my readers. I regret the destruction of a venerable Scientific Dictionary, which had in its day, rendered considerable assistance to the late Mr. Robert Webster,* Grandfather of the present Mr. James Webster, the Clerk of St. Chad's Church.

* The Church Magazine, January, 1843, edited by the Rev. J. C. Franks, contained a kind Obituary, from the pen of that learned friend, who as Vicar of Huddersfield, was also the Patron of Slaithwaite; to whom my elder Son was indebted for his appointment.

* Mr. Webster was a gentleman well known and esteemed in Shrewsbury, of which town he was a native; and in the early days of my residence there, he resided in Mardol, next door to another excellent and worthy friend, Mr. Mottram. They were both men of intelligence, and a chat with either was always agreeable.

Much did I desire to have purchased a Clock, Mr. Webster had constructed, which only required winding up once in 12

I gratefully acknowledge, that I have met with many kind, dear and sympathizing friends; but none greater than yourself, my ever dear and beloved Charles. The kindness of many has been previously recorded in the pages of this volume. Not a few of my kindest Patrons and Subscribers, have entered on their great reward; some yet remain on earth, for whose present and eternal happiness, I cease not to pray.

On behalf, my dearest Charles, of your dear Mother and myself, I do here thank the generous originators of the Subscription entered into for our mutual benefit through life; especially my beneficent neighbour, the Rev. D. James, who, entirely without my knowledge, and contrary to my desire, personally waited on a number of his friends, and collected more than Sixty Pounds! But kindness like this is only in accordance with his general conduct and Christian character.

Among my departed friends, who were originators of the Subscription, are the late General Lord Hill, Thomas Bayley, Esq. Richard Ford, Esq. and Berkley Bayley, Esq. My honoured friends, the present W. W. How, Esq. Christopher Hicks, Esq. Mrs. Calcott, and the late Mrs. Lacy, were among the earliest contributors.

The results of the Public Subscription, as announced by the Trustees of the Fund, were as under.

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amount of Subscriptions received..... | 343 | 7 | 0 |
| Assured for the joint lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert ..... | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| Received by Mr. Hulbert, and paid on his Account ..... | 143 | 7 | 0 |
| | £343 | 7 | 0 |

JOHN BISHTON MINOR, DAVID JAMES, } TRUSTEES.

My Noble friend and neighbour, Lord Hill, was the first to introduce to me the subject of a Subscription, but which, with great imprudence, and some warmth, I then opposed; observing to his Lordship, I am not insolvent, and I hope to sustain my present position in the County, and only suggest, that if your Lordship, and other Noblemen and Gentlemen, your friends, will kindly give me orders for any of my Publications remaining, or those I still intend to Publish, amounting in value to the sums they may intend to subscribe, I shall be equally relieved, and feel myself independent, having given value received. His Lordship replied, "Your friends will do both,—and I do assure you, it is not as charity we propose to raise a sum, but as a trifling acknowledgment of the good you have done to the County, by your History, and other Publications."

Little did I then know of the extent of my loss, or the sufferings I had to endure. This interview was only a few days after the disaster. Notwithstanding my then objections, His Lordship kindly headed the Subscription, with £20; and my friend, Major Bayley,* put his name down for Ten Pounds.

months. Delighted was I to witness his great ingenuity, mechanical taste and genius. In after time, I became possessed of his Patent Washing Machine, and his Patent Mangle, both of which perished in the destructive Fire at Providence Grove, except the iron work, portions of which I still possess.

On an inspection of the Machines in my Manufactory, he soon discovered the properties and peculiar adaptation of each, suggesting improvements, &c. He invented a Spinning Wheel for the ladies, one of which he had the honour to present to Her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, who had it frequently in use during her life.

In early life he entered into partnership with the late Mr. Hazledine, as an Ironfounder, in Shrewsbury. Two of the most ingenious and talented men in the town, but in disposition quite unsuited for each other: the one was all ardour and daring enterprise—and on proposing to Mr. Webster to increase their business by an expenditure of £2000, Mr. Webster became alarmed, and dissolved partnership.

Of Mr. Hazledine, I have frequently spoken, not only in these Memoirs, but in my Shropshire History, Biography, &c. and I hope hereafter to say more in another Publication; and I have the gratification to know, that in a visit I paid him while on a sick bed, he received my arguments and Christian exhortations with so much feeling and effect, as to leave in my mind hope of his being a changed man. Many are the Mills, Bridges, and Public Buildings, which bear testimony of the enterprise and skill of Mr. Hazledine; and a very great number of Public Clocks, &c. in Shropshire and adjoining Counties, attest the talents and ingenuity of the quiet, peaceable, and good Mr. Webster.

Having retired from business, Mr. W. erected a neat Villa in the vicinity of his native town, where he died in peace and love, February 7th, 1832, in his 78th year. His beloved wife, to whom he had been married 57 years, survived him only three weeks.

* It is with great delight I record the name of Thomas Bayley, Esq. of the Black Birches Hall, in our Chapelry. His kindness at the time of my sad Calamity, has been previously related, and much more could be said. I did not name how kindly (while the flames of my Dwelling were awfully raging) he waited on Mrs. Hulbert, who had taken shelter under the roof of a neighbour, the late Thomas Wright; with great earnestness he enquired of my dear Wife, if Mr. Hulbert had any money saved from the Fire? To which she answered, "I cannot tell." "Then do accept these Ten Sovereigns, for immediate use." She modestly replied, "I thank you, Sir, most sincerely, but I dare not accept them, as Mr. Hulbert might not be pleased." He however forced One Sovereign into her hand.

Frequently do myself and family refer to the kind acts "of the affable and polite Major Bayley," manifested, not only to ourselves, but to many others within the circle of our acquaintance. His lamented death took place, February 7th, 1844. His honoured and excellent widow, like her neighbours, the Misses Hill, delights in shewing kindness to her friends, and to all around her. Long may she live to do good, and be happy.

The kindness and sympathy of all my dear neighbours, will ever be gratefully remembered; as will their patronage of my Publications, especially the present. In one kind family at Haston, in our Chapelry, I have six or seven Subscribers; and in another kind family in Hadnal, three or four.

To the illustrious Duke of Sutherland, I am indeed much indebted, as related in page 103 of this volume. To the present Honourable Robert Henry Clive, M. P. and his late Noble and illustrious Brother, the Earl of Powis, for their subscription of an equal sum with that of my Noble friend, Lord Hill.

"Another delightful instance of manifested sympathy, I also feel great pleasure in recording. A few weeks after the lamented accident, I received a letter from the Rev. John Evans, M. A. of Whitchurch, desiring my advice relative to the Publishing of a small volume of Poems for my benefit; the offer was too generous and gratifying not to be instantly accepted.

Nor could I but esteem the offering and Poetical effusion of a sincere friend, Mr. Caswell of the Cross Houses, near Shrewsbury, who transmitted the following lines, 'with his mite for the treasury,' to a gentleman in Shrewsbury, through whose medium I received them.

AN ACROSTIC.

P URE Friendship prompts the sympathetic lay,
R ecord my pen, the horrors of that day,
O f that dread morn, when bowling o'er the deep,
V ast and destructive was the mighty sweep;
I n raging flames, now bursting from its dome,
D oomed is to perish, HULBERT'S lovely home;
E nveloped all, volumes on volumes rise,
N ow dashed to earth—now hurled to meet the skies;—
C an he survive? whose anxious midnight toil,
E nds in sad ruin,—scattered o'er the soil.

G reat Maker of the Elements at strife,
R egard the sufferer, spare his useful life!
O pen the liberal hand, in bounteous store,
V ouchsafe thy mercy, Providence, once more,
E nchanting spot!—Salopia's sons Restore!

The liberal Grant of £50 by the unanimous vote of the Committee of the Royal Literary Fund,* London, was also a most honourable, gratifying and seasonable relief.

When I first commenced Printing this volume, it was my intention to have collected together the names of all Contributors to the restoration of my lost Property. Grateful would have been the duty, but I have so far exceeded the proposed limits of my Work, that I must beg pardon of my readers for the omission; and again assure every kind Contributor, whether of One Shilling or One Pound, that they are ever dear to my recollection.

Long as I live, it will form a part of the employment of my life, to read over the several Lists of Subscribers to my 'Literary Beauties and Varieties,' 'Museum of the World,' 'Religions of Britain,' 'History of the Town and County of Salop,' 'Sunday Reader and Preacher,' and also of the present humble volume; calling to remembrance the many acts of kindness I have received, in the course of my journies and visits through the several Counties of England, and Wales, and the Isle of Man. While thus engaged, my heart is overwhelmed with feelings and affections, that I would not barter for all the riches in the universe.

These feelings, so delightful and heavenly, do sometimes receive a check, when on tracing the Lists, I meet with the names of *some* who had not *honour* enough to fulfil the engagement, which by the solemn signature of their names, they had entered into, with one, who would have honoured them through life.

Many have been the gratifying Presents of Antiquities, Curiosities, &c. by friendly collectors, or rather preservers of Rarities. Among the most useful of presents, of a Graphical nature, was Baugh's 9-sheet Map of Shropshire, by my valued friend, Thomas Howells, Esq, of Highfield, near Shrewsbury.

My former tenants in Coleham, Sunday School scholars and teachers, remembered us according to their best ability; my old and faithful servant, Mr. George Chidlow, being the affectionate bearer of their friendly gifts, which at that time were peculiarly useful. I have lately, my dear Son, had to regret the death of an old faithful servant and overlooker, Mr. Charles Henshaw; like Mr. Chidlow, occupying the same house he did in my time, more than forty years ago. Each the above, my dearest Charles, knew you in your infancy, and loved you with unceasing affection. The latter has, I believe, bequeathed a favourite venerable Clock, for your own, or eldest son's benefit.

You read in all these reminiscences of my gone by History, the heart and memory of an old man—whose only desire for prolonged life, would be, that he might once more see every friend he had living, and visit the scenes of his youth, and every place where he had met with kindness and friendship.

I rejoice that ever I published the 'Sunday Reader and Preacher,' the 'Christian's Book,' and 'Christian Memoirs,' because they have been of *spiritual* benefit to their readers. The 'Sunday Reader' was concluded September 20th, 1842.

During the delivery of the Parts, (nine in

*This Noble Institution, of which Her Majesty is the Patroness, merits the support of every benevolent lover of Literature, having a generous feeling for the misfortunes and distresses of British Authors of decided reputation.

number, at five shillings) I had the joy, almost daily, to receive assurances of the happy effects the Work was producing. I remember dining at Woollerton, with my friend the late Coroner Dickin. Speaking of my 'Sunday Reader,' he said, with apparent delight, "Well, Mr. Hulbert, if your Work never does any more good, it has made a new man of my neighbour C—." Many have I heard to thank God, that ever they became Subscribers to the Work; others, that they never really believed the Bible, until they became acquainted with the Sunday Reader.

One instance I will relate, and do so at the desire of the gentleman benefitted.

May 19th, 1846, I received a letter from Mr. George Emery, dated, Debtor's side, Salop County Prison, stating that he had some time ago written from Zion's Hill, Pitchford, desiring to be informed if I had received a letter,† "in which he wished to know if I could supply him with thirty or forty copies of the Sunday Reader. In his second he assured me, that though in a Gaol, he could find money to pay for them; that he had twenty-two children (by four wives) grown up, and five younger ones by a fifth wife: to all of whom he desired to present a copy of the delightful Book." "I am now in prison," continued Mr. E. "in consequence of having accepted Bills for Mr. ——, but I forgive him, as he was the person who made me a present of your Book;" adding, "Before I read your 'Sunday Reader and Preacher,' I considered the Bible all a fable: I am now a sincere believer, and more happy in this prison, than ever I was in my life before."

On my first visit to Mr. Emery, I found him standing before a table, reading and expounding the 'Sunday Reader and Preacher,' to a gentleman debtor. Most affecting was the interview. On receiving the copy which I had brought with me, he was overcome with joy. After a sweet conversation, he said "Mr. Hulbert, I once had Thirty Thousand Pounds; were that sum now to be placed on one side of this table, and your Book on the other, and each offered for my acceptance, I would take your Book: and could I but give each of my children a copy, perhaps I might do them as much good as if I were to give them equal shares of Thirty Thousand Pounds." I proposed that we should kneel together, and I believe the Divine promise was fulfilled. St. Matt. xviii. 20.

† The reason why I did not answer his letter at the time, was, that I doubted its authenticity.

Often did I visit him, and always found him expressing the same. He was not very long afterwards in confinement; during which time, he ordered and paid for twelve copies, when his resources failed. About six weeks ago, I received a letter from him, desiring me to send him a 'Book of Family Prayer,' to Armitage Railway Station, Staffordshire. He concludes his letter with "May the Lord be our Guide."

My History of the County of Salop, has also, I am grateful to say, met with the approbation of disinterested gentlemen, not previously named;‡ of which number I beg respectfully to select the following.

*From the late Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.*—"My own acquaintance with Mr. Hulbert is only that derived from his

‡ The following circumstance, has often afforded me peculiar gratification. Netley Hall, near Dorrington, is the seat of that benevolent Christian, John Thomas Hope, Esq. and until recently, also of his son, Thomas Henry Hope, Esq. a valuable Magistrate of the County, and a kind patron of my Publications. On the commencement of the present volume, in one of my Literary wanderings, I called, as formerly, at Netley Hall; the son had removed his residence to Berwick Hall, formerly the seat of the family of Powys, of Berwick, near Shrewsbury. I had the honour of a delightful interview with the Father, who, while I was in business, frequently and obligingly patronised my establishment. On naming my intention of publishing the present Work, he kindly headed a page in my book of Subscribers, and with great feeling observed, "This is the last time I shall ever write my name on a like occasion, and would not now have done it for any one but Mr. Hulbert." His hand-writing is excellent, and I delight to refer to it. I have subsequently received his kind commands for Two Copies, my dearest Charles, of your "Lectures on the Book of Job," which gives me great delight.

Dorrington is in the Parish of Condover, yet a good distance from the Parish Church. Mr. Hope's generous heart designed and erected a New District Church, in the early style of Gothic Architecture, capable of seating 300 hearers; the greater portion of the sittings being free. The expense of the erection of this chaste and beautiful Edifice, the handsome and commodious Parsonage, together with the Endowment, cost Mr. Hope more than £12,000! The Rev. George Masters, M.A. is the respected Incumbent. Mr. Hope has now attained the venerable Patriarchal age of 91 years; his faculties perfect, and disposition cheerful—indicating his character, 'The happy good parent, &c.' His only daughter, Louisa Mary Anne, was firstly married to the late Sir Henry Edwardes, Bart. uncle of the gallant Major Edwardes, the Hero of the Punjaub; and secondly her Ladyship married Captain Martin, esteemed highly as an Officer, and a Gentleman. The families of Hope and Edwardes, had previously intermarried with each other.

The eldest son of Sir Henry and Lady Edwardes, lately attained his majority; and with the junior members of this amiable virtuous family, resides at Sansaw Hall, within sight of Providence Grove; with their honoured and still youthful maternal Parent, and their honoured second Father, in the enjoyment of peace, and every rural and domestic blessing. Often have I the gratification of seeing them pass and re-pass my residence, but never without the delightful recollection, that they are a portion of the descendants of John Thomas Hope, the munificent Founder of a venerable Temple for the Worship of Almighty God, and the spiritual instruction of mankind.

Mr. Hope's unceasing kindness to the poor, and his personal private charities, are known only to the recipients of his bounty. All pray that Heaven may long continue his valuable life.

Works; but, as I have often heard my brother, Sir William Ousely, speak in terms of the most sincere respect for his character, I can in truth most conscientiously declare his high opinion of him, and my own impression of his Literary worth.

"Mr. Hulbert's Work on the County of Salop, indicates great industry and local research, and his other Publications are of a useful and instructive character, and calculated to inspire the sentiments of Piety, Morality and Loyalty, with which the Author is imbued; and I am informed that he has a Work on Salopian Biography, Chronology, &c. and another on Cheshire Antiquities and Topography, still unfinished."

*From Sir John Bicherton Williams, Knt. L.L.D. F.A.S. &c. then of Shrewsbury.*—"It is with much pleasure I bear my testimony to Mr. Hulbert's respectability and literary efforts. He has written and edited several Works of merit, I may particularly instance the History of the County of Salop, an enlarged edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, the Museum of the World, Cheshire Antiquities, Royal Biography, Religions of Britain, &c.

"The loss he has recently sustained by a most desolating Fire, by eliciting public sympathy, has made manifest the good opinion entertained of him by all classes in the County of Salop, and especially in his own immediate neighbourhood."

It scarcely ever happens, to Publications, limited in their extent, published from the Author's Manuscript, that any Work is, or can, be completed within the number of pages, or at the exact charge proposed—this is known to all candid intelligent readers. In the case of my "History of the Town and County of Salop," I found that it would not be possible to complete the Work within the limits announced; I therefore proposed Two Supplementary Parts; on the proposal being published, I received a letter, of which the following is an extract, from a Subscriber, J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq. at that time a practising Barrister, and one of the most eminent Authors in our County, in which he says

"I really feel interested in your Book, and am sorry you have limited your Supplemental Numbers to so few; it will necessarily curb the pen in each new article."

Were I to take only a glance at the sicknesses, accidents, and trials Heaven has brought me through, from the date of the Fire, to the present day, May 4th, 1852, it might be tedious to my readers, and engage too much space in my reduced limits, I might mention a long affliction from dropsy, and the effusion of water on the chest, occasional attacks of spasm and bronchitis. I could mention the danger I sustained from the near approach to a mortification in my right leg from the kick of a wicked horse, then my property. The illness of my beloved Wife, and portions of my attached family; the loss of rents of houses in Shrewsbury, by the death of the individual, whose life interest had been purchased for me; the reduction in the amount of an Annuity that I enjoyed from a Manchester Society, &c. Still, blessed be God, I am not destitute, though I am now suffering from the loss of rents. I believe property in Shropshire will rise again, and if my life be spared, I have yet innumerable volumes of Books, a great portion written and printed since the dismal 7th of January; but to dispose of these, as in former days, would require the exertions of the remaining period of my life.

I have also lost by death, many of my kind friends and Literary supporters.

Lately died, at his seat, Quatford Castle, near Bridgnorth, John Smallman, Esq. to whose character, I have previously borne testimony, in my 'History of Shropshire,' and in the present volume.

I regret the loss of one of my oldest and kindest of friends, Mr. John Ford, of Barker street, Shrewsbury; a truly religious generous man. I can testify that he was a good husband, a good father, a good master, and a faithful friend—no wonder then his end was peace.

So late as October 1st, 1850, I lost another most dear and beloved friend of half a century, George Burton, Esq. previously mentioned in these pages. Perhaps a more devoted servant of God, has not lived in our days. The two last named were Members of the Parent Wesleyan Society.

For Mr. John Wooding, of Shrewsbury, also a Member of the same Society, I beg to offer my testimony of his zeal for Religion, and the good of mankind. I have a letter before me, from a friend, announcing his death, and that he had bequeathed to myself, a box, containing Manuscript Original Poems, Histories, and the particulars of his Own Life, which I have read with great interest. His remarks on 'Living Characters,' are severe, and probably very just, but exceptionable.

One of the most talented and scientific of all my friends of late years, was William Sturgeon, Esq. He was born at Whittington, near Lancaster, in 1783, and died at Prestwich, December 8th, 1850, aged 67. It has ever been a source of high gratification to myself to know, from the various letters I have received from him, during a series of years, that I enjoyed his friendship and esteem. In our Literary intercourse, by an exchange of Publications, we added to the gratification of each other. The following particulars of this distinguished Christian Philosopher, (for such he has often been designated) are chiefly from Dr. Beard's Biographical Dictionary, lately published.

"In early life he entered the Royal Artillery, in which corps he served 20 years. During his connection with the Artillery his curiosity was quickened by a terrific thunder-storm, when he determined to become better acquainted with the wonderful agent. The few books he obtained afforded him little information, and even the perusal of these showed him that in education he was deficient in the elements essential to a physical investigator. With an energy and perseverance that characterised him through life, he resolved to overcome these difficulties. He began at once the study of mathematics, of which he obtained an excellent knowledge; he then cultivated the Latin and Greek languages to a sufficient extent to enable him to understand the meaning and origin of scientific terms, and coin for himself such as he needed. French, German and Italian, he studied with much assiduity, that he might read the researches of the great continental philosophers. These languages he read with considerable facility. Thus prepared, he entered on the study of natural philosophy, of which he obtained a sound knowledge. The phenomena of electricity and magnetism had ever the greatest charm for him. Mr. Sturgeon's earliest essays on electro-magnetism appeared in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' in 1823 and 1824. In 1825 he received from the Society of Arts their silver medal, and the sum of 30 guineas, for a set of improved electro-magnetical apparatus. In 1836 he commenced a periodical entitled 'The Annals of Electricity, Magnetism, and Chemistry,' of which he issued ten volumes. His essays have been collected and published in a quarto volume. Soon after he left the army he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Military Academy at Addiscombe, where he continued to lecture until he went to Manchester to superintend the Victoria Gallery of Practical Science. The pressure of the times occasioning the discontinuance of this institution, Mr. Sturgeon was left to the precarious source of income arising from lecturing. After struggling with difficulties which would have weighed many men down, he was at length placed on the Pension-list by Lord John Russell, and so had assigned him an income of £50 a year, of which he lived to enjoy only one year and a quarter's payment. Had he fought his way to renown in the artillery service, he might possibly have risen from the ranks to honour and fortune; preferring the more Christian and useful pursuits of science, he was left to shorten his days by intense pecuniary solicitudes, and received from his grateful country the sum of £62 10s. in the period of his want and decline."

After his death, Her Majesty graciously continued the pension to his sorrowing widow, who with their only daughter, reside in Manchester, most affectionately esteemed by kind friends who honoured Mr. Sturgeon, for his virtues and abilities; among whom I hope may be reckoned the Author of 'Memoirs of Seventy Years of an Eventful Life.'

The next distinguished departed friend I shall notice in these Memoirs, is the late F. S. Davies, Esq. F. R. S. L. & E.; F. S. A. &c. Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, of Woolwich.

Of this most excellent, assiduous and learned man, I cannot but regret that I have not met with any Memoir or public notice, which gives either the date or place of his birth; but I believe he was born near the Town of Broseley, in Shropshire. The following letter received from him, February 18th, 1850, a few months before his lamented demise, will most probably give the best History of this most eminent Mathematician, and amiable of men. Destitute of every other authority, I hope I may be pardoned, the introduction of a document, which must of necessity prove interesting to every lover of science, and scientific men.

"2, Ordnance Terrace, Shooter's Hill, Kent,
"February 16th, 1850.

"My dear old Friend,

"'A word spoken in season, how good it is! Like apples of gold, in pictures of silver.'

How little could you have thought of the influence which a few kind words uttered to a mere boy, some forty years ago, should have had the effect of encouraging that poor boy to mental exertions, which all other surrounding circumstances tended to rudely crush in the very bud! You have probably long since forgotten him—his very person and visage: but he has not forgotten you—nor failed at different periods of life to speak of you. I am now myself *feeling* old—much older than my years should make me: but it is a source of sincere delight to me, to be able to address you after this distance of time, (when not only most of my seniors, but the greater part of my contemporaries are gone to their long home) on the return of your natal day. May many of them yet be your's! It is not indeed for our personal advantage that we live long: but yet there is that in a happy and beneficent spirit, that not only confers concurrent happiness, but also tends to expand the term of life.

"I can only reiterate the wish as regards the partner of your joys and sorrows. May you be long spared to each other, and to children who dearly love and fully appreciate you both!

"For myself, I have been but little of a rambler about in the world. Yet, though I have had little locomotion, I have had an Eventful Life—though the events have little of public interest; and never can have, except my own personal exertions in my pursuits, shall give them a touch of interest, as having a relation to *me*.

"Amongst the turmoil of life, it was little to be anticipated, that at this period of life, you and I should be brought back to a knowledge, each of the other's existence. The circumstance of my being brought into intercourse with Mrs. Potts, was a most unlikely one to produce that effect, in itself. My early friend and fellow student, George Crowther, of Much Wenlock, too, has since then "turned up." He was a fine spirited boy—of generous nature and great mental power. He settled down too early, and too near home, to allow of his full development. He is not what he ought to have been: what he would otherwise have become. He feels it, too, himself: for a disappointment traceable alone to this cause, is manifest in all his letters. He tells me you call upon him when you go to Wenlock.

"In early life, I attempted every thing, and picked up a smattering of a good many. Even the rudiments—the very terms—of many, have long ago been forgotten. I have clung to one subject: for I found that required all the "genius" I possessed, to raise me to respectability in it. I have worked indeed earnestly and honestly up to what I am: but I fall far short of the ideal standard I had formed for *myself*: and equally far short of the station to which that anticipated eminence in science would raise me; but except as to pecuniary reward, (he that hopes for pecuniary reward for scientific ability, must not seek it in the "Public Service") I have really no ground for the least complaint, all things duly considered.

"I may truly say, however, that after the first fond and fleeting dreams of boyhood on the social prospects before me, had passed away, my career was for more than twenty years, as discouraging and gloomy as, probably, have been undergone by any man. It is useless to recount them, or indeed a thousand other painful memories that sometimes *force* themselves upon me. Yet it was under these that I pursued my

inquiries with vigour and studiousness—that I rendered my name respectable in the scientific world. Hope of worldly benefit had departed long; and my application was both a resource and a pleasure. These, and the love of my subject, were then my sole motives.

"Which of the men that envies me my position, would be willing to pay the price for it that I did? Twenty years of *hopeless*, yet steady work: with sorrows and privations that few men would or could live through: this is a heavy price to pay for even more than this.

"I never meet with a boy or a young man, struggling with difficulties to educate himself, or bring his researches before the public, but I think of *you*: and afford him my entire and cordial aid. Many cases of most gratifying results have rewarded me; as I trust my own case will be some reward to you.

"But it is time I closed, or I shall spoil the *dinner*. Accept on my own part and that of my wife, (a personage well known to Mrs. Potts and Elizabeth) the sincerest wishes of our hearts, that "your days may be long in the land."

"Your sincere and faithful,

Charles Hulbert, Esq. "T. S. DAVIES."

The preceding letter was accompanied by one from his talented lady, now a bereaved widow—and also by the present of an elegant Bible Marker, which I shall ever esteem and preserve. I have also received a grateful letter from his only son, an intelligent boy of ten years of age, who seems to inherit all the scientific propensities of his venerated parent.

The Rev. Lawrence Gardner, D. D. of Sansaw Hall, who died a few years ago, deserves from my pen a grateful record. Several interesting anecdotes I could relate in connection with our first and subsequent acquaintance, some of them not a little humorous; but I pass them by, and gratifying to my feelings is it to relate the kindness he manifested towards my History of the Town and County of Salop; for a copy of which he would not suffer me to accept a less sum than £5. observing "No nobleman or gentleman in Shropshire ought to give you less."

The Rev. Dr. Gardner was Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, also Rector of Saint Philip's, Birmingham, and occasionally resided in his Parish, where he happened to be in the month of January, 1839. On the Salopian Journal being handed to him in his study by his valet, the account of the Fire at Providence Grove instantly engaged his attention, when with deep emotion he exclaimed, "Ah! Poor Hulbert! Poor Hulbert! He has lost his beautiful Cottage—it is burnt down." Perceiving also that a Subscription was opened, he instantly took his pen and filled a Cheque on his Banker, for £10, and sent it to the Committee.

He died at his residence, Sansaw Hall, August, 1844, and was succeeded in his Estates, by his Nephew, Robert Gardner, Esq. who for a short time resided at Sansaw. Having previously married the Niece and Heiress of T. Kinnersly. Esq. of Leighton Hall, in the Parish of Leighton; he removed from Sansaw Hall to that of Leighton, where he is actively employed in improving his Estate, and conferring benefits on his neighbourhood: and his lady in unwearied acts of charity and benevolence.

Few, in all the catalogue of my kind friends are more deserving of remembrance than the late John Eddowes, Esq. Printer and Proprietor of the Salopian Journal, and of its successor, the present highly respectable and valuable Journal, bearing his name. His sympathy and generous feeling were most kindly manifested on the occasion of my disastrous Fire; freely offering Newspapers, GRATIS, to be sent to any and all of my friends; Advertising also, gratuitously, Lists of Subscribers, &c. to the Fund for our relief,—at the same time refusing payment of an account he had against me for advertising, &c. I remember also with grateful affection, the Father, the Grandfather, the Mother, the Aunts, and other relatives of Mr. Eddowes.

The kindness and attention of this highly respectable intellectual family, was manifested towards myself, a stranger, from the moment I fixed my residence in Ancient Salopia, and kindly the feeling has been continued to the present moment.

The late John Watton, Esq. Printer and Proprietor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle, which was established by my late revered relative, Thomas Wood. (See pages 206-7) Forgetting all former jealousies, Mr. Watton was a kind contributor towards my loss by Fire. We differed in Politics, and had that valuable Paper fallen into the hands of one, who once, in the right of his Wife, was entitled to a Third Portion of its profits and immunities, the genuine Politics of the founder would have been faithfully maintained. I will not say with what, if any, advantage to the public, the Paper has prospered, and it is said "Mr.

* The writer here particularly alludes to Mr. George Crowther, the Proprietor of a respectable Boarding School, at Much Wenlock; whose labours as an instructor of youth, have for many years contributed to the advantage of that kind hearted hospitable little Town.

Among the promoters of Literature, and benefactors of Wenlock, none are more distinguished than W. P. Brookes, Esq. By his spirited and zealous activity, an excellent Library has been established, and other beneficial objects promoted. A Corn Market and Reading Room are now in course of erection by Subscription—the original sums subscribed, not being adequate for the completion of the design. In the number of liberal contributors, I delight to record the names of the Right Hon. Lord Forrester, Willey Hall; Sir George Harnage, Bart. Belswardine Hall; W. P. Brookes, Esq. Surgeon, Wenlock; Thomas Pitt, Esq. Pocenhall, &c.

Watton died immensely rich." May his worthy family continue to enjoy its advantages.

CORBET is a name dear to my recollection, whenever or wherever seen. It matters not to me, whether it terminates with a single or a double T. Of the good and venerable Archdeacon Corbett, and his most excellent family, I have previously spoken; (see page 259) and I remember with affection the frank, open-hearted Sir Andrew Corbet, of Acton Reynald, whose death I also well remember, and with regret; he died three years after my removal to Hadnal. His venerable and pious relict survived him many years. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Andrew Vincent, the present excellent and beloved Baronet, also residing at Acton Reynald Hall. Sir Andrew Vincent has been the generous Patron of all my Publications. With gratitude I acknowledge my obligation for many kind and acceptable presents of game. He also liberally contributed towards my loss by fire. The same acknowledgment is also due to his Noble and generous Brother-in-law, the Viscount Hill; to Captain Martin, J. B. Minor, and C. B. Teece, Esqrs.

On the coming of age of Sir Andrew Vincent's eldest son, Vincent Rowland Corbet, Esq. August 11, 1842, the following humble verses were issued from my Pen and Press.

LET your cannon thunder wild, pealing bells wake the morn,
The Heir of Acton Reynald on this happy day was born;
Acton, Preston, and Moreton begin the joyous lay,
Lee, Besford, and Stanton sing the blessings of the day:
While virtue shall have praise,* and honour shall be seen,
May Heaven bless the Corbets, our Country and our Queen.§

Fair daughters of Grinshill all your flow'ry honours bring,
Deck your homes and your halls like the garlands in spring;
Ye brave sons of Shawb'ry,† raise your GAY-POLE on high,
Let its vane pierce the clouds, its banner reach the sky:
While the Ravens are fed,‡ and the Hill shall be green,‖
May Heaven bless the Corbets, our Country and our Queen.

Hatton, Booley, and Edgebolton now hail the noble youth,
Heir of Ancient Domains, honour, virtue and truth;
Ring the Welkin with your voices, bells and tuneful band,
And sounds of grateful concord, re-echo through the land:
While virtue shall have praise, and honour shall be seen,
May Heaven bless the Corbets, our Country and our Queen.

Advance†† all ye Tenants of the Noblest of Men,
And welcome his return to his Mansion again,‡‡
Greet the daughter of the Hills,§§ and may blessings long descend,
On the loveliest of the fair, and the poor's ceaseless friend:
While the Ravens are fed, and the Hill shall be green,
May Heaven bless the Corbets, our Country and our Queen.

Never was a more general and sincere manifestation of affectionate esteem for a high family, than was witnessed on this occasion.

May 31, 1852.—I have this day paid a visit to Battlefield Church, which with the Manor and Lordship in which it is situated, has long been the property of the Corbets of Sundorne Castle. Inspecting the interior of that portion now appropriated to Public Worship. On the North side of the Church, I noticed the chaste and elegant Monument of fine Grinshill stone, from a design by the late Rev. Archdeacon Owen.

To the Memory of
JOHN CORBET, ESQ.
Who departed this Life, the 19th day of MAY, 1817,
Aged 65 years.

And other Members of the Family. In another compartment it is inscribed,

This Monument was erected by his Second Wife,
ANNE,
Daughter of the Rev. William Pigott, M.A. Rector of Edgmond and Chetwynd,
As a Tribute of Gratitude and Affection to the best of Husbands; the remembrance of whose virtues is deeply engraven on her heart.

The most affecting inscription to myself, and to many others, is the following.

Here also rest the Remains of
ANNE,
The Widow of the above-named John Corbet, Esq.
Who died the 12th of December, 1848.

Of this lady, I may truly say, she was among the most faithful, and intellectual

---

* "*While Virtue shall have Praise.*"—Alluding to one of the mottoes of the Family, *Virtutis laus actio*,—Deeds are the praise of virtue.

§ The Author of these lines believes that the true Christian Patriot will "Pray without ceasing," for his Sovereign, his Country, and all orders and degrees of men, especially those who bear rule and authority in the land. These verses are not offered as a *Song*, but simply as a birth day Effusion, or Memento of a joyous happy event.

† In the Fifteenth Century, Sir Roger Corbet, by marriage with Margaret, daughter and heiress of EDRINGTON, Lord of Shawbury, (of brave Saxon descent) became possessed of the Lands and Estates connected therewith: the greatest portion of the other Lordships and Estates pertaining to the Corbet Family, have been in their possession nearly eight hundred years; during that period, distinguished members of the several illustrious branches thereof, have intermarried with many of the most ancient and noble families in the kingdom, —and filled high and important offices in the State: through a long course of ages invariably manifesting love of their country, loyalty and attachment to its lawful Sovereign.

‡ Alluding to another motto of the Corbets, *Deus pascit corvos.*—God feedeth the Ravens.

‖ "*Hill shall be Green.*"—Alluding to the ancient and true name of Grinshill, *Green Hill.*

†† Advance, *Avancez*—the motto of our gallant and beloved neighbour, General Lord Hill, whose birth day is also on the 11th of August; may his valuable life be long preserved.

‡‡ Sir Andrew Vincent and Family lately returned from a residence on the Continent.

§§ "*Daughter of the Hills.*"—Lady Corbet is daughter of the late Colonel John Hill, sister of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. and niece of General Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief. Her Ladyship was married September 19th, 1820.—Her younger sister married June 14th, 1823, Andrew William Corbet, Esq. Heir of SUNDORNE CASTLE, whose only sister was married February 18th, 1841, to Sir Theodore Henry Lavington Brinckman, Bart. of Burton, Yorkshire; descended from a Noble German Family, who came to England with King George the First.

Providence Grove,
August 10th, 1842.

PROVIDENCE GROVE,

*The Residence & Property of Mrs. S. Talbert,*

*as Restored after the Fire of Jan.y 7. 1839.*

Patrons of my Publications. In the course of the years, from 1807, to the year of her lamented demise, I had the honour of her patronage; and I hope I may venture to believe —her esteem. In many Contested Elections, we embraced the same cause.

The following brief Note is perfectly characteristic of the goodness of her nature.

"Mrs. Corbet begs to thank Mr. Hulbert for the three beautiful Prints which accompanied his valuable Numbers of the Sunday Reader. Mrs. Corbet is concerned to hear of the cause which prevents Mr. Hulbert visiting Sundorne himself, and assures him of her best wishes for his speedy restoration to health. Her sister, Miss Pigott, is now at her Cottage, or she would join in thanking Mr. Hulbert for his kind enquiries: —both herself and Mrs. Corbet are quite well.

Sundorne Castle, Nov. 28th. N.D.

Mrs. Corbet has settled with the Bearer for the Numbers, and sincerely returns Mr. Hulbert all the good wishes of the approaching season, and health to continue his valuable Publications."

Nor less do I feel obliged to the excellent and beloved sister of Mrs. Corbet. A Letter received from that lady, on the same day, was equally gratifying and polite. May she long live, the munificent benefactress of the poor of Upton Magna, and the surrounding vicinity, the patroness of Sunday and Daily Schools, &c.

The present Andrew William Corbet, Esq. the possessor of Sundorne Castle, maintains with true dignity, the ancient name and honour of his family.

On the 17th of this month, the high estimation in which this gentleman is held, by the vicinity to which he resides, was manifested by a Public Dinner, held at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury; when a grateful assemblage of highly respectable intellectual gentlemen, presented him with a chastely carved walnut drawing-room Table, relieved by ebony, and inlaid with silver; a most elegant Silver Inkstand, on which are representations of Coursing, two Silver Taper Stands and a Match Box. The weight of silver in the whole is about 200 ounces; and the skill displayed in the execution of the designs is of the highest order. The speeches delivered on the occasion, were master-pieces of eloquence and intelligence.

In kindness and benevolence to the poor, the late Mrs. Corbet is nobly represented by her munificent daughter-in-law. The bearers of baskets of meat, buckets and cans of soup, in quantities almost to overload the recipients, are twice a week seen wending their way from the Hall, to their cottage homes.

As a long and tried friend, and one who departed this life since the date of my melancholy Fire, is the illustrious Earl of Powis, of Powis Castle. Noble, kind and friendly was his heart; honourable and worthy were his deeds. He was the friend of Religion and his Country—and you gratified my feelings, my dear Son, when you voted for him as Candidate for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge. The mantle of the Father rests upon his Noble and illustrious Son, for whose life, health and happiness, I do most sincerely pray.

With deep veneration do I regard the memory of the late Hon. Thomas Kenyon. He generously contributed Five Pounds to the Fire Annuity Fund; on my thanking him for his kind Contribution, he politely observed, "I am not a rich man, or I would have given five times as much; but you now know, Mr. Hulbert, the opinion entertained of you, and what would be said, were you to die." He was a kind Subscriber to my History of the County of Salop, and other minor Works.

Not one of the venerated and highly respectable Ministers of the Gospel living in the Town of Shrewsbury, on my first becoming an inhabitant in 1803, now remains. Mr. Weaver, last but myself, of the Founders of the Royal Lancasterian School, died Feb. 13, 1852, in his 77th year. See pages 188 and 233.

The Rev. Wm. Gorsuch Rowland, many years the beloved Curate of the Abbey Church, and latterly the beloved and MUNIFICENT Official of St. Mary's Church, died Nov. 28, 1851, in his 81st year. See pages 184, 193 and 197.

Among my still living and ever-venerated friends, is Thomas Brookes, Esq. now of Bewdley—a friend of more than half a century. As a brother Cotton Manufacturer, and of the same period; being resident in Manchester, constantly in the market, he had the better fortune to acquire wealth and independence, and also had the great prudence to retire when he had enough. It was my happiness to introduce him to a residence in the village of Dorrington, where my friend and his excellent lady resided fifteen months; conferring benefits on all around them. Their departure from Shropshire in 1832, was a day of sorrow to my heart. Mrs. Brookes died at Cheetham Hill, near Manchester, July 27, 1829. *See my Christian Memoirs.* I would gladly say more of my venerable and beloved friend, but I forbear, and merely remark, he did not forget me in the time of my extremity, the sad Fire of 1839; and has subsequently proved himself my kind and generous friend. Long may he live to call me "friend."

I have not hitherto said anything of my

restored Residence, Providence Grove. The Engraving, from a Drawing by my affectionate second Daughter, excepting that fewer trees are represented as surrounding it, than is the case at the present time, conveys a very correct idea of the humble dwelling. It stands on the old foundations, and was originally only one residence, but is now converted into two neat and comfortable houses. The Plate of the Ruins, is from a Drawing made the day after the Fire, by my late beloved Son, Samuel. The Pillar which appears in the Garden, is a genuine Hindoo Idol, representing the god SERVA; though not very accurately drawn, conveys a tolerable idea of its appearance and position. In its erection, I sought to do honour to the good Bishop Heber, and Dr. Coke. The Cross on the summit indicates, that by the labours of such distinguished Missionaries, Christianity will finally triumph over idolatry and superstition. It was presented to me more than 22 years ago, by the late Mr. Sadler Thomas, a native of Shrewsbury, then residing in London; afterwards head of the Police Force, Manchester, in which Town, a few years ago, he closed his enterprising and useful life.

The subsequent years of my life, 1839—1852, have been spent in the restored Premises, in Rural and Literary pursuits; in Travelling among my old and newly-acquired friends, as previously related: including enlightened faithful ECCLES, and MANCHESTER, but more particularly among the kind-hearted hospitable inhabitants of the West Riding of Yorkshire, especially those of dear and beloved SLAITHWAITE, and select places in the Parishes of generous Huddersfield, Bradford, Marsden, Holmfirth, and their vicinities: extending to Saddleworth and Delph, where laboured and resided my ever-revered Tutor. See pages 63, 68 and 73 of this vol.

My residence at Hadnal, has not afforded me those opportunities I delighted in, when in Shrewsbury. No Sunday School or Religious Institution connected with my own Church! As Churchwarden, I have served eleven or twelve times; and as a Guardian of the Poor in the year 1848; on which occasion I had great happiness in conversing with the inmates of the Workhouse at Ellesmere, on the duties, hopes, and prospects of our Holy Religion. The children were also very interesting to me, well instructed, and tenderly treated. On my last visit, I presented each of the poor inmates, with a small Book, and the children with the following little Hymn,—composed, printed, and presented, on the same day, April 4th, 1848.

O THOU that hear'st when children pray,
Help us to find that perfect way;
To serve thee with a willing heart,
And never from thy laws depart.

Lord, make us grateful for all good,
For health, for clothes, for daily food;
For those who aid our feeble youth,
And point us to the way of truth.

For Guardians who direct and guide,
And those who for our wants provide;
To them our thanks and love we'll give,
While in this house, and while we live.

And when we leave their gen'rous care,
To SERVICE or a TRADE repair;
Faithful and honest may we prove,
Nor serve from fear, but humble love.

And when before the judgment seat
The rich and poor together meet;
And our kind friends before thee stand,
Give each a place at thy right hand.

With feelings of deep sorrow, I perceive the last page of my humble Memoirs, drawing to a close. To write the recollections of Past Life, from infancy to advanced years, has been like living my life over again.

Youthful and venerable beloved faces; kindnesses, and hospitalities; friendships, and hearty greetings, have passed before me. Hundreds of affectionate, kind, and dutiful letters, received from yourself, my dearest Charles, on subjects connected with, or in approbation of, my humble labours; also numbers from generous and kind-hearted Subscribers, crowd my memory. I thank you, I bless you, ten thousand times, my ever-generous and affectionate Son; and Oh! that I had space, I would reiterate my thanks to every kind and affectionate friend, comprising all FAITHFUL Subscribers to my humble Literary endeavours.

As an expression of gratitude is the last sentence in my Book, so let the same feeling accompany me to the last moment of my life. With sorrowing heart, I again say, Friends, FAREWELL!!

And remain, my dearest Son,
Your ever-affectionate Father,
CHARLES HULBERT.

*Providence Grove,*
*July* 9, 1852.

THE END.

PROVIDENCE GROVE: PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR AT HIS PRIVATE PRESS.

THE

# MANUAL OF SHROPSHIRE BIOGRAPHY,

## CHRONOLOGY, AND ANTIQUITIES,

INCLUDING ALSO,

THE RISE, COURSE, AND TERMINATION OF THE

## RIVER SEVERN,

A RECORD OF MANY EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS WHICH HAVE HAPPENED IN CONNECTION WITH THAT IMPORTANT STREAM;

AN ACCOUNT OF

ALL THE CASTLES AND MONASTERIES PERTAINING TO THE COUNTY OF SALOP;

LIST OF GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BY CHARLES HULBERT,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF SALOP, ANTIQUITIES OF CHESHIRE, MEMORIALS OF DEPARTED AGES, &c. &c.

---

SHREWSBURY AND PROVIDENCE GROVE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1839.

# PREFACE.

THE original Preface, or the Preface first written for this Publication, was unfortunately lost in the Fire which consumed my Residence, January 7th, 1839.—I will however attempt to recollect, as nearly as possible, the observations then written relative to this very humble performance.

It is presented more as an INDEX to the Names and Characters of Individuals of Shropshire Nativity, of Memorable Events within its jurisdiction, a slight Record, for remembrance, of Monastic and Baronial Remains in the County, and some particulars of our most interesting Stream, the "Queen of Rivers,"—than a full or complete description of any matter or subject whatever.

Notwithstanding, I humbly hope, my poor labours will not be found entirely useless.—The Antiquary may sometimes refer to its pages and so may the general reader: friendly or Literary conversations among Salopians, will not unfrequently lead to, and require a reference to the relations the volume contains.

With regard to the Embellishments, it will be observed, they are not introduced into the Work on account of any superior excellence or merit they possess; many of them have appeared in prior Publications from the same Press, and others are now for the first time brought into notice.

As will be seen, by a reference to the Plates, a considerable number were engraved by Mongenot, a most ingenious Frenchman, who sometime resided, and practised his Art in the employment of Messrs. Rose and Co., at Coalport.—Early in the present century, pecuniary difficulties found him an *asylum* under the care of Mr. Cartwright, Governor of the Shrewsbury *College*, as the poor fellow would often designate his domicile, when referring to his incarceration.—The view of the Cotton Works was engraved while he was in prison. Mongenot was peculiarly active and inventive, he constructed a Pantheon of considerable dimensions manufactured of brown paper, which, some of my readers may recollect, about the years 1805 or 6, was, for a short period, exhibited in the County Hall. He resided also a while in Shrewsbury at liberty, when he engraved, for the late Mr. Bowley, many of the Engravings in the collection now presented, and several others which I possess, but of dimensions too large for our present pages.

Several of the Etchings are by the late amiable and beloved Mr. James Parkes, and will be valued for his sake, and that of the highly esteemed family of which he was a member.

Of the others it will be unnecessary to make any particular observations, the names of the Engravers, &c. generally appear on the Plates, their chief merit consists in being representations of places or things *once* or still eminent, and connected with a County one of the most interesting in that Nation of which it forms an important division.

One observation it may not be irrevelant to add, the Plates are original, and cannot be supplied by any other Publisher than their present.

In the following pages some reference or account of the subjects of the Engravings will be found.—And from the great variety described or introduced, almost every Plate of a convenient size published, relative to Shropshire, may be inserted and become an illustration, this is, indeed, one principal design of the Work in conjunction with some claims, as before observed, to usefulness as a Book of reference.

It may likewise offer itself as a Supplement to my Shropshire History, as well as an Epitome, of distinct character, for those who seek only for leading particulars of Salopian Biography, Chronology, and Antiquities.

C. HULBERT.

Providence Grove,
June 1st, 1839.

# INTRODUCTION.

## CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF SHROPSHIRE.

As a Supplement to the History of the County of Salop the following brief particulars will be deemed *superfluous:* but considering them as Introductory to a separate Work, they may not appear out of place.

SHROPSHIRE, or SALOP, is bounded on the north by Cheshire and part of Flintshire; on the south by Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and part of Radnorshire; on the east by Staffordshire; and on the west by the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery. It is of a circular, or rather an oval form, extending about 40 miles in length, from north to south, and 33 from east to west. Shropshire being a frontier county between England and Wales, was better defended and fortified than any other county in England, having numerous castles, besides several fortified towns.—The extremities of Shropshire towards Wales, forming the limits of both countries, were commonly called the Marches of Wales, and were governed by some of the principal nobility of this, and other counties, styled Lords of the Marches. These lords, within the bounds of their respective jurisdictions, acted with a kind of palatinate authority, which approached nearer. perhaps, to sovereign power, than any other delegated authority; but this power, which was often exercised with great violence and injustice over the inhabitants of the Marches, was by degrees lessened and abolished, after the reduction of Wales, and the accession of that principality to the crown of England.

*British Encampments.*—Brocard's Castle, Borough Hill; Bury Ditches, on Tongley Hill; Caer Caradoc, near Church Stretton, on Clee Hills; the Gaer, or Caer Caradoc, near Clun; Hen Diuas, near Oswestry; on the Wrekin; and, probably, at the Isle, near Shrewsbury.

*Roman Encampments.*—Bury Walls, near Hawkestone; The Walls, near Chesterton; and the remains of Uriconium, at Wroxeter.

*Saxon Earthworks.*—Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke.—A Danish Camp, near Cleobury Mortimer.

*Miscellaneous Antiquities.*—Caves at Burcot; Kynaston's Cave, on Nescliff Hill; and Ogo, at Llanymynech; and a Tessalated Pavement, at Lea Cross.

*Tumuli.*—At Stapleton, near Shrewsbury; at Wollaston, in the parish of Alberbury; at Lee Brockhurst; at or near Hope's Gate, two miles from Middleton Hill, on the latter are eleven stones, formerly a Druidical circle of 270 feet, now called Mitchell's fold.

*Natural Curiosities.*—Oaken-gate, aluminous; Coalbrook-dale, and Pitchford, bituminous; Admaston, Boothby, Hanley, Kingley-wick, Prolley-moor, Salt-moor, and Sutton, saline and chalybeate springs. Scenery of Coalbrook-dale, in which are found many extraneous fossils. Morfe Common, near Bridgnorth, five miles long by two and a half broad (now inclosed). The Shelton Oak (which, it is said, Owen Glyndwr ascended to reconnoitre before the battle of Shrewsbury), height of main trunk, 41 feet 10 inches, circumference 44 feet 3 inches. This county is famed for the longevity of its inhabitants.

*Air, Soil, Natural Productions, &c.*—The air is pure and wholesome. The soil is various; but in general, well cultivated, producing large quantities of grain of all sorts. The country abounds with coal, and mines of iron, lead, limestone, &c. there is also plenty of free-stone, and pipe-clay. The iron-works of Coalbrook-dale, are supposed to be the most considerable in England. Some hops are grown upon the Herefordshire border.

*Rivers.*—The principal rivers are the Severn, which is navigable in every quarter of the county, the Teme, the Colun, or Clun. The Severn runs through the county from east to west, and divides it into nearly two equal parts. The Teme rises in the north part of Radnorshire, and running eastward, after separating Shropshire from the counties of Radnor, Hereford, and Worcester, falls into the Severn, near the city of Worcester. The Clun rises near Bishop's Castle, and running southward, discharges itself into the Teme, at no great distance from Ludlow. Other less considerable streams are the Ony, the Warren, the Corve, the Rea, the Tern, and the Roden. The rivers of this county, in general, yield great plenty of trout, pike, lamprey, grailing, carp, eel, and other fresh water fish.

*Inland Navigation.*—Canals of Donnington Wood; Dudley extension; Ellesmere; Ketley; Kington; Leominster; Montgomeryshire; Shrewsbury (tunnel near Atcham 970 yards long); Shropshire; and Marquis of Stafford's—SEVERN river.

*Lakes.*—Acton Burnell pool; Ad-mere; Aston-pool; Bowmere; Berrington-lake; Black-mere, near Ellesmere; Black-mere, near Whitchurch; Chetwynd-pool; Cole-mere; Crose-mere; Ellesmere (116 acres); Fenny-mere; Halston-pool; Hawkestone-pool; Heucott-pool; Isle-pool; Kettle-mere; Llynclys-pool; Marton-pool, near Worthen; Marton-pool, near Middle; Newton-mere; Oss-mere; Sho-mere; Shrawardine-pool; Snowden-pool; Sowbath-pool; and White-mere.

*Divisions, Market Towns, &c.*—That division of Shropshire which lies to the north of the Severn, is part of the country which, under the Roman dominion, was inhabited by the *Cornavii;* and that part which lies on the south side, was possessed by the *Ordovices.* a people who extended themselves over the greater part of Wales, Shropshire, under the Anglo-Saxon kings, constituted a part of the kingdom of Mercia. At present, this county is divided into 15 hundreds, which contain 17 market towns, viz. Shrewsbury, Bishop's Castle, Bridgnorth, Ludlow, Wenlock, Church Stretton, Cleobury, Drayton, Ellesmere, Hales Owen, Madeley, Newport, Oswestry, Shiffnall, Wellington, Wem, and Whitchurch. It is included in the Oxford circuit, and in the province of Canterbury; that part of it which lies south of the Severn, is in the diocese of Hereford, and that on the north (except Oswestry, and a few more places, which are under the jurisdiction of the bishop of St. Asaph,) in the diocese of Litchfield.

Shropshire had, in 1700, a population of 101,600 persons, in 1750 they had increased to 130,500, in 1801 to 172,200, in 1811 to 200,800, in 1821 to 210,300, and in 1831 they had increased to 222,503. Shropshire is a divided county. The northern division comprises the hundreds of Oswestry, Pimhill, North Bradford, and South Bradford. This division contains 119,681 inhabitants, and sends two members to parliament. The polling places are Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Whitchurch, and Wellington. The court for the election of the knights of the shire is held at Shrewsbury. The southern division comprises the hundreds of Brimstree, Chirbury, Condover, Ford, Munslow, Overs, Purslow, including Clun, and Stottesden, and the franchise of Wenlock. The population of this division amounts to 102,822 persons, and it sends two members to parliament. The polling places are Church Stretton,

Bridgnorth, Ludlow, Bishop's Castle, and Wenlock. The courts for the election of the knights of the shire are held at Church Stretton.

In speaking of the character of the county of Salop generally, its humbler inhabitants are moral and industrious; the farmers open hearted, hospitable, and generous; the nobility and gentry high-minded and honourable,—there may be exceptions, but they are rare.

The country is diversified, but in most parts richly cultivated, producing abundance of grain, hay and pasturage; it is also well wooded and watered, and there appears no want of anything to render existence desirable and happy to all the varied ranks of society.

The scenery in some parts is charming, especially from particular eminences, the Wrekin hill being chief, and near the centre of the county, the finest panoramic view imaginable, is obtained. The Stiper-stones, Longmynd, the Stretton hills, and those in the vicinity of Bishop's Castle and Ludlow. From Ludlow Castle the view is delightful; Bridgnorth presents the most astonishing prospects. That from the Bowling-green, where the ancient castle of Ellesmere stood, surpasses description; from Nescliffe hill a rich view is obtained, where is also the celebrated Kynaston's cave, an object of general attraction. A view of very peculiar beauty and considerable extent may be obtained from the top of Grinshill hill, and also from the summits of Haughmond hill, Pimhill, Lyth hill, and the Stiper-stones; the five latter are in the vicinity of Shrewsbury and nearly surrounding it. The views from Kingsland bank, the Council house, and Shrewsbury castle, including in them the fine windings of the Severn, are of peculiar attraction. I have not enumerated half the elevations from which the eye of taste, and the heart of sensibility, may indulge in the most sublime of sublunary gratifications.

THE SCENERY OF HAWKSTONE PARK, twelve miles from Shrewsbury, four from Wem, and eight from Whitchurch, as the most interesting of any in the county, if not in the whole kingdom, a more detailed description of its varied beauties may not be unacceptable to the reader.—For an account of the illustrious family and many particulars relative to Hawkestone, the reader may refer to my Shropshire History. The following description was partly extracted from Mr. Howell's Stranger in Shrewsbury:—

HAWKSTONE, the seat of the noble and celebrated family of HILL, is situated on the north-east border of the county, and though with regard to the surrounding country it may be said to stand on an extensive plain, it in itself consisting of a group of prominent and astonishingly romantic rocks, form by far one of the most attractive features not only of this, but perhaps, taken altogether, of any other county. To attempt a particular or even a general description, would very far exceed the limits of our whole book, as a cursory inspection of its wonders occupies a walk of several days. General Paoli, who visited this place before the late improvements, publicly declared that in all his extensive travels, not even excepting Italy or Switzerland, there were some scenes here that surpassed in grandeur any thing he had seen.—A slight notice of some of its principal beauties will best become our humble efforts in so limited a work. The house, though spacious and elegant, and not of very ancient erection, notwithstanding it is embellished with some fine specimens of sculpture and painting, forms but a small part of what is sought after here; the attractive powers of Hawkstone consisting entirely in the enchantment of the surrounding scenery. Three or four massive rocks irregularly grouped, with their fine wooded sides, disclosing at intervals abrupt crags, towers, and shelving precipices, with intermediate vallies of still seclusion and spreading lawns of verdant freshness, together with many a broad expanse of park, studded with luxuriant trees either grouped in groves, or single in feathery fulness, the whole enlivened by inhabitants appropriate, picture to the sight both at once and successively—scenes only equalled and seldom surpassed, even in the poetic regions of luxuriant romance. —The Grotto is approached through a stupendous natural chasm of great length, and narrowing till but one person at a time can pass, while over head the sky is just seen at a great height; a dark cavern is then passed, and the sky is again for a moment seen, when entering another cavern of complete darkness and gradual ascent, the grotto is, after considerable, though perfectly safe, wandering, entered: the first appearance of this spacious cavern is truly sublime, as it is seen by the glimmering light of variously stained glass, throwing its lurid and sepulchral faintness on the massive pillars, till at length the grotto is entered in all its brilliancy; It consists of a very extensive excavation, finely fretted to its termination with a profusion of rich petrifactions, shells, and marine productions. In one of its awful recesses, through an iron grate, is seen the figure of a British Druid, in complete costume, passing amid the massy pillars in a dim and green light: after various windings, a door suddenly opens in the summit of the precipice, where, over the shelving rocks below, and far above the highest forests, a scene of magnificence bursts on the eye exceeding almost conception. This height is with some difficulty descended by innumerable winding steps cut in the solid rock.

A SCENE IN SWITZERLAND is presented here on the heathy summit of one of the hills, where a narrow plank-bridge crosses a deep chasm, and connects two rocks of terrific height and cragginess.

The terrace formed on the ridge of one of the hills, finely wooded, is terminated by an octagon summer-house, that commands a prospect of astonishing extent, from whence the bordering mountains of Wales, with parts of no less than thirteen counties, are distinctly enumerated.—Near this place is a Column, 112 feet high, surmounted with a colossal statue of Sir Rowland Hill, the first protestant lord mayor of London, in 1550, the 3rd year of Edward VI. In a most romantic glen, near this place, is an Urn, erected by the late Sir Richard Hill, purporting that it was the hiding-place of one of his ancestors, during the civil wars of Charles I. while his house was ravaged by the parliament soldiers; but that his son speedily came to his assistance:—the approach to and from it now is much facilitated, without destroying the wildness of the scene, by extensive passages and steps. Beyond this is now, or formerly was, a well stocked Menagerie of living Animals, principally birds.—From hence, round the sudden and abrupt corner of a rock, and through the cleft body of an old oak, is entered one of the sweetest vallies imagination can paint, and most properly called ELYSIUM: It is bounded completely by wooded and inaccessible rocks, and can only be entered at this narrow passage, or at the extreme termination of its extent, about half a mile.—On the most western of this group of rocks are the remains of RED CASTLE, built in the reign of Henry III., though it is mentioned by this name in a grant as ancient as William the Conqueror. It is now in awful ruins [see another portion of this publication]; but lofty fragments of its walls form some of the most picturesque beauties of this romantic place; and fling on the mind, if such scenes needed it, the additional charm of that strange feeling that antiquity and fallen grandeur never fail to excite. Amid these towers is a well of surprising depth, called now the GIANT'S WELL. The site of this castle is ascended and descended (as is usual amid most of the strange scenes here) by steps cut in the rocks; and very frequently through caverns, sometimes natural, but always surprising. At the bottom of one of these is suddenly seen a Lion in his den, which, though assuredly a trifling toy amid such scenery, never fails to astonish the generality of visitors. —Here is also a SCENE IN OTAHEITE, consisting of a Hut, built exactly on the model of what our lamented countryman, Captain Cook, witnessed in that happy island, and ornamented accordingly: the scene wherein it is erected first pointed out the propriety.

To enumerate, much more to describe, all, or even the principal attractions of this wonderful place, would, as before stated, very far exceed the limits allotted thereunto; yet before we close, as we would willingly please readers of every description, it may not be amiss to notice what is not improperly called NEPTUNE'S WHIM, a spot no doubt most largely applauded by the generality of visitors here. It is very properly detached at a tolerable distance from the principal scenery at Hawkstone; and consists of a cottage ornamented with shell-work and cinders, amid ponds of fish; behind which is a mighty figure of the marine god, with a profuse current gushing through his urn; he is accompanied, of course, by his Tritons and Nereids, spouting water through their leaden shells. This is acknowledged by *a whim of* his godship, whereof he partakes with mortals; nor can these trifles, or even some of the inscriptions, tend to lessen the august grandeur of this most magnificent spot, wherein art has had little more to do than clear a path, for the votaries of nature to have access to her most sportive and astonishing charms."

What skill, what force divine,
Deep felt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and benificence combined;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That as they still succeed they ravish still.

THOMSON.

At the entrance to the Park is erected a very handsome and commodious Inn, resembling a Gentleman's Seat, capacious enough for the reception of a number of families; many of which frequently spend a considerable part of the summer in this delightful spot. The attention of the worthy host, Mr. Vigers, and the excellence of the accommodation, provisions, and wines, must be experienced to be duly appreciated.

THE CITADEL, the admired residence of Mrs. Hill, the honoured parent of the present excellent Baronet, Sir Rowland Hill, is within the Park, and is very greatly admired for its fortress-like appearance, nor less for the adaptation of its rooms as a genteel residence.

The space allotted for Introductory Information not permitting even if it were desirable, a description of the several Towns in the County, the chief Town or Metropolis only, on this occasion, can be distinguished by a particular notice.

SHREWSBURY is beautifully situated in the centre of the county, on a peninsula, nearly surrounded by the majestic and lovely river Severn.—Its name is derived from the Saxon Scrobbesberig, which signifies a town built on a *woody* hill, for such was the site of our venerable town 900 years ago; especially the brow, on the summit of which now stands the Infirmary, &c.

Some *pretend* the name is derived from the circumstance of the town being once rather *too* plentifully peopled by an order of females under the denomination of Shrews, who burrowed or lived in houses then standing near the present butter-market, but this is perfectly erroneous and unworthy of the least credit.

It was once the capital of the kingdom of Powis, and the seat of the British Kings or Princes of that portion of the Island; it was then counted a place of considerable importance, and under the Norman kings and earls was much frequented and well inhabited. In the reign of Henry III, it was burned by the Welsh.—It however speedily rose from its ashes, and, in periods subsequent, was often visited by royalty with hostile, and peaceable intent. The last Sovereign who visited Shropshire, in his regal capacity, was James II., August 24, 1687. Shrewsbury has now long enjoyed repose, flourishing and increasing in steady and prosperous progression.

Shrewsbury is a town of great interest, many Historical recollections are connected with it. Henry VIII. promised to raise it to the dignity of a city, by making it the See of a Bishop; but he forgot his promise.—There are some remains of its ancient walls, also one tower and one gateway remaining. It is divided into five parishes, and has five parish churches and three district churches, or chapels of ease, and several handsome Methodist and Dissenting meeting-houses, also a Catholic chapel.

THE ABBEY CHURCH, or Church of the Holy Cross, was founded by Roger de Montgomery, first Norman earl of Shrewsbury, in 1085, and is a venerable structure; it contains the ashes of the chaste St. Winifred, the windows are splendidly decorated with stained glass.—Its appearance is very much injured by an unsightly erection, the Savings' Bank, resting against the western end. In the garden, through which the street now passes, is the admired Gothic Stone Pulpit. Near the Church is the Abbey House, formerly the residence of the venerated and beloved Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., now of C. M. Adams, Esq. The ancient church of St. Giles is now again used as a place of devotion, its churchyard is deserving attention. Near to this humble venerable structure stands the proud column or pillar, 133 feet in height, erected in honour of General Lord Hill, finished June 18, 1816, cost £5973.

ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, as it is sometimes denominated, is a plain substantial edifice, erected in 1750, the tower of the ancient church remaining. The interior of this structure is plain but solemn, the eastern window is decorated with stained glass, the gift of the late Archdeacon Owen.

ST. ALKMOND'S CHURCH.—The old one of that name was an irregular square pile of Norman architecture, the spire remains, and is a fine ornament to the town. The present edifice is a modern Gothic structure, its eastern window is highly decorated with a splendid figure of Faith, in the attitude of prayer, kneeling on a cross; it was executed by Egginton. A talented and eloquent divine, the Rev. Richard De Courcy, was Vicar of this parish, he was a native of Ireland, born in 1774, died in 1803, and lies buried in the village churchyard of Shawbury.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH is a royal peculiar, and like that of St. Alkmond was formerly collegiate. It was founded by King Edgar, and is a fine venerable church. Its interior is particularly worthy of attention, having several interesting monuments and elegant windows of stained glass.—The spire, of 217 feet, has several times been injured by tempests, it forms one of the chief ornaments of the town when observed at a distance.

ST. CHAD'S NEW CHURCH, situate on the south-west verge of the town, near the Quarry was erected in the year 1796, after designs by Stewart. This church is singular but elegant in its appearance, being a circle of 100 feet diameter, and has a most powerful organ, window of stained glass, handsome tower and cupola.

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. CHAD stood nearer the centre of the town, and was a spacious venerable Gothic structure, owing to the neglect of the builders, while employed in repairing the pillars, &c. in the year 1788, it fell, just as the workmen were approaching the edifice to commence their day's labour.—A small portion, the Lady's chapel, remains. It was erected about the year 1394; a church which existed prior to the old one, was destroyed by an accidental fire.

## ANCIENT RELIGIOUS HOUSES, &c.

St. Austin's Friary stood at the bottom of Barker Street, or rather on ground between the Circus and the Quarry; a small portion of the ancient walls still remain. The Dominican Friary was situate near to the river, on the site where now stands the Union Wharf, Warehouses, &c., near to the only remaining gateway of the town, St. Mary's, and where entered the Parliamentary troops when the town was taken by General Mytton. In this Friary were born Richard and George Plantaganet, sons of Edward IV.—George died young, and Richard was one of the victims of the ambition of his uncle, (Richard III.) Of the Franciscan Friary, also on the banks of the Severn, no great distance from the English Bridge, considerable remains still exist, forming parts of several dwelling houses.

A portion of St. Nicholas's Chapel, the Chancel end, stands on the left-hand the entrance or gateway leading to the Council House, Castle Street, and is now occupied as a Stable. The chapel of St. Blase stood near Murivance. Cadogan Cross and Chapel was standing in 1604, near the site now called Cadogan Place, anciently the Bull in the Barn. St. Catherine's Chapel stood near the Turnpike Gate, Cotton Hill, on the north-west-side of which is a field still called the Chapel Yard. St. George's Hospital was situated in Frankwell, near the Welsh Bridge. "Before the 6th of Elizabeth," says Messrs. Owen and Blakeway, "this Chapel was taken down, and there is a lease by Richard Cole, Gent. of the void place whereon it formerly stood; but a 'tenement, formerly called St. George's Chapel,' in Frankwell, was in the possession of this ancient family, as late as 1727. St. John's Hospital, or the old Alms Houses of Frankwell, wickedly dissolved in the reign of Edward VI.;" they stood near to where Mr. Drinkwater's house now stands, White Horse Fields. St. Martin's Chapel probably stood near the bottom of Grope Lane, High Street. St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel most likely stood near the late Hermitage, now Belle Vue, on the Meole road. St. Romald's Chapel probably stood in Barker Street. St. Werburgh's Chapel stood, it is conjectured, on Belmont.

Ancient Timber Houses, for which Shrewsbury has been long admired by the antiquary, are fast disappearing, as they are in most towns of the county.—The venerable market-hall of Church Stretton is doomed to demolition, if not already destroyed.

CHAPELS OF EASE.

ST. GEORGE'S in the parish of St. Chad, a handsome stone building, in the Gothic order.

ST. MICHAEL'S, in St. Mary's parish, a neat brick building with a slender tower.

TRINITY CHURCH, Coleham, in St. Julian's parish, also a new brick erection, of great utility and advantage to the neighbourhood.

The CASTLE, also noticed in the body of the work, adds considerable dignity to the appearance of the town, though much of the ancient building has been removed or destroyed by the hand of spoliation and time. Its site is delightful, and from its summit, and also from the watch-tower or summer-house at the extremity of the garden, the most delightful and extensive prospects may be obtained.

At a short distance from the Castle stands the FREE SCHOOLS, founded by the good king Edward VI., and afterwards augmented by Queen Elizabeth.

The COUNCIL HOUSE, and the INFIRMARY, recently erected on the site of the former, stand in the vicinity of the castle, in a southerly direction; as do the COUNTY GAOL, the LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL, NEW MARKET, GAS WORKS, WHARVES, &c. in a northerly direction.

The NATIONAL SCHOOL is in the Abbey parish, and not far distant from the New English Bridge, as it is still designated, though erected in the year 1774, at a cost of £16000. The ancient Bridge was defended by a tower, and had gates and also houses.

On the right, on the Coleham side the river, stands the spacious buildings formerly the property of the writer of this brief description, and occupied by him, from 1803 to 1817, as manufactories of cotton, and are now dwelling-houses, a Sunday school, &c.

A short distance from these buildings are the Iron-foundries of Mr. Hazledine, where the chains, belonging to the Menai Bridge were forged, &c.

The HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, erected in 1776, stands in the parish of Meole. In the village is a neat brick church, erected on the site of a former ancient timber edifice. The vicinity is delightful.

There are some remains of St. Austin's Friars, near to which is the New Welsh Bridge, erected in the year 1795, cost £14,000; the ancient bridge had on its centre a tower and gateway similar to the ancient English bridge.

The Alms-houses, Charity schools, &c. are numerous and of great utility.

The MARKET HALL and the NEW COUNTY HALL, each built of Grinshill stone, standing in the market-place, are erections highly ornamental and useful, the former was finished in the year 1595, and the latter in 1837. A Music Hall and Public Rooms are now erecting in the same vicinity.

The Theatre, formerly a Palace of the Princes of Powis, has been chiefly taken down, and a new Theatre erected. The Circus is near the Welsh Bridge.

The celebrated Promenade, the SHREWSBURY QUARRY, deserves a record.—In Buck's View of the Town, taken in 1732, the trees of the Quarry appear in their infancy, a century has given to them a giant growth.

The most brief of sketches of this venerable Metropolis of Hospitable Salop, should not omit to mention its celebrity for excellent brawn, sweet cakes, and lovely women.

Old Market-Hall, Church Stretton.

# SHROPSHIRE BIOGRAPHY.

THE following may be considered as an INDEX to One Hundred and Fifty eminent men BORN in Shropshire, rather than a Biography. Though the number included in the present collection, amply exceeds that of any other hitherto attempted, the author has the hope of being enabled, hereafter, to make several additions. Those individuals whose history is to be found in almost every publication of a Biographical nature, especially if connected with County History, required no reference to any particular work, for additional information: to the *less* known, or of general interest, notice is given where a more copious memoir may be consulted.

Brief as the notices certainly are in this publication, I do hope it will not be deemed entirely useless; many honourable names, scattered through various works and pages, will be found concentrated into one focus; and the performance, though of the most humble pretensions, may be esteemed by some—as having brought into view, with some industry, various reminiscences of rare worth and ability, honourable to the ancient and present virtue and intelligence of the County of Salop,—thereby upholding her rank in the annals of Arms, Arts, and Literature.

Every notice in this performance was delivered to the printer in manuscript—having been previously re-written, condensed, or extended, according to the author's best judgment, and limits of his publication.

Had distinguished *Residents*, who formerly flourished in the Counties selected on the present occasion as the theatres of eminence, or had LIVING WORTHIES, made a part of its design, what a phalanx could have been recorded. However acceptable such a work would be, under judicious management, the compiler of this now before the public, in contemplating the achievement, found himself unable to make a *selection* of living characters, at a period when merit so extensively prevails.

CHARLES HULBERT.

---

ACHELEY, Sir ROGER, born at Stanwardine, rose by honourable industry and trade to distinction and eminence; was Lord Mayor of London in 1512.

*The following list of eminent natives, who, with Sir Roger, filled the high Civic Chair of the English Metropolis, are given in the Chronological order in which they served, without reference to alphabetical arrangement.*

1191—HENRY FITZ ALWIN served the office 23 years.

1300—ELIAS RUSSELL.

1363—STEPHEN CANDISH.

1403—Sir JOHN WALCOTE.

1435—Sir ROGER OTELEY.

1450—Sir THOS. CHARLETON.

1456—Sir STEPHEN FORRESTER.

1543—JOHN COTES.

1550—Sir ROWLAND HILL, Mercer, son to Thos. Hill, of Hodnet.

1559—Sir THOMAS LEE or LEIGHE, Mercer, son of Roger Lee of Wellington.

1562—THOMAS, son of WM. LODGE.

1571—Sir ROWLAND HEYWARD, Clothworker, son to George Heyward of Bridgnorth.

1577—Sir JOHN LANGLEY.

1585—Sir THOMAS PULLYSON.

1597—Sir HENRY BILLINGSLEY, Haberdasher, served for the latter part of the year; he was son of Roger Billingsley, of Canterbury in Kent, descendant of the Billingsleys of Billingsley.

1602-3—Sir ROBERT LEE, Merchant Taylor, son to Humphrey Lee of Bridgnorth.

1611—Sir WILLIAM CRAVEN.

1613—Sir JOHN SWINNERTON, Merchant Taylor, son to Thomas Swinnerton, Citizen and Merchant Taylor, who was son to Richard Swinnerton of Oswaldstry.

1614—Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON.

1620-1—Sir FRANCIS JONES, Haberdasher; he was the son of John Jones of Claverley.

1623—Sir PETER PROBY, Grocer, commonly in the country called Peter ap Robin: his father's name is not recorded, but is said to have been born near Whitchurch.

1626—Sir ALLEN COTTON, Draper; he was son to Ralph Cotton of Whitchurch.

1632—Sir GEORGE WHITMORE, Haberdasher, of the parish of Claverley.

*From a MS. of the date of 1734, in the possession of the author of this volume.*

ACTON, Sir JOHN FRANCIS EDWARD, of Aldenham Hall, near Bridgnorth, born in 1736, became Commander-in-Chief of the Land and Sea Forces of Naples, and was several years Neapolitan Prime Minister; died at Palermo in 1811.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 175.

ADAMS, Dr. WILLIAM, born at Shrewsbury, 1707; a most exemplary divine, Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, and Rector of Gound; an intimate friend of the great Dr. Johnson: he resigned the vicarage of St. Chad, on being elected Master of Pembroke College, Oxford; he was preferred to the Archdeaconry of Llandaff; and died, Prebend of Gloucester Cathedral, in 1789, aged 82.—*Hulbert's edition of Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, p.* 224.

ADAMS, Sir THOMAS, born at Wem in 1586, Sheriff of London in 1639; a truly benevolent man,—founder of the Free School at Wem, &c.: he died 1666.—*Hulbert's History, page* 128.

ADAMS, W. Esq., born at Newport; Haberdasher of London, founder of the admirable and most valuable Free School in the place of his birth, 1657.—*Hulbert's History, page* 140.

ARNWAY, Dr., born probably at Hodnet; an eminent loyalist and divine, rector of Hodnet: he died in Virginia, 1655.—*Hulbert's History of Shropshire, page* 115.

ASTLEY, JOHN, born at Wem; an eminent artist; married Lady Dukinfield: he died at Dukinfield Lodge, county of Chester, 1787.—*Butterworth's Ashton-under-Lyne.*

BARNARD, NICHOLAS, born at Whitchurch; a divine of celebrity and loyalty, and an author; rector of the place of his birth, where he died, 1661, and is buried in the church.—*Hulbert's History, page* 182.

BAXTER, RICHARD, born at Rowton, in the parish of High Ercall, 1615; an eminent nonconformist divine, a voluminous and learned writer: he died in London, 1691, and is interred in Christ Church.—*Hulbert's History, page* 147.

BEDDOES, Dr. THOMAS, an eminent physician, born at Shiffnal: died 1808.—*Hulbert's History, page* 172.

BLAKEWAY, Rev. J. B., born at Shrewsbury, 1765; author of an invaluable History of Shrewsbury: died 1826.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 244.

BLUNDEVILLE, RANULPH, Earl of Chester, was called Blundeville from being born at Oswestry, the White Town or Minster. He was last, in the male line, of the Earls of Chester, descended from the sister of Hugh Lupus; and was a strenuous adherent to King John: Sheriff of Shropshire, 1216: 1217, he defeated the forces of the French King at Lincoln: 1218, joined the Crusade to the Holy Land, and was present at the battle of Damietta: he built Beeston Castle, Chartley Castle, &c. He died in 1232.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 35; and *Hanshall's Cheshire, page* 23.

BENBOW, Admiral JOHN, born at Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, in 1650; he rose to great distinction as a brave Naval Commander: died 1702.—*Hulbert's History, page* 254.

BOWERS, THOMAS or JOHN, born at Shrewsbury in 1724, and arrived to the high dignity of Bishop of Chichester.

BOYDELL, JOHN, Esq., Alderman of London, an eminent engraver and publisher, born at Stanton-on-Hine-Heath; died in 1804.—*Hulbert's History, page* 123.

BRAY, Dr. THOMAS, born at Marton, near Ellesmere, in 1656; early educated at Oswestry school, a great promoter of education and the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; a judicious and learned divine and author: he lived usefully, and died happily in 1730.—*Hulbert's History, page* 220.

BROMLEY, Sir GEORGE, born at Hodnet, was the son of William Bromley of the same place; Sheriff in 1552, and member of the Council of Wales. Sir George admirably filled the offices of Chief Justice of Chester, and *Custos Rotulorum* of Shropshire.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 85.

BROMLEY, Sir THOMAS, his younger brother, arrived at the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England, and was father of Sir Henry Bromley of Shrawardine Castle, ancestor of the present Lord Montford.—*Hulbert's History, page* 177.

BROMLEY, Sir THOMAS, cousin-german of the father of Sir George, first named, was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1553, and one of the executors of the will of King Henry VIII.; and (by a daughter of Richard Lyster, Esq. of Rowton) father of an heiress, from whom the Newports, Earls of Bradford, derived Eyton and other estates of the neighbourhood.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 85.

BROOKE, Sir ROBERT, born at Claverley, 1512; an eminent lawyer, and Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas in the reign of Queen Mary, 1558.—*Hulbert's History, page* 160.

BROUGHTON, Dr. HUGH, born at Owlbury, near Bishop's Castle, 1549; a divine of great eminence and extensive learning; he assisted in the Translation of the Holy Scriptures. His works were greatly esteemed during his life, and the period succeeding his demise in 1612.—*Hulbert's History, page xvii. Introduction.*

BURNELL, Sir HUGH, born at Acton Burnell, eminent in the reign of Richard II.: died 1417.—*Hulbert's History, page* 179.

BURNELL, ROBERT, born also at Acton Burnell, was Chancellor, and also Bishop of Bath and Wells: died 1292.—*The same, page* 179.

BURNEY, Dr. CHARLES, born at Shrewsbury in 1726, and educated at the Free Grammar School; an eminent musician and talented author, and organist of Chelsea College: he died 1814.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 223.

BURTON, EDWARD, Esq. of Longner Hall, near Shrewsbury; he was an eminent Protestant all Queen Mary's days, and died of joy on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, 1558; and being refused interment by the Catholic Clergy of the church of St. Chad, Shrewsbury, unless with the forms of the Romish church, which he had prohibited to be used on the occasion, he was buried in his own garden, where his tomb still remains.—*Hulbert's History, page* 302.

BURTON, Rev. EDWARD, D.D., was the eldest son of the late Edward Burton, Esq. of Shrewsbury, born 1794, and died 1836, at his Rectory, Ewelme, in the meridian of life, literary fame, and ministerial usefulness. He was, at the period of his death, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford—to which high eminence he had risen by superior erudition and distinguished talent. His numerous, valuable, and learned publications will transmit his name to the latest posterity, with unextinguishable lustre. By his marriage with Helen, second daughter of the venerable Archdeacon Corbett, of Longnor Hall, in 1825, two most distinguished and pious Shropshire families had the sincere congratulations of a wide circle of admiring and devoted friends;—equally extensive have they now their heartfelt sympathy and devout condolence.—*Hulbert's History, page* 321.

BURTON, THOMAS, fourth in descent from Edward Burton who died of joy on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, was a warm friend to civil freedom in the reign of the two last Stuarts, as his ancestor had been to religious truth in that of Mary; and after the Revolution, was rewarded for his zeal, by the office of a Welsh Judge, and Recorder of Shrewsbury.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 166

CASLON, WILLIAM, born at Hales Owen, 1692; an eminent letter-founder: he became a Magistrate of London, acquired honour and wealth by his talents, integrity and industry: he died 1766.—*Hulbert's History, page* 162.

CHARLTON, Sir JOHN, born at Apley, 1268; he was an eminent and distinguished individual, Chief Justice of Ireland, &c.—*Hulbert's History, page* 156.

CHARLTON, THOMAS, also born at Apley, and likewise greatly distinguished; was Bishop of Hereford, and Chancellor of Ireland: he died 1292.—*Shropshire Gazetteer.*

CHIRBURY, DAVID, born at Chirbury, died in 1429; he attained the distinction of Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland.

CHURCHYARD, THOMAS, born at Shrewsbury; a poet: died in 1605, buried at St. Margaret's, London.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 207.

CLARKE, MATTHEW, an eminent divine and orientalist, was born at Ludlow: died 1702.

CLIVE, ROBERT Lord, was born at the Styche, near Drayton, in 1725; he was a successful Military Commander and East India Governor, father of the present Earl of Powis: he died 1774.—*Hulbert's History, page* 109.

CORBET, Sir JOHN, of Stoke and Adderley, was one of those five illustrious patriots, who, in 1627, opposed the forced loan and illegal measure of Charles I., while under the sway of Buckingham: in the contest between Charles and his Parliament, he espoused the cause of the latter. His wife, "the good" Lady Corbet, by whom he had twenty children, was a benevolent protector of the loyal clergy.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 111.

CORNWALL, EDWARD, of Burford; a man of most extraordinary endowments of body and mind, and excelled in strength all men of his age; he was in stature 7 feet 8 inches. He flourished in the latter end of the 16th century.—*Hulbert's History, page* 229.

COSTARD, GEORGE, a very learned writer on various subjects, vicar of Twickenham; born in Shrewsbury, 1709, and died, 1782—*Vide Owen and Blakeway's History of Shrewsbury, vol. II. page* 388.

COTTON, Sir ROWLAND, is mentioned by Fuller among the Worthies of Shropshire, as being remarkably strong and active: he lies buried under a sumptuous monument at Norton-in-Hales.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 105.

CRESSET, Dr. EDWARD, born at Shrewsbury in 1697; Dean of Hereford, promoted to the See of Llandaff, 1748: died probably in 1754.

DARBY, ABRAHAM, Esq. of Coalbrookdale; a most enterprising, opulent, and skilful iron master, architect and builder of the celebrated IRON BRIDGE. The names of DARBY and REYNOLDS are highly venerable; and, as regards Shropshire, they inspire sentiments of unbounded gratitude and esteem.—*Hulbert's History, pages* 348 *and* 349.

DAVIES, Dr. SNEYD, born at Shrewsbury in 1709, baptized at St. Mary's church, was a learned divine, poet, rector of Kingsland, Herefordshire, and Archdeacon of Derby: died in 1769.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 224.

DAY, GEORGE, was Bishop of Chichester, flourished in the 16th century, and died 1556.

DAVIES, STEPHEN, born at Leighton, 1734: he recollected Sarah Beech, who died in 1738, aged 106; and her sister, who lived to be 103. Stephen Davies died in 1837, being also of the age of 103.—*Hulbert's History, page* 149.

DAY, WILLIAM, was Bishop of Winchester, and died in 1596.

DOMVILLE, SILAS, born at Harley, near Wenlock; a *zealous*, but not a *cruel* opposer of Charles I.; he was an eminent author, and possessed very curious manuscripts: died 1678.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 218.

EDMONDS, Sir CLEMENT, an eminent classical scholar, &c. was born at Shrawardine, 1566.

EVANS, JOHN, an eminent topographer, author of the valuable nine-sheet Map of North Wales, which was engraved by the ingenious ROBERT BAUGH, clerk of the parish church of Llanymynech. Mr. Evans resided at Llwyn-y-groes, in the vicinity, and died in 1793: his engraver paid the debt of nature in 1832, aged 84.—*Hulbert's History, page* 214.

EYTON, Rev. JOHN, vicar of Wellington, an eminently pious divine, author of two volumes of Sermons; died in 1823.—*Hulbert's History, pages 154 and 265.*

FARMER, Rev. HUGH, a learned divine among the Protestant Dissenters, born near Shrewsbury in 1714, pupil of Dr. Doddridge, author of numerous Theological Pamphlets, Visitation of Miracles, &c.

FLEETWOOD, Dr. JAMES, born at Prees; a celebrated loyalist, Bishop of Worcester: died 1681.—*Hulbert's History, p.* 122.

GARBET, Rev. S., born at Norton, in the parish of Wroxeter; curate of Edstaston, author of the History of Wem.—*Hulbert's History, page* 128.

GATACRE, THOMAS, a learned divine, born at Gatacre Hall, flourished the latter end of the 16th century, and died 1593.

GEARY, Admiral, born in the parish of Ercall Magna.—*Hulbert's History, page* 148.

GILBERT, Rev. WILLIAM, a celebrated nonconformist divine, held the rectory of Edgmond, and was probably born there in the year 1613, and died at Oxford, 1694: he was author of England's Passing Bell, a poem on the Plague, &c.

GRIFFITHS, Dr. RALPH, born in 1720: in 1749, he commenced publishing the Monthly Review, which, for a long period, maintained a high character for candour and ability, and may be said to have introduced the numerous periodicals of the same class, *defunct* and *existing*.—*Shropshire Gazetteer.*

HANMER, JOHN, Bishop of St. Asaph, died at Pentrepant, near Oswestry, 1629; buried at Selattyn.—*Hulbert's History, p.* 221.

HANMER, Rev. MEREDITH, born at Porkington, 1543; vicar of Islington, &c.: died 1604.

HAYNES, JOSEPH, born at Shrewsbury; an artist and engraver: died in 1830.

HERBERT, EDWARD, Lord of Chirbury, born at Eyton, 1581; he was a man of great personal courage and address, author of various publications: died 1648.—*Hulbert's History, page* 176.

HILL, the Rev. and Right Hon. RICHARD, "a very considerable person," son of Sir Rowland of Hawkstone; paymaster of the British army in 1696, an eminent diplomatist, and a Lord of the Admiralty in the reign of Queen Anne. After his retirement from public affairs, he was strongly solicited to accept of a bishopric, which he declined: he died in 1727, aged 77 years. He is generally entitled "the *great* Hill," from the number of high families which he founded.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 179.

HILL, Sir RICHARD, Bart., born at Hawkstone, 1732; many years Knight of the Shire for the county of Salop; well known for his Polemical Tracts, and his steady adherence to the politics of the late Mr. Pitt, and also for the taste he displayed in the embellishment of the beautiful grounds at Hawkstone; nor less so for his extensive charities and private virtues: he died 1808.

HILL, Rev. ROWLAND, brother of the preceding, born at Hawkstone in 1744; minister of Surrey Chapel, London—a great and most successful, though eccentric, preacher of the Gospel, and an admired author: he died in London, 1833.—*Page 44, this vol. and his Life by Sydney, and also by Jones.*

HILL, Rev. BRIAN, a pious clergyman of no inconsiderable talents, and great benevolence, considering his fortune; author of various Tracts, occasional Sermons, and a volume of plain and pious Discourses: he was born at Hawkstone, 1756, and died 1831.—*Hulbert's Christian Memoirs.*

HOLLAND, Dr. THOMAS, born at Ludlow; a very learned divine: died in 1611.—*Hulbert's History, page* 208.

HYDE, Dr. THOMAS, born at Billingsley in 1636; an eminent scholar and divine: died in 1703.—*The same, page* 330.

IRELAND, Mr. JOHN, born at Wem; died near Birmingham 1808: he is celebrated as the editor of the graphic works of Hogarth, and an artist of considerable eminence.—*Hulbert's History, page* 128.

JENKS, Rev. BENJAMIN, rector of Harley, which benefice he enjoyed 56 years; the place of his birth probably Harley, in the year 1646—died 1724. His works are Prayers and Meditations, which breathe a pure devotional spirit.—*Hulbert's History, page* 181.

JOHNES, THOMAS, Esq., born at Ludlow, 1748; died in Devonshire, 1816.—*Hulbert's History, page* 208.

JONES, Sir THOMAS, born at Shrewsbury, 1614; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of James II.—refusing to pronounce for the dispensing power, sacrificed his office to his principles: he died 1692. He was ancestor of the present Sir T. J. T. Jones, Bart. of Stanley Hall, who possesses a fine portrait of the Chief Justice.—*Hulbert's History, page* 329.

KNIGHT, RICHARD PAYNE, Esq. of Downton Castle, near Ludlow; an eminent scholar and lover of literature: died 1824.—*Hulbert's History, page* 208.

KYNASTON, Sir FRANCIS, born at Oteley, near Ellesmere; a scholar and a poet, Esquire of the Body to Charles I.—He was of kindred talents with his royal master, who having established, in 1636, an Academy for the Fine Arts, under the name of *Museum Minervæ*, appointed Sir Francis its "Regent."—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 97.

KYNASTON, HUMPHREY, the Wild, youngest son of Sir Roger Kynaston of Hordley, flourished about the middle of the 16th century. Having, by extravagant habits, contracted numerous debts, he fled from his Castle of Middle, was outlawed, and in consequence, commenced a system of the more daring extraordinary chivalric robberies and adventures,—making his abode in a cave still existing, at Nesscliff, between Shrewsbury and Oswestry.—*Hulbert's Eccentric.*

LANGLAND, ROBERT, born at Cleobury Mortimer, author of Pierce the Ploughman, a satirical poem; he was a disciple of Wickliffe: flourished about the middle of the 14th century.—*Hulbert's History, page* 326.

LEE, Sir HUMPHREY, of Lea Hall, in the parish of Preston Gubbalds—*Hulbert's History, page* 288.

LEVESON, Sir WALTER, of Lilleshall Abbey, of eminent talents and distinction, flourished about the middle of the 16th century. His son, Sir Richard Leveson, was Vice-Admiral of England; who, deceasing without issue, devised his estates at Trentham and Lilleshall to his third cousins, Sir Richard and Sir John Leveson, from whom they chiefly centered in a daughter of the latter, married to Sir Thomas Gower, Baronet, of Sittenham, in Yorkshire, ancestor of His Grace the present munificent Duke of Sutherland.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 92.

LITTLETON, Dr. ADAM, born in the parish of Hales Owen, 1627,—died 1794; an excellent critic in the Greek, and author of a Latin Dictionary, &c.—*Hulbert's History, page* 162.

LLOYD, EDWARD, a naturalist and antiquary, born at Llanvorda, near Oswestry; he died in 1709.

LODGE, THOMAS, born at Cound, settled in London as a grocer, and was Lord Mayor of London in 1562.

LUCAS, RICHARD, Parish Clerk of Woolstaston 75 years, lived to the age of 95.—*Hulbert's History, page* 186.

LUTWYCHE, Sir EDWARD, an eminent Lawyer and Judge, author of Reports, &c.: he died in 1709.

LYSTER, RICHARD, denominated the "Senator Lyster:" he was a fine specimen of the independent English gentleman,—noble-minded—hospitable, and an admirable speaker; he sat in Parliament nearly half a century: he died in 1766.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 145.

LYSTER, THOMAS, of Rowton Castle, in the parish of Alberbury, greatly distinguished himself by his loyalty to Charles I.—to whom, on his Majesty's visit to Shrewsbury, he presented £500 : he died in 1655.—*Hulbert's History, page* 189.

LYTTLETON, EDWARD, Baron Munslow, Lord Keeper to Chas. I. born at Munslow, 1589, died 1645--*Hulbert's History, p.* 210

MASCAL, ROBERT, a divine, &c., born at Ludlow,—died 1417.—*The same, page* 207.

MAINWARING, ARTHUR, an author, born at Ightfield, 1668.

MAINWARING, ROGER, said to have been born at Church Stretton ; Chaplain to Charles I., in which capacity he preached before the King at Whitehall, an *over* loyal inconsiderate injudicious Sermon, for which the Parliament sentenced him to pay a fine of £1000, and other punishments ; which, in a month after sentence, Charles remitted,—preferred him to the Deanery of Worcester, and afterwards to the See of St. David's, of which he was speedily deprived : he died 1653.—*Rees's South Wales, page* 855.

MOORE, FRANCIS, born, it is said, at Bridgnorth ; author of the popular Almanack still published under his name.-- *Shropshire Gazetteer.*

MYTTON, General, born at Halston in 1608 ; he was eminent as a General in the Parliamentary army : after discovering the ambitious views of Oliver Cromwell, he retired from public life.—He died in London, 1656, and was buried in St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury.—*Hulbert's History, page* 223.

ONSLOW, RICHARD, born at Shrewsbury ; Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth : died 1751.

ORTON, Rev. JOB, born at Shrewsbury in 1717, and died at Kidderminster, 1783 : he was an eminently useful and pious Presbyterian divine—some time minister of the High Street Chapel in Shrewsbury ; author of a very pious and useful Exposition of the Old Testament, various Religious Treatises, Sermons, &c.—*Hulbert's Salopian Magazine, Vol. I. page* 500.

OTTELEY, Sir FRANCIS, of Pitchford ; an eminent loyalist and sufferer in the cause of Charles I. ; a short time Governor of Shrewsbury : died 1649.—*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 121.

OWEN, THOMAS, Justice of the Common Pleas, born at Condover, and there buried : he died 1598.--*Hulbert's History, p.* 183.

OWEN, Rev. CORBET, born at Pontesbury ; an eminent divine : died in 1657.—*Hulbert's History, page* 195.

OWEN, Sir WILLIAM, of Condover, a firm adherent to the cause of Charles I.—*Hulbert's History, page* 183.

OWEN, Rev. HUGH, Archdeacon of Salop ; co-author with Mr. Blakeway, of the History of Shrewsbury ; born in that town, and died there in 1827, aged 66 years.—*Hulbert's Phillips, p.* 246.

PARR, Old THOMAS, born at the Glyn, in the township of Winnington, 1483 ; died in London, 1635, aged 152 years and 8 months.—*Hulbert's History, page* 191.

PARRY, JOSEPH, born at Whixall, near Wem, 1736 : by extraordinary industry, with economy, he acquired wealth, which, in life, he bestowed on all deserving cases of charity with which he was acquainted, and bequeathed sums for the support of charitable and benevolent institutions : died in 1816.—*Hulbert's Salopian Magazine, Vol. II. page* 211.

PERCY, Dr., Bishop of Dromore, born at Bridgnorth, 1728 ; and died at his See, 1811. He was a descendant of the ancient and noble family of the Percys of Northumberland, and an author of repute.—*Hulbert's History, page* 335.

PHILLIPS, AMBROSE, a poet, born at Shrewsbury, 1674 ; died 1749.—*Owen and Blakeway's History of Shrewsbury, page* 284.

PHILLIPS, THOMAS, born at Shrewsbury ; author of the History of his native town, printed and published by T. Wood : died 1815.

PLANTAGENET, RICHARD, second son to King Edward IV., born at the Dominican Black Friars, which stood near the Water Gate, Shrewsbury, 1472 ;—supposed to have been murdered by his uncle, King Richard III., in 1483. Also,

PLANTAGENET, GEORGE, youngest son of King Edward IV. born at Shrewsbury ; died in infancy.—*Hulbert's Phillips, p.* 203.

PLOWDEN, EDMUND, was born at Plowden in 1527 ; died in 1584, and was buried in the Temple church, London. His Reports show much learning and sagacity, and are greatly esteemed.—*Hulbert's History, page* 264.

PRICE, Dr. SAMPSON, born at Shrewsbury, 1585 ; a learned divine, Chaplain to James I. and Charles I. ; he was denominated the Maule, or Scourge of Heretics : died 1630.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 207.

PRIDDEN, JOHN, born at Old Marton Hall, near Ellesmere : in his youth he suffered greatly from the oppression of a step-father, and, like Whittington, fled from cruelty to London : having the good fortune to be established in business as a bookseller, he acquired honours and wealth, and was distinguished by his generosity to the unfortunate refugee Clergy of the American Colonies, and numerous acts of benevolence. He married a daughter of Mr. Humphrey Gregory, of Twemlows, near Whitchurch, by whom he had 14 children,—several of them have obtained eminence & distinction. Mr. Pridden died 1807.—*Shropshire Gazetteer.*

SCOTT, JONATHAN, LL.D., born in Shrewsbury, where he died in 1829, aged 75 : an eminent orientalist, translator, and historian.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 247.

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, born at the Leasowes, near Hales Owen, in 1714, and died 1763.—*Hulbert's History, page* 162.

SHREWSBURY, ROBERT of, Bishop of Bangor, born at Shrewsbury, and flourished in the reign of King John—by whom he was imprisoned in his own Cathedral : at his own request, he was buried in the Market-place, Shrewsbury, anno. 1215.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 203.

SHREWSBURY, RALPH of, Bishop of Bath and Wells, born at Shrewsbury ; a great benefactor to his Cathedral : died 1363.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 204.

SING, Dr. GEORGE, born at Bridgnorth ; Bishop of Cloine, member of the Privy Council in Ireland : the disorders of the times prevented his elevation to the Archbishopric of Tuam : he died at his native place, 1653.—*Hulbert's History, page* 335.

STEDMAN, Rev. THOMAS, the amiable vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, author of several Tracts, Sermons, &c., editor of Orton's and Stonehouse's Letters, was born at Bridgnorth, 1745 ; died at Shrewsbury, 1825.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 241.

STEPHENS, JEREMIAH, born at Bishop's Castle, died at Wotton in 1664 ; Prebendary of Biggleswade. He was a learned man, and is highly complimented by Sir Henry Spelman :—his works are various.---*Hulbert's History, page* 268.

TALBOT, JOHN, Earl of Shrewsbury, born at Black Mere, near Whitchurch, in 1373 ; fell in battle, 1453 ;—buried at Whitchurch.—*Hulbert's History, page* 130.

TARLETON, RICHARD, born at Condover ; he was a celebrated comedian, and died in 1588.—*Hulbert's History, page* 133.

TAYLOR, Dr. JOHN, born at Shrewsbury in 1701 ; he was a learned divine, antiquary, and writer on civil law : he died in 1766.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 221.

THOMAS, Dr. JOHN, Bishop of Salisbury, born at Shrewsbury ; a learned and eminent divine : died 1776.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 220.

TYLSTON, Dr., born at Whitchurch, 1633 ; an eminent physician & exemplary christian : died 1699.—*Hulbert's History, p.* 182

VITALIS, ODERICUS, was born at Atcham, near Shrewsbury, 1074 ; a learned historian for the period in which he lived.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 215.

WAKLEY, WILLIAM, born at Shiffnal, 1590 ; died in 1714, aged 124 years.—*Hulbert's History, page* 171.

WALTON, Sir JOHN, born at Ludlow ; Chief Justice of South Wales, an eminent lawyer : died 1630.--*Hulbert's History, p.* 208

WARING, Dr EDWARD, born at Fitz, 1731 ; an eminent and distinguished mathematical scholar : died 1798.—*The same, p.* 234.

WHEELOCK, ABRAHAM, born at Whitchurch ; a person of great learning, peculiarly eminent as a loyalist : he died in 1654.—*The same, page* 132.

WHITCOTE, BENJAMIN, D. D., is generally admitted to be a native of Shropshire, born in 1610 ; he was an eminent and amiable divine. Dr. Tillotson preached his Funeral Sermon, 1638.

WITHERING, Dr., author of the Botanical Arrangement of British Plants, born at Wellington in 1741 ; a physician of considerable eminence : he died 1799.

WOOLLEY, Dr. EDWARD, Bishop of Clonfert, born 1665 ; a suffering and zealous loyalist.—*Hulbert's Phillips, page* 206.

WOLRYCH, Sir THOMAS, Bart., baptized at Worfield, 1598 ; represented the Borough of Wenlock in Parliament, 1620, 1623, and 1625 : he deliberately joined the standard of Charles I., by whom he was appointed Governor of Bridgnorth, for whose cause he was more than once cast into prison, and twice sequestered from his estates ; he was an heraldist, historian, and mathematician : he died 1668.---*Blakeway's Sheriffs, page* 169.

WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, born near Wem, 1640 : he was a poet, of talent and wit : he died 1715.—*Hulbert's History, p.* 128.

YATE, RICHARD, a native of the parish of Claverley, a very ingenious self-taught scholar, flourished about the middle of the last century.—*The same, page* 160.

# SHROPSHIRE CHRONOLOGY;

## OR, A BRIEF HISTORY OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES WHICH HAVE HAPPENED IN THE COUNTY DURING A PERIOD OF NEARLY ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

ANNO 961, Land about Shrewsbury sold for 1s. an acre. The price of an ox was 2s. 6d.; a cow, 2s.; a sheep, 1s.; a swine, 8d.

1010, A great earthquake felt at Shrewsbury.

1077, Rhys ap Tewder, Prince of North Wales, ravaged Shropshire and Cheshire. He fell into the hands of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Chester, and was for many years held in captivity.

1110, A great earthquake, and a severe winter, with great mortality of men and cattle, in Shropshire and other counties.

1116, The nobility of the realm did homage, and swore fealty to William, son of Henry I., at Shrewsbury, which was the first foundation of the high court of parliament.

1117, Twenty horses could be supplied with provender, for 4d.; and one hundred men with food, for 1s.

1138, King Stephen besieged the Castle of Shrewsbury:—the governor, being attached to the cause of the Empress Maud, fled from the town. Stephen, exasperated at the resistance he met with, put 93 of the garrison to death.

1139, Gervase Paganelle surrendered the Castle of Ludlow to King Stephen, who, during the siege, saved the Earl of Northumberland, son of David King of Scotland, from being drawn up into the Castle by a grappling iron, by cutting the ropes asunder with his sword.

1164, King Henry II. assembled a vast army at Oswestry, and being foiled in his attempts to revenge the ravages Owain Gwynedd had committed in his kingdom, he caused the eyes of the hostages committed to him by the Welsh to be put out.

1212, King John confined the Lord of Powis in Shrewsbury Castle, and caused a child, delivered to him as an hostage, to be put to death by hanging.

1216, King John caused twenty-eight hostages, children of eminent Welsh families, to be hanged at Shrewsbury. He destroyed Radnor and Hay Castles, and burnt the town of Oswestry.

1220, Letters patent dated at Shrewsbury, by which the king takes David, the son of Llewellyn, into his protection.

1230, The towns of Clun and Oswestry, in Shropshire, devastated by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.

1234, The Earl of Pembroke joining Llewellyn, to make a rebellion against Henry III., burned what remained of Oswestry, or had been re-built; plundered the inhabitants of Shropshire generally; put a great number of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury to the sword, and burned a considerable part of the town.

1277 Edward I. made Shrewsbury the chief seat of his government, for several months.

1282, David ap Gryffydd, the brother of Llewellyn, was tried and executed at Shrewsbury.

1315, The price of provisions settled by order of the Bailiffs of Shrewsbury, viz.—a corn-fed ox, 24s.; a grass-fed ditto, 16s.; a cow, 12s.; a fat mutton, 20d.; a muxton, shorn, 14d.; a fat hog of two years old, 3s. 4d.; a fat goose, 2d.; a hen, 1d.; a capon, 2d.; two chickens, 1d.; four pigeons, 1d.; twenty-four eggs, 1d.

1347, Price of provisions, viz.—a fine horse, 6s. 8d.; the best fed ox, 4s.; a cow, 1s.; a steer or heifer, 6d.; a weather, 4d.; an ewe, 3d.; a lamb, 2d.; an hog, 5d.: hay, 5s. per load.

1400, Sir Thomas Pierce beheaded at Shrewsbury.

1400, Oswestry was burned by the Welsh, probably not very extensively, for in

1403, Glendwyr assembled his forces at Oswestry, in order to join the forces of Lord Percy, in his attempt to wrest the crown from Henry IV.—With 12,000 men he remained inactive, whilst his ally lost the battle of Shrewsbury.

1404, Battlefield church erected on the site where numbers were slain in the bloody conflict just named.

1414, The Lords Powis and Lovell provided each of them twenty men carrying lances, forty archers, and a ship, in aid of King Henry the Fifth's expedition against France.

1421, Rees ap Doe, a Welsh Esquire, was hanged and quartered at Shrewsbury, for treason.

1436, Sir J. Talbot, Knight, created Earl of Shrewsbury.

1454, Corn was so plentiful, that a quarter (8 strikes) of wheat, was commonly sold for 12d. or 14d.; rye for 10d.; malt for 16d. or 17d.

1471, Welsh cloths and cottons were heretofore brought to Oswestry, as the common emporium, and there bought by our drapers; but the Welsh coveting to draw the staple more into their own country, occasioned the drapers to hold off buying till the trade was settled in Shrewsbury.

1478, Elizabeth, daughter of James Butler, Earl of Ormond, in Ireland, wife of John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury of that name, was buried at the Abbey, under a monument of alabaster, with this epitaph—

"Here lieth Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, and kinswoman, of the Earls of Arundel and Wynington, Ormond, and Shrewsbury. She died September 8, 1478."

1478, John, Bishop of Worcester, President of the Prince's Council, and Anthony, Earl Rivers, Uncle and Governour to the said Prince, and others of his honourable Council, being in the Town Hall in Shrewsbury, by the assent of the officers, ministers, and inhabitants, made certain ordinances for the good rule and tranquility of the town.

1485, Henry, Earl of Richmond, on his way to Bosworth Field, encamped on Forton Heath, four miles from Shrewsbury.

1490, Wheat sold for 20d. per bushel.

1492, Wheat sold for 6d. per bushel.

1493, Wheat sold for 4s. per bushel.

1498, Wine sold for 40s. per tun; wheat for 6d. per bushel.

1499, Register books ordered in every church.

1502, Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., died at Ludlow Castle.

1520, Griffith Wickham drawn through the town of Shrewsbury, and afterwards hanged.

1523, Shrewsbury made the See of a Suffragan Bishop, styled Suffragan of the Realm of England.—Twenty-five other towns had a like appointment at the same time.

1524, Wheat sold for 6d. per bushel; rye for 4d.

1531, Lord Rees ap Thomas beheaded here.

1542, The town of Oswestry suffered greatly from fire.

1542, Rowland Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the first Lord President of the Marches, was buried on the 30th of January, before the high altar in St. Chad's Church, under a tomb of black marble.

1547, This year, Adam Mytton and Roger Pope, the Bailiffs, ordered the picture of Our Lady to be taken out of St. Mary's church, the picture of Mary Magdalen, and the picture of St. Chad, out of St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury, and burned in the Corn Market, anno. 1st Edward VI.

1552, The Magistrates of Shrewsbury were restrained by Act of Parliament, 5th Edward VI., from licensing any more than three persons to sell wines within the town. By the same Act, a certain number only, were allowed in the following towns, viz.—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| London | 40 | Exeter | 4 | Southampton | 3 |
| York | 8 | Salisbury | 3 | Canterbury | 4 |
| Westminster | 3 | Gloucester | 4 | Winchester | 3 |
| Bristol | 6 | Chester | 4 | Oxford | 3 |
| Lincoln | 3 | Hereford | 3 | Cambridge | 4 |
| Hull | 4 | Worcester | 3 | Colchester | 3 |

1554, Lord Chief Justice Bromley, Alderman of Shrewsbury, and free of the Drapers Company, died at Eyton, and was buried at Wroxeter.

1556, The Queen came to Coventry, intending to reach Shrewsbury, to see Mr. Aston's play in the Quarry, but it was ended.

1559, The plague visited the county of Salop.

1571, Mr. Humphrey Onslow, one of the Bailiffs of Shrewsbury, built the chapel of our Lady in St. Chad's church, repaired the pavement in Frankwell, and paved all the great causeway, from the Lord's Place (the Council House) to the Cross, at his own cost.

1575, A great plague in Shrewsbury, when St. Matthew's fair was kept on Kingsland.

1579, The 10th day of August the assizes were held at Shrewsbury,—a great deal of business was done—one of the Judges sat under the new building at the Market House, upon a scaffold.

1580, A general muster of all the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, in the Quarry, before the Bailiffs, by the Queen's order.

1581, March 24th, one John Capper, clerk of the Abbey church, was drawn through Shrewsbury, and afterwards hanged at Kingsland, for treason.

1582, February 4th, one John Prestige, alias Hill (so called because he lived with a priest whose name was Hill), was hanged upon a gibbet erected on the green, by the water side, near the Abbey Mill, Shrewsbury, and opposite his own house, for the murder of his wife, by throwing her over the stone bridge into the Severn.—He hung there three days.

1583, The assizes begun at Shrewsbury, the 22nd July, and continued two days and a half: the Judges lay at Mr. Onslow's house, and the Sheriff at Mr. Purcell's. The Sheriff came in with the Judges, attended by forty-two horsemen, being all his own men, and all in the same livery. He kept open house all the time of the assize.

1584, Robert Lord Dudley, the Earl of Essex, and Lord North, came to Shrewsbury, before whom several orations were made by the Free School scholars.

On the 17th of July, this year, a stage-play was acted in the High Street, Shrewsbury, near the Apple Market, by the Earl of Essex's men.

1585, On the 15th day of May, Lord Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, came through Shrewsbury, before whom the Free School scholars made several orations, as he passed through the Castle Gates; they standing there in battle array, with bows and arrows.

1588, One Richard Reynolds, of Bagley, near Cockshutt, in this county, was on the 19th day of July, being the second day of the assize, put into the pillory, in Shrewsbury, by order of the Privy Council, and had both his ears cut off, by Richard Stubbs, then appointed by the Bailiffs to be executioner. His crime was, setting fire to a sheep-cote of one Gammer, his brother-in-law, wherein was a great number of sheep, and all burned.

This year, on the 22nd of January, in the night, the prisoners confined in the Gaol in the Castle, Shrewsbury, found means to unfasten their bolts and links, and so far got themselves at liberty in the prison: they pulled down several stones out of the wall, on that side towards the Free Schools, designing to get out there; but the earth on the outside being above the breach they had made, they were prevented: at length, with their noise, some of the gaoler's men were awakened, who called him up,—but in attempting to put bolts on their hands, they opposed, and raised a mutiny, but assistance being called in, they were properly secured.

In May, this year, great disturbances were in Shrewsbury, occasioned by the setting up May-poles, and making bonfires, before the Shearmens Hall, and in other places. Mr. Tomkies, Minister of St. Mary's, and public Preacher, appeared among the people, and endeavoured to dissuade them against such proceedings; but he was ill-used by the populace, and the disturbances increased, until the Bailiffs interfered and put a stop to them.

1590, July 24th, a scaffold was set up in the Corn Market, Shrewsbury, on which an Hungarian, and others of the Queen's players, performed several extraordinary feats of tumbling, rope-dancing, &c., such as had never before been seen in Shrewsbury.

1591, On the 16th, 17th, and 18th days of September, was a large assize here, when above sixty prisoners were tried, of which number twenty were condemned, ten of them were reprieved, and one (a woman) begged off by the ladies in Shrewsbury; eight were hanged at the Old Heath; and one, whose name was Edward Ixson, who had murdered a young man, apprenticed to Matthew Stinton of Wellington, was hung in chains there.

1592, Tuesday, 13th day of June, being the Town Court Day, according to the new composition, one of the Bailiffs, Mr. Ireland, being out of town, the other, Mr. Powell, being sick, was carried in a chair down to the Booth Hall, Shrewsbury, where the Court was called, and then he was in the same manner carried back again to his own house.

1596, Wheat sold for 20s.; rye for 16s. per bushel.

1599, The assizes were removed from Shrewsbury to Bridgnorth.

1603, On Sunday, March 27, in the afternoon, King James was proclaimed in Shrewsbury, by the Bailiffs and Aldermen, in their gowns, together with the worshipful the rest of the Commoners, with trumpets and drums, the people huzzaing and crying God save the King.

1606, Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, burnt,—the houses were set on fire by John Tench's wife.

1614, One Coles rode from London to Shrewsbury in one day, between the hours of three in the morning and five in the evening —156 miles.

1615, Lord Eure, Lord President of the Marches, came to Shrewsbury, and was nobly entertained.

1622, Viscount Mansfield came to Shrewsbury, and was entertained; he gave the soldiers belonging to the garrison, £10.

1629, Coleham Wall and Bridge, Shrewsbury, repaired.

1638, The Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of the Marches, and his Countess, royally entertained by the town, at the Council House, Shrewsbury, above a week; it cost £180.

1638, King Charles I. visited Ludlow Castle, and was received with great pomp.

1642, The gentlemen of Shropshire signed a declaration in favour of Charles I.; in which year his Majesty visited the county, and was at Shrewsbury, Wellington, Bridgnorth, &c.

1643, Skirmishes between the King's forces and those of the Parliament, at Wem, Whitchurch, Drayton, Lee Bridge, and Shrewsbury; but no battle of consequence was fought between the parties, in the county of Salop.

1644, Shrewsbury Castle was taken by the Parliamentary forces; the Castles and fortified Mansions in the county, also fell into their hands; and Moreton Corbet Castle, according to Burghall, "was burnt by the Parliament." Powis Castle, Montgomeryshire, also surrendered.

1647, December 23, a woman was burnt in the Dingle in the Quarry, Shrewsbury, for poisoning her husband.

1651, September 2nd to 5th, an oak tree in the wood of Boscobel, near Shiffnal, afforded concealment to King Charles II. after the bloody battle of Worcester, as did also a secret room in the farm house now standing, and called Boscobel House.

1656, A public dispute was held in the venerable parish church of Ellesmere, between a Mr. Proctor and a Mr. Haggan, on the subject of Infant Baptism.—so degraded, at that time, were the ancient temples of the Church of England.

1670, Roushill enclosed, and the Quarry railed.

1683, An earthquake felt at Shrewsbury. February 7th, a dreadful fire in the Castle Foregate.

1708, Wheat sold for 9s.; Muncorn, 8s.; Rye, 7s. per bushel.

1709, Dr. Sacheverel came to Shrewsbury: above a thousand horsemen went out to meet him, and brought him into town with great shoutings, &c. He staid only one night, at the Raven Inn.

1710, Henry Lord Newport, Sir Charles Lloyd, Bart., William Kynaston, Thomas Gardner, and John Fownes, Esqrs., entered into an association, raised both horse and foot, and kept guard at Shrewsbury—it being the time of the rebellion: new gates were made about the walls, several passages stopt up, and the trained bands called together. Brigadier Dormer's regiment, at that time in this town, was ordered to march to Preston.

1722, The handsome parish church of St. Alkmond, in Whitchurch, was erected on the site of the former one, which had fallen down from age and decay.

1727, An earthquake felt at Shrewsbury, but no great damage done.

The Judges of assize were refused the usual compliments by the Mayor of Shrewsbury, upon which account, the next assize was held at Bridgnorth: Thomas Jenkins, Esq. High Sheriff.

1729, The summer assizes held at Bridgnorth; a gallows was erected, and criminals executed there.

1730, The assizes were again removed to Shrewsbury.

1732, The assizes again removed to Bridgnorth.

1748, One Cadman, a shearman, returning from Bishop's Castle, with the excise money, from the collector there to the drapers in Shrewsbury, was robbed and murdered near Norbury, by Wollaston and his son Edmund, both of Bishop's Castle. They were both taken; the father hung himself in gaol, and the son was hung in chains, near Norbury. The murder was committed on the 12th day of May.

1745, A regiment of foot, raised by Lord Powis, rendezvoused at Shrewsbury, and several gentlemen in the neighbourhood entered as volunteers. In December, the town was in great confusion, by false alarms of the Scotch rebels being on their march to this place. Many inhabitants left the town, and the regiment before-mentioned, being undisciplined, they marched out, with all their baggage—but soon returned, an express bringing advice that the rebels were gone to Derby.

1752, December 11th, Just below the Shoemakers' Arbour, Kingsland, Shrewsbury, Mr. Thomas Anderson was shot, for deserting from Sir John Ligonier's regiment of dragoons. His trial began at Worcester, November 16th, and lasted three days; from thence he was removed to Shrewsbury, where orders were received for his execution. There were several petitions sent to London in his behalf, viz.—one from Lancashire, another from Yorkshire, one from Worcester, and another from Shrewsbury—but all in vain; for on Thursday, the 7th instant, several letters came to Shrewsbury, confirming his sentence. And accordingly, on Monday the 11th of December, about ten o'clock in the morning, he was conducted from the county gaol by the troops quartered there, with their officers, together with the Mayor of Shrewsbury, and proper attendants, to Kingsland, which was the place of execution, dressed in a handsome suit of black velvet. When he came there, he addressed the Mayor and officers in a very pathetic speech, thanking them for all their favours, and acknowledged that he was a deserter, and the justice of his sentence. He then addressed himself to his brother soldiers very affectionately; begged of them to take warning by his unhappy conduct, and desired them to stand fast to their colours: he particularly spoke to the persons who were to shoot him, assuring them he freely forgave them, and hoped they would pray for him. He then kneeled down on a white cloth spread for the purpose, and prayed a considerable time: after which, he again spoke to the Mayor, desiring him to take care to distribute a small favour he would leave to the persons who were to take away his life; and took a purse of gold out of his pocket, and laid it on his coffin, which he desired them to accept, as a token of his respect and forgiveness: he then went to prayer for about ten minutes—after which, he took off his hat and wig, and laid them on his coffin, and put on a white cap, tied with a black ribband, which he soon drew over his face. He then took a handkerchief, one end of which he held in his mouth; he prayed privately about five minutes, and then dropped the handkerchief out of his mouth, which was the signal for the soldiers to fire—which they immediately did, by command of the officer: six men were appointed for this purpose, three only of which fired upon him, the rest being reserved in case he should not be quite dead; but he was dispatched immediately, for one bullet went through his right breast, another through his left, and a third through his heart.—However, for fear any symptoms of life should appear, another of the soldiers shot him through the head. He was carried in a hearse from Kingsland, and handsomely interred in St. Mary's church yard, Shrewsbury. His behaviour during his confinement, and at the place of execution, was very becoming. After he was shot, the body was stripped, when the colours of the Chevalier Stuart were found next his skin, in a sash given him by the Chevalier when in Scotland, as a mark of his esteem for Anderson's activity in the rebellion of 1745, from which the kingdom was just emerging. The reason for shooting him at Shrewsbury was—EXAMPLE; for there had been a sanguinary contest between the soldiers and town's-people, on the 10th of June preceding, and much blood had been shed: it was the Pretender's birth-day, and Mr. John Richards, a master builder, had been paying his men at the Crown, near the Butter Cross;—these men wore white roses, (which in those days were esteemed symbols of sedition), and were overheard singing "*Charley over the Water*," and other popular airs in vogue during the Rebellion.—The patrole resented this, and both sides fought with great violence; as wherever thrones and kingdoms are disputed, the passions, prejudices, and interests of mankind are always opposed.—*Vide Hulbert's Phillips's History, page* 258.

1752, On Christmas-Day, two houses on the Stone Bridge, Shrewsbury, which were supported by beams crossing the navigation arch, through a decay of the ends of the beams, fell into the river underneath, with every thing belonging to them. The people who occupied the houses, being at church, happily escaped.

1756, Thirty-seven colliers were brought to gaol, for rioting, and committing outrages in the county, it being a time of scarcity for all kinds of provisions.—Four died in gaol, ten were condemned, whereof two were executed, and the rest pardoned.

1759, A regiment of foot was raised and rendezvoused a Shrewsbury; they were called the Royal Volunteers: Colonel Crawford had the command. Upon St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, the colours were received by the regiment, with great pomp, they being carried in procession to St. Chad's church, where a sermon was preached on the occasion, by the Rev. Rowland Chambre, A. M., from Ephes. vi. ver. 10.

1762, A great fire in New Street, Frankwell, Shrewsbury, on the 23rd of February.

1764, At Lent assize, in March, sixty prisoners were arraigned and tried. Dannely and Newcombe were condemned and executed, for robbing the house of Samuel Griffiths, of Dinthill, Esq. of a large quantity of plate, &c.

1766, Upon the 12th, 13th, and 14th of February, there fell a great snow in Shrewsbury, and lay on the ground for several days, 18 inches deep. Provisions of all kinds were very dear in the market while it lasted,—butter sold for 15d. per lb.

1768, A snow fell at Shrewsbury, near two feet deep upon the level, it being a very hard frost when it fell, and went away gradually, without a flood.

June 7th, About three o'clock in the afternoon, there fell in Shrewsbury, a great hail storm, accompanied with terrible thunder and lightning, which lasted half an hour. The hail-stones appeared to be irregular pieces of ice, congealed together, and glutinized with dust and gravel, weighing from half an ounce to an ounce; several were two inches and more in circumference.

1772, On Monday night, February 17th, about five minutes before twelve o'clock, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Shrewsbury, which continued about twelve seconds, and caused a general terror and consternation.

1773, On Friday, May 14th, came on in the Court of Common Pleas, a motion made by Mr. Serjeant Burland, and Mr. Serjeant Glynn, to set aside a verdict at the last Salop assizes, establishing a right to the tolls of corn and grain, claimed by the Corporation. On hearing Mr. Serjeant Walker, Council for the Corporation, the Judges unanimously expressed their approbation of the verdict, and refused to set it aside.

1774, On Good Friday, April 1, between two and three o'clock

in the afternoon, a dreadful fire broke out in the Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury, and raged with great fury till seven o'clock in the evening, in which time forty-seven houses were burnt down, and five more much damaged; also sixteen barns, fifteen stables, four shops, and several stacks of hay were burnt.

August 26th, this year, General Paoli came to Shrewsbury, and staid two days. During his stay, he visited several of our first families in Shropshire, the Wrekin and Hawkstone Hills, &c.

1775, On Friday night, September 8th, at ten o'clock, the town of Shrewsbury, and vicinity, was much alarmed with a shock of an earthquake. In the midst of a calm, a rumbling noise, much like that of a strong wind, was heard; this was soon followed by two tremulous motions of the earth, succeeding each other instantaneously.—The doors and windows of houses shook, tables, chairs, &c. were moved, but no considerable damage done.

1776, April 9th, a petition from the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, was presented to the House of Commons, by John Corbet, Esq. (elected member for this borough on the death of Lord Clive), against a bill then depending in Parliament, for building a bridge across the Severn, at Gloucester, and for taxing all vessels passing under the said bridge. The petition was heard, and the taxation clause left out.

1778, Thursday, May 7th, the Shropshire Militia marched from Shrewsbury to Bridgnorth, where they were reviewed, and remained till June 12th, when they marched from thence to encamp on Cox Heath, near Maidstone in Kent, and on their route were reviewed by his Majesty in Hyde Park, June 26th.

1779, A great fire broke out in a large malt-house, near the Quarry, Shrewsbury, occupied by Mr. Gronna, the whole of which was in a short time burnt down, together with a large quantity of malt therein: and the dwelling house adjoining very much damaged. The above fire was occasioned by a servant carelessly carrying a candle into the malt-house, which, by accident, he let fall amongst some straw. Neither the building, stock, or furniture were insured. All the adjoining buildings would have fallen victims to the devouring flames, had not the night been very calm, and the greatest activity used by the firemen, and the Shropshire Volunteers, who nobly conducted themselves on this very alarming occasion.—The whole loss to the sufferers was computed at £1500.

1780, A stage coach was established by way of Oswestry, Corwen, &c. to Holyhead, by the indefatigable Mr. Robert Lawrence, of the Lion Inn, Shrewsbury.

1782, Baron Hotham laid a fine of £2000 upon the county, at the Summer assize, till they should build a new shire-hall. The new hall was used for the first time, March 17, 1786.

1783, August 23rd, the Shrewsbury Chronicle contains an extraordinary account of an immense globe of fire which appeared in the atmosphere about nine o'clock at night; seeming in magnitude about twenty times larger than the apparent face of the moon, with a tail like a comet, and moving with great velocity from S. W. to N. E., and apparently about one hundred yards above the tops of the houses.

1786, May 31st, One Spoonly, a shoe-maker, of Shrewsbury, jumped off the top of the tower at the Welsh bridge, into the Severn, by way of exploit, to collect money from the spectators; having laid out a plank from the top of the tower, and taking a smart run along, in order to spring off at the end of it, one of his feet slipped, and he fell on his breast into the water. He appeared quite dead for some time, and had not a boat (which was in waiting) taken him up, he would have lost his life by this presumptuous act.

1788, July 23rd, being the day appointed for a public thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence, in the falling down of St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury, at a time when the congregation was not assembled, the same was observed by the parishioners in the most solemn manner. The shops were kept shut during the whole day. In the morning, public worship was held at St. Mary's church, which was very much crowded. The psalms and lessons were admirably well adapted, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Stedman. The whole of the service was attended with great solemnity.

1789, T. Phipps, Esq. and his son, of Lwyney Mapsis, were executed at the Old Heath, for forging and uttering a note of hand for £20, purporting to be the note of Mr. Richard Coleman, of Oswestry, knowing the same to have been forged. It was proved on the trial of these unfortunate men, that Mr. Coleman never had any transactions with Mr. Phipps that required the signing of any note whatever. That about Christmas last, Mr. Coleman was served with a writ, by order of Mr. Phipps, at his own suit, which action Mr. C. defended: that Mr. Phipps not supporting it, a *non pros.* was signed in the action, with £2 2s. costs; whereupon Mr. Phipps and his son, with William Thomas, their clerk, made an affidavit, stating that the note was for a trespass in carrying away some hay from off the land of one of Mr. Phipps's tenants, which Mr. Coleman had taken.

Upon this affidavit, the Court of Exchequer granted a rule to shew cause why the *non pros.* should not be set aside. Mr. Coleman insisting that the note was a forgery, the matter rested in suspense till the event of this prosecution.—After a full hearing of the evidence on both sides, and the Judge's charge to the Jury, the two Phipps's were pronounced Guilty of uttering and publishing the note, knowing the same to be forged. The Judge immediately passed sentence of death upon them, and recommended the Jury to acquit William Thomas, who was accordingly found not guilty. Mr. Phipps and his son, from the time of their condemnation till the morning of their execution, persisted in their innocence. However, before they left the gaol, young Phipps confessed that he committed the forgery—avowed his father's innocence of it, and ignorance of its being forged when published. They were taken in a mourning coach to the place of execution, accompanied by a clergyman, and the late Mr. Brocas, who had visited them daily since their condemnation. On their way to the fatal tree, the father said to the son—"Tommy, thou hast brought me to this shameful end, but I freely forgive thee:" to which the son made no reply. It being remarkably wet weather, their devotions were chiefly performed in the coach. Mr. Phipps was in his 47th year, and his son just 20 years of age two days before his execution. Their fate was not so much lamented, on account of several similar matters appearing against them, and not a little aggravated, when it is considered Mr. Phipps was possessed of about £300 a year landed property, besides his practice.

August 20th, New St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury, was consecrated.

1791, Bolas Magna was honoured by the residence, *incog*, of a descendant of the illustrious Lord Chancellor Burleigh, Mr. Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter;—he took up his abode at Mr. Hoggins's, who lived at the late Rectory House, near the church; where, marrying Miss Sarah Hoggins, he raised her to the dignity of an English Peeress: she died 1797.

1793, Jan. 11th, the Shrewsbury Chronicle records, that the large luminous body of fire which had been seen in the air at a distance from Shrewsbury, a few nights previous, had surprised the inhabitants of the farther part of Montgomeryshire: it was observed to move swiftly from west to east, with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and fell about ten miles from Machynlleth, appearing, in its descent, like a pyramid many miles in height from the earth upwards; in a very short time it disappeared, scattering by degrees like small sparks from the top downwards.

May 13th, the first stone of the new Welsh Bridge, Shrewsbury, was laid by the Rev. John Rocke, Mayor, in the presence of a vast number of respectable inhabitants of the town.

1794, April 28th, died in Frankwell, in the 101st year of his age, John Pritchard, linen-draper, formerly of Cophall, near Clun, in this county. He had ten children by his first wife, and twenty-two by the second.

1795, Wheat sold at 21s. the bushel; 1797, at 6s.; 1800, at 15s.; 1801, at 25s.; 1804, at 6s. to 7s.; 1812, at 18s. to 27s.; 1815, at 10s.

1796, The Prince and Princess of Orange visited Shrewsbury.

1803, July 30th, Prince William of Gloucester visited Shrewsbury, on his road to Liverpool, where he was about to take the command of the north-west military district. Accompanied by the Mayor and other officers, he proceeded to divine service in St.

Chad's church, and left a very pleasing impression on the minds of the inhabitants, who witnessed the propriety of his demeanour. He was the first prince of the blood that had visited Shrewsbury since the Revolution.

1806, Sept. 9th, His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, (King George IV.) accompanied by his successor (William IV.) passed through Shrewsbury, on his way to Rossall and Loton, the seats of Cecil Forester, Esq. (afterwards Lord Forester), and Sir Robert Leighton, Bart. His Royal Highness made no stay in the town, but having changed horses in the Abbey Foregate, passed under the walls of St. Chad's church and down Barker Street to Rossall, where, on the following morning, he was, according to his Royal Highness's pleasure, signified to that effect, attended by a select deputation, consisting of the Mayor, senior Alderman, and High Steward, which last gentleman delivered a loyal address, and received a gracious answer. On this occasion, the freedom of the Borough was conferred on the royal visitors.

1809, October 25th, the 50th anniversary of the accession of George the Third to the throne of these dominions, was commemorated in Shrewsbury, in a manner that must ever reflect the highest credit on the benevolence and good sense of the town.—A very liberal subscription was raised, and placed under the management of a general committee of subscribers, who elected a committee for general distribution. After various sums had been voted for the relief of poor debtors, the sick, &c., every subscriber of one guinea and upwards, had the privilege of recommending two persons for every guinea subscribed; and in order that such distribution might be divested of the appearance of a public charity, seven shillings were sent to the subscribers for every person recommended; by which means the subscribers (not the committee) had the pleasure of presenting their own gratuity: on this plan, 479 families were made joyful on the jubilee day. A surplus still remaining, on the Monday following about 300 families received two shillings and sixpence each; and nearly 200 families (recommended by subscribers of small sums, and other respectable inhabitants) were, on this occasion, visited at their own houses, by several members of the committee,* and presented with two shillings each. Upwards of 3000 individuals partook of the loyal benevolence of Salopians.

1811, August 24th, John Taylor, James Baker, Isaac Hickman, William Turner, and Abraham Whitehouse, were executed at the new drop, for a burglary and robbery in the dwelling house of W. C. Norcop, Esq. of Betton, near Drayton. The scene was one of the most awful and affecting nature. The wretched men, when on the scaffold and in view of death, joined in loud and piercing cries to the God of Mercy, to pardon their multiplied crimes. It is humbly hoped their prayers were not in vain.

1812, The Royal Lancasterian School established.—On this occasion, at the suggestion of the Editor of this work, the late William Smith, Esq. senior alderman of Shrewsbury, generously bestowed the land on which the building is erected.

1813, March 20th, at the Shrewsbury assizes, came on the trial of Rowland Preston, charged with the murder of Francis Bruce, farmer, and Ann Taylor, spinster, of the village of Longford, near Market Drayton, on the 18th of October, 1812.—The murderer effected his purpose by breaking into the dwelling house of Mr. Bruce, cutting his throat, and fracturing his skull; and also cutting the throat of the said Ann Taylor, robbing the house of what money he could find therein, &c. Being found guilty, he suffered the penalty of the law the Monday following his trial. His body was given to the surgeons for dissection, and his skeleton remains in the Salop Infirmary.

1814, June 30th, on Lord Hill's first visit to Shrewsbury, after the peace of Paris, thousands went out to meet him: in many places the trees were adorned with flowers, and even the road was strewed with emblems of gratitude and esteem. This was a day of general festivity;—the landlord regaled his tenants, and the master his workmen: at the same time, the poor were made partakers of the bounty of their richer fellow-townsmen. Sheep were roasted at the different inns. Shortly after, thousands partook of tea in the Quarry: the scholars of the different charity and sunday schools, amounting to nearly 1300, were particularly attended to. The crowds assembled on the occasion, from every part of the county, formed one of the most lively and agreeable scenes ever witnessed in Shrewsbury.

December 17th, first stone laid of the column in honour of Lord Hill, at Shrewsbury. The cap-stone was laid June 18th, 1816.

1818. The New Butter Market, Shrewsbury, erected.

1821. June 3rd, the Shrewsbury Chronicle records an awful catastrophe in this town, which suddenly snatched into another world three individuals of one family, and had nearly overwhelmed *five* families, comprising upwards of twenty persons.—"Between the hours of twelve and one on Monday night, a dreadful crash awakened several persons in the vicinity of the Theatre, on St. John's Hill. The crash was followed by a deep and confused rumbling, which continued for a minute—and then all was still. One or two neighbours hastened to the spot. The interior of the house which adjoins the Theatre, was found in ruins—part of the roof, with two chimnies, having fallen through three rooms down to the kitchen floor, and two beds from the garret were lying upon the rubbish. The bodies of Edward Davies, his wife, and a son (aged 8 years), were taken out; the two former quite dead, and the latter opened his eyes for an instant only.

Beneath the entire mass was an infant of the deceased (aged 8 months) safely protected, by a piece of timber and some heavy stones (the very implements which had destroyed its parents), after it had fallen from the garret through three floors, and was covered by several tons of stone and ruins. This wonderful preservation can be explained only by supposing that the child was held, or clung, in its mother's arms, while falling downwards, and slipped from the foot of the bed into the receptacle which Providence allotted it. In this same small garret slept four other children—but happily, under a part of the roof which was not broken. In the room below were two beds:—Mr. Jones and his wife in one, which also escaped the falling mass; but the bedstead on which their niece slept was shattered, and she was bruised, not dangerously. On the floor still lower were Mr. Hunt and his wife, who also escaped unhurt. In the rooms adjoining all these were other persons; and had one piece of frame-work been broken (which lay exposed), the entire roof must unavoidably have buried all in its ruins.

July 19th, the Coronation of George IV. celebrated with great solemnity in Shrewsbury.—The Corporation and incorporated companies, the teachers and children belonging to the charity schools and sunday schools, walked in procession, and afterwards partook of liberal entertainments, &c.

1827, July 19th, first stone of the new Infirmary, Shrewsbury, laid by General Lord Hill. Opened for the reception of patients, Sept. 1830.

1828, August 4th, was executed on the new drop, in front of the county gaol, John Steventon, for the murder of John Horton, at Hales Owen; Joseph Pugh and John Cox, junior, for the murder of James Harrison, at Drayton. The following particulars relative to the latter diabolical affair, and the extraordinary conduct of the parties connected, may not be undeserving of record.

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, August 2nd, 1821, the trial of John Cox, the elder, John Cox, the younger, Robert Cox, Joseph Pugh, and Ann Harris, charged with the wilful murder of James Harrison, commenced at Shrewsbury.

Mr. Richards, in opening the case for the prosecution, thought he should best discharge his duty, by briefly laying before the Jury the evidence he possessed to support this charge, without launching forth into any great length of observation.—"In the spring of last year," said the learned counsel, "depredations, to a considerable extent, on the sheep of the farmers, prevailed in the neighbourhood of Drayton. In consequence of information given by the deceased, James Harrison, a person named Ellson was apprehended and sent to gaol for this offence. The apprehension of this man, who was related to four of the prisoners at the bar, would, it was supposed, from the evidence of the deceased in reference to his case, have involved the safety of the rest of the family. As Harrison was the principal witness against him, it became ne-

* Of this committee, the Editor of this work had the honour to be a member, and he can truly say that no appointment ever afforded him greater delight.

cessary, therefore, in order to prevent discovery, that he should be put out of the way. When the trial of Ellson came on, Harrison was not to be found; but as he was known to have been an associate of the prisoner Ellson, his absence was not considered very extraordinary: but when it was protracted to a considerable length of time, rumours began to arise that he had not been fairly dealt with. It was not, however, until Ellson was again apprehended, for another felony, that any clue was afforded; but in consequence of information which would appear in evidence, the prisoners, Joseph Pugh and Ann Harris, were apprehended. Search was made for the body before this time, but to no purpose. On Pugh, however, being taken, he immediately gave such information as led to the discovery of the body, in a place called Hocknell's Field, and disclosed such facts as led to the apprehension of the other prisoners."

The case was altogether of a most revolting description. Pugh, the father, was called to convict his son; Ellson, to convict his own mother, father-in-law, and brothers-in-law; his wife corroborated his evidence against her father and brothers; and the evidence of Mary Blakeman, the daughter of Ann Harris, tended to confirm the testimony which fixed the guilt on her mother.

The cool deliberation with which the murder was planned and executed, could only be equalled by the calmness of these witnesses whilst giving their testimony. When Ellson was brought from the cell in court to give his evidence, he hurried past the prisoners in the dock with an apprehensive look, as if he were afraid to be within their reach. His mother held her head away till he reached the witness box, when she took one look at him, to which he returned a careless stare, and proceeded with his evidence. His father and brothers-in law looked at him stedfastly—the old man with an expression of mirth in his countenance. When he avowed that he knew what he was saying would hang his mother, she raised her hands to her face, and wrung them bitterly, exclaiming "Oh! Christ!" On his return to the cell, he hurried past the dock as he did on his entry. His evidence was delivered without embarrassment, and he seemed to soften none of the horrible facts which told against his relatives.

A verdict of Guilty was pronounced against all the prisoners, and all were condemned. Joseph Cox, John Cox, the younger, and Robert Cox, were ordered to be executed on the Monday following. Early on the morning of execution, a reprieve for Robert Cox was received by Mr. Griffiths, Governor of the County Prison. The execution of Ann Harris took place on Saturday, August 22nd.—The nature of her crime precluded the hope of that mercy which had been extended to two of her associates; and she was doomed to satisfy the offended laws of God and her country, by an ignominious death on the scaffold.

Of her son Ellson, who convicted her, she spoke in the most forgiving terms—hoping that her fate, and his own narrow escape, would teach him to forsake his guilty courses, and to try, if possible, to amend his life.—She seemed wrapt up in him, notwithstanding his behaviour to her; and did not appear to think the crime she had committed as particularly heinous, because it had saved his life. On Mrs. Kitson, the matron, expressing her horror at the crime of murder, the old woman did not appear to comprehend the guilt of an act, "which saved" (as she expressed it) "the life of her dear lad." In fact, her guilt, as well as that of her companions, seemed to arise in a great measure from ignorance: she never had heard of Jesus Christ till she came to gaol, and the plainest doctrines of christianity were to her unknown before she entered within its walls! Ellson has subsequently been sentenced to transportation for life, for stealing two donkeys.

1830, December 14th, first incendiary fire in the vicinity of Whitchurch, on the premises of a poor man of the name of Heath; which was succeeded by many others in the same vicinity, creating unprecedented alarm, losses, and misery, till the end of September following, - when, through the active exertions of George Harper, Esq. and other spirited individuals, the base incendiaries were detected. Richard Whitfield, a maltster and farmer, was proved to be a principal instigator; and, at the Shropshire spring assizes in 1832, was sentenced to transportation for life. James Lea and Joseph Grindley suffered the due penalty of the law, as principal actors, in front of the Shrewsbury gaol. The grateful inhabitants of the county presented Mr. Harper with a service of plate, of the value of £636.

1832, The Cholera Morbus, in its destructive career through the kingdom, visited Shropshire.—The humanity and kindness of the higher classes of the inhabitants, with the parish officers, and the skill and attention of the medical gentlemen of Shrewsbury were manifested on the occasion, in a most exemplary degree;—every thing was done to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted, and to stay the march of the direful malady; in consequence of which exertions, not more than one hundred persons, it is supposed, fell victims to its fury, including the town and its vicinity.

A circumstance may also be adverted to, as being more favourable to the adoption of measures of precaution and cure in Shrewsbury, than was found in many other towns, otherwise similarly situated:—the working classes of Shrewsbury are, in general, better educated, and have learned to place more confidence in their superiors, than do the poor of some other towns and districts; hence they readily conformed to the regulations recommended for their benefit: while, in some places, the introduction and continuance of the disease was ascribed to the surgeons, who were believed to be in league with government to destroy the poor, and that the cause of the speedy interment of the dead, was to avoid detection.—These opinions existed both in England and Wales, but to the greatest extent in the Sister Kingdom of Ireland.

Same year, in the month of October, Shrewsbury and its vicinity had the honour of receiving most DELIGHTFUL and WELCOME visitors,—their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria (now Queen), who honoured Pitchford Hall, the hospitable seat of the Earl of Liverpool, with a visit, and also the loyal town of Salop The joy of all ranks, on the occasion, was most lively and sincere. The royal party had previously visited some interesting parts of North Wales, particularly Caernarvon, the Lake and Pass of Llanberis, and the Ruins of the Hall of Prince Llewellyn, near to the place where, tradition says, King Edward the First embarked to attack the Cambrians, when they made their memorable stand for liberty and independence.

1835, In consequence of the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill, the ancient chartered Trading Companies of Shrewsbury, sixteen in number, were dissolved. The Annual Show was considered also at an end, and much of the festival, grandeur, &c. of the Shrewsbury Corporation, fell into disuse. The last Chief Magistrate of the town, under the ancient charter, was R. BURTON, Esq.; the first Mayor, under the new law, was WM. HAZLEDINE, Esq.

1836, New Street or Road opened on the south side the Abbey church, Shrewsbury, by which a view was obtained of the beautiful Gothic Pulpit, of stone, in the Abbey Garden.

1836, August 1st, at the county assizes, came on the trial of Patrick M'Daniel, alias Patrick Donelly; John Mulholland, alias John Holland; Edward M'Daniel, alias Edward Donelly; Lawrence Curtis, alias James Macguire; and Owen M'Daniel, alias John Rooney;—charged with having, on the 23rd of March last, at the parish of Loppington, in this county, assaulted and nearly killed Mr. Thomas Woodward and Mr. Thomas Urwick, both of Shrewsbury; and stealing from the person of the said Mr. Woodward—£25 in notes, £9 19s. in gold and silver, and a silk handkerchief; and a silver watch, four half crowns, a shilling, and a sixpence, from the person of the said Mr. Urwick, his nephew. They were all found guilty, and received sentence of death.—After condemnation, they made many extraordinary disclosures of robberies they had committed in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire: their confessions were corroborated by the discovery of portions of the stolen property, through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Sadler Thomas, a native of Shrewsbury, now at the head of the Manchester Police, and formerly of Covent Garden, London.

Owen M'Daniel and John Mulholland had their sentence commuted to transportation for life. On the 13th of August, Edward Donelly, Patrick Donelly, and Lawrence Curtis, suffered the extreme penalty of the law: on which occasion, it is said, 10,000 persons visited Shrewsbury, to witness their execution.

1837, The present new County Hall, in Shrewsbury Market Place, was opened for public business,—the foundation of the former one, erected in 1785, being found insecure.—The ancient timber building which preceded that, had been standing since 1452.

Same year, the new Church in Colcham, Shrewsbury, completed.

# COURSE AND TERMINATION OF THE RIVER SEVERN.

Hail! gentle Queen of all thy neighb'ring floods,
With plenty crown'd, and tall aspiring woods;
Tho' here obscur'd, thy waters glide along,
Nor rais'd, nor honour'd by the poet's song;
On *Thames's* bank not fairer groves appear,
His fields not wealthier, nor his streams more clear:
Not swelling *Nile*, that numerous regions laves,
And renders fruitful by his powerful waves;
Not foaming *Tyber*, whose fam'd current strays
Thro' spacious realms, and pompous *Rome* surveys—
Can boast such pastures, or luxuriant fields,
Or various race thy plenteous water yields.

*Worcester Guide.*

THIS magnificent and important stream takes its rise on the north-east side of the mountain of Plinlimmon, the very verge of Montgomeryshire. The opening of the spring is not in a cavern, as often described: it issues out of an aperture at the head of a swampy dingle, having a considerable depth of black soil on each side.—This aperture or opening of the spring is not more than 2 inches in diameter, discharging itself into a bason of 14 inches by 12: this was the case, August 26th, 1831.

Leaving its humble source, the infant stream rapidly descends the hills, gathering in strength by the aid of springs and small mountain currents, for about 18 miles, when it reaches the town of LLANIDLOES, where it assumes the name of *Se-hevern*, or *Severn*. From this town, now rising* to some importance as a place for the manufacture of Welsh Flannels, the parish containing more than 4000 inhabitants, it proceeds along a most delightful valley, passing the rural village of Llandinam, and under a romantic wooden bridge, to CAERSWS, an ancient Roman station,† where have been discovered many antiquities, coins, &c.; it is now a cheerful village. Wending its way through a still more delightful and cultivated vale, the Severn reaches Tre Newydd, or NEWTOWN, "the Leeds of North Wales." This town has risen to a great degree of eminence, with the rapidity of an American town.—In 1801, its population was only 990; thirty years afterwards, 5834; since which period, it has been increasing and improving yearly. Four miles below Newtown, the river Mule empties itself into the Severn: a little distance forward is the wooden bridge of Brynderwyn.

Rolling through a lovely pastoral valley, the river, accompanied by the Montgomeryshire canal, passes Garthmill and near to Glansevern Hall, receiving the tributary streams of the Camlet and the Rhiew. About a mile distant, on the left, is the rural village of Berriew: above which, and nearer to Welshpool, is BODHILIN, the seat of John Humphreys, Esq., brother of Rear-Admiral Sir Salusbury Price Humphreys, G. C. B., who was born at Clungunford, in the county of Salop, 1778: now residing at Bramhal Hall, and owner of its fine estates; Chairman of the Stockport Quarter Sessions, &c.—His merits and his valour have obtained for him the honours and distinction he "so nobly wears."

On the right, about three miles distant, is the castle and town of MONTGOMERY, venerable for their antiquities; the latter delightful as a place of agreeable retirement.—Population of the parish, 1188.

Passing near the foot of the Long Mountain, where Henry,‡ Earl of Richmond, assembled his Welsh adherents, the river skirts

---

* A new Flannel Hall and Public Room has just been erected, 57 feet by 40, and 15 feet in height inside; under which is the market, and over it a Wool Warehouse, erected by share-holders. Architect and builder, Mr. Jarman, jun., of Llanidloes.

† The Roman road joining the north-east of Watling Street, continued with it to Bodfari, and crossing Denbighshire, went over the Conway to CAER HUN, and is supposed to have run as straight as the country would permit, to CAER SEGONT; from this place to Tommer-y-Mar, in the parish of Maentriog; hence it continued to Bala; and on the Tanad, near where it is intersected by the Roman road from CAERHUN to Chester, was probably the lost town of *Mediolanum*. From Mediolanum, the road ran under the north end of the Breidden to Rowton; and from thence, over the Severn, to Wroxeter; from which place, to London, it proceeded by Wellington, Wall, Pauley, High Cross, Dovebridge, Weedon, Towcester, Dunstable, St. Albans, Edgware, crossing the Thames, London. There were also branches from Wroxeter (Uriconium), particularly to Caerleon, by way of Leintwardine, Kentchester, Abergavenny, and Usk.

The ancient roads of the Britons may be distinguished from those of the Romans, by unequivocal marks.—1, They are not raised nor paved. 2, They are often circuitous, and do not lead to Roman towns, except such as were erected on the sites of British towns.

Roman roads are generally straight, leading direct from one post to another; raised and constructed in a durable manner.—*Condensed from the Commentary on Richard of Cirencester's Itinerary.*

The same work notices the great Wall or Fortification of Severus, begun in the year 208; running nearly over the same ground as the earthen Rampart of Hadan, extending from the Solway Frith to the Tyne, 80 miles in length, 15 feet high, and 9 thick,—defended by eighty-three castles, ditch, &c.—This was intended to prevent the incursions of the northern inhabitants of the Island, the Scots. The earthen Wall, Dyke, or Fortification, called Watts' Dyke, was constructed by the Britons, under Caswallon, in the 7th century.—This ancient work appears at Maesbury, near Oswestry, and terminates at the Dee, near Basingwerk, in Flintshire; and was intended as a fortification to prevent the incursions of the SAXONS. Offa's Dyke was a hundred miles long, extending from the estuary of the Dee, in North Wales, to the mouth of the river Wye, and designed as a defence against the Welsh; between and these Dykes was neutral ground. Many traces of each appear in the line of their course.

‡ The circumstances attending Henry's passing through Shrewsbury, are cited (page 28, my Phillips's History), from Dr. Taylor's Manuscript. The following particulars, *continuing* his progress, will, I trust, be some addition to the interest of the present volume.

From Shrewsbury the Earl proceeded to Stafford, where he had a private interview with Sir William Stanley, who had a force of 2000 men; but the particulars of the interview I have not been able to meet with in any history. At the same time, Lord Stanley, who had married Henry's mother, lay at Lichfield with about 5000 men; but in consequence of his son being a hostage in the custody of King Richard, durst not declare in favour of Henry. He therefore proceeded to Atherstone, and the Earl took possession of Lichfield. In the mean time, Richard had marched a considerable force to Leicester, which Henry understanding, he left Lichfield; and, though fearful as to the result, was determined to give him battle. The doubtful behaviour of the Stanleys perplexed him,—deep in meditation and lost in thought, he insensibly separated himself from his army, and was benighted near a small village, where he was obliged to take up with very humble quarters for the night, not venturing to enquire of any one the road to Tamworth.—Good fortune, however, attended him; and next morning, August 20th, 1485, he overtook his army at Tamworth, and

the handsome and peaceful town of WELSHPOOL: in point of comfort and respectability none exceeding it in all North Wales.—Population of the parish, 5255. In its vicinity, on a fine rising bank, is POWIS CASTLE, the seat of Lord Viscount Clive.

About a mile below Welshpool, at Pool Quay, the Severn first becomes navigable. Nearly the same distance, on the right bank, is the village of Buttington, celebrated for a great battle fought there between the Saxons and the Danes, in 897; when the latter were defeated with great slaughter.—Several hundreds of human skulls have recently been discovered here, and were placed in the parish church for inspection, previous to being re-interred.

Nearly skirting the Breidden hills, six miles from Welshpool, at the village of Llandrinio, the river is crossed by a handsome stone bridge of three arches: two miles descending, at a village called Cymmereau, the Severn receives the noble river, the Virnwy; and near Melverly, enters the county of Salop. Descending, in its progress to Shrewsbury, it passes, on the right, the venerable church and village of Alberbury, the ruins of the ancient Castle, Monastery, &c. More inland, is Rowton Castle, the seat of H. Lyster, Esq.; supposed to be the ancient Rutunium. On the left bank of the river is Shrawardine, its church, and remains of an ancient Castle, destroyed by Oliver Cromwell.—The scenery here

---

by a fine stroke of policy, cheered his followers—intimating to them he had been engaged in private conference with several powerful friends anxious to support his cause.

From Tamworth he marched to Atherstone, eight miles, and encamped his forces in a meadow on the north side the church, and which is still called the Royal Meadow. His head quarters were at the Inn now, and I believe *then*, called the Three Tuns.—An old table is preserved and stands in the kitchen, said to have been used by the Earl of Richmond; but which, in my opinion, had no existence in the 15th century: it may be one hundred years old, and very much resembles the oblong tables common in the houses of small farmers in Shropshire.

At Atherstone, the Stanleys and Henry had a conference, when no doubt he received their assurances of support, and plans of operation and future proceedings were agreed upon. From Atherstone Henry hastened to meet Richard, then on his march from Leicester, and the two armies met at a place called *Redmore*, afterwards Bosworth Field, or Sutton Heath, situated two and a half miles from Market Bosworth, ten from Atherstone, and thirteen from Leicester: here, on Monday, August 23rd, 1485, the sanguinary conflict between the Rival Roses took place, which ended in the overthrow of the House of York, and the establishment of the House of Lancaster. As the particulars of this engagement are to be found in every History of England, suffice it to say:—Henry was, at the commencement of the battle, in great danger of defeat, when the Stanleys joining him with their united forces, Richard's army was entirely routed after a contest of two hours, in which the King gave signal proofs of courage and valour, admired by warriors, as his crimes and private murders are detested by all mankind. Finding the issue of the conflict to be against him, he resolved "that day should end all battles, or he would end his life; he therefore furiously penetrated into the thickest of Henry's soldiers, and perceiving his rival, he rushed to attack him, and in his progress killed Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard bearer, threw Sir John Cheney to the ground, and would have slain Henry himself, in a few moments, had not numbers interposed and finally overpowered him. His body was ingloriously mangled and treated with every indignity by the conquerors,—being stripped naked and carried across the back of a wretchedly mean horse, and afterwards publicly exposed for two days in the Grey Friars church, Leicester.

Thus perished Richard the Third, and with him 4000 followers, including many persons of high distinction. His whole army was probably 13 or 14,000; and Henry's, including the Stanleys, might be an equal number. After the victory, Richard's crown, which he had worn during the battle, was discovered among the heaps of slain by a common soldier, who carried it to the Lord Stanley, and he immediately placed it on the conqueror's head, and saluted him King, amid the shouts and acclamations of the army. Henry, in gratitude for the success of his arms, caused *Te Deum* to be sung on the spot; and his whole army falling on their knees, with one voice returned thanks to the Almighty for their lives and victory.

A sumptuous antique bed is preserved by the Dixie family, of Bosworth, which it is said was designed for the repose of King Richard, had he won the day. His cloak, a gold spur, and some other articles, are preserved in the parish church of Bosworth, the exhibition of which is a source of some emolument to the parish clerk. The bedstead on which Richard reposed two or three nights, when at Leicester, was brought with him, and set up at the Blue Boar inn, where it remained when he marched to battle. At his death, no person came to demand the bedstead, which was large, strong, and heavy; it therefore became a fixture, and in every transfer, accompanied the house, which continued to be an inn through successive generations, till the latter end of the 18th century.—The landlady, of that period, happening, in cleaning the bed-room, to strike the broom with considerable force against the bedstead, some broad pieces of gold fell to the ground.—She called her husband, when, on searching, they found the broom had struck against a small door, which, on again opening, more pieces fell out. They were all fresh, and of the reign of Richard III. This affair being rumoured, numbers flocked to the inn, and many paid excessive prices for a single coin:—so the landlord became rich, and was Mayor of Leicester;—dying, he left his wealth to his wife, who still kept on the Inn. The idea of her immense riches, induced four wretches to plan her murder and robbery; one of which was a maid-servant who had lived with her many years, and the waiter,—who agreed, after the accomplishment of their villainy, to be married, and retire with their ill-gotten wealth to a distant part of the kingdom, and lead a life of ease and independence. The party succeeded,—the maid-servant, her bosom friend, cut her throat from ear to ear. The old lady having, a few days before, placed out a large sum to interest, the murderers were disappointed: they, however, packed up her valuables, and drove them away in a cart in the night, making also their own escape.—But vengeance pursued them: they were overtaken, and brought back to Leicester, with all the property they had taken. After trial, the three men were hanged, and the woman burnt. The bedstead afterward came into the possession of Mr. Throseby, author of the History of Leicester, and it was in the Dolphin inn, which he occupied, in 1787. Sir Richard Phillips says, "the bedstead is still shewn at Rothly, near Leicester." The stone coffin of Richard was found in the ruins of the church where he was buried, and used as a watering trough for horses, at the Blue Bell inn, Humberstone, and was some years in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips.

The field of battle is now all inclosed. The particular spot called King Richard's Well, at which, tradition says, he quenched his thirst during the battle, is distinguished by a monument of stone work, in the pyramidal form, erected by subscription through the exertions of the late Dr. Parr, who visited the scite in the year 1818.

On Sept. 28th, 1832, returning from a delightful visit to the Rev. Reginald Rabett, the excellent and hospitable Vicar of Thornton, I visited Bosworth Field, as I had previously done other places in Henry's route. Though far from being an admirer of war, I could not but be animated by strong and powerful feelings, which inspired the following reflections:—I have drunk at the same spring where King Richard III. and perhaps many of his fainting soldiers in the heat of battle allayed their burning thirst,—I have peacefully trodden on the same ground once trampled on by infuriated Englishmen, in mortal combat,—I now survey lovely fields clothed with verdure and richest produce, which were once covered with dying men and floods of gore,—I now stand on the very spot where was fought the most memorable battle in English history; a battle which ended the civil contests of 330 years,—in which barbarous conflicts 100,000 Englishmen fell by the sword and the avenging hand of the executioner. Oh, my country! my beloved country! may Heaven preserve thee for ever from civil discord, revolution, and scenes of blood.

I have been induced to give this extended note, in consequence of the particular connection between Henry VII. and our own immediate vicinity.—In Wales, Henry landed; at Shrewsbury he was first proclaimed King. He was a Welshman by descent, being the grandson of Owen Tudor, who was himself descended from Arthur, the renowned British King.—C. H.

is eminently beautiful. On the opposite bank, is the village and church of Ford; beyond is Montford bridge, over which passes the great London and Holyhead road. Between and the village of Fitz, the river Perry falls into the Severn.—All this vicinity is remarkable for its fertility. About a mile before the current of the river reaches Fitz, it makes an unusually great bend, and then incloses a fine estate, of five miles in circuit, called the Isle, the property of F. Sandford, Esq., whose eldest son, the Rev. Humphrey Sandford, heir of the property, resides at the Isle House, the family mansion; near to which are considerable remains of an ancient British fortification.

Passing Berwick House, the seat of the Hon. H. Wentworth Powis, the river expands, and speedily reaches the town of Shrewsbury, which it nearly surrounds; passing, in its course, under the Welsh and English bridges. Of the ancient and loyal town of SHREWSBURY, it will be needless here to dilate;—its loveliness, healthfulness, high character and respectability, and the genuine hospitality of the inhabitants, are the theme of every writer on Shropshire topography.

The town consists of five parishes, with their churches and chapels of ease, various religious meeting houses, the ancient castle, county or town hall, market hall, free schools, theatre and other public buildings, a spacious market house, some handsome streets, &c.: for a particular account of which, see my History of the Town and County of Salop, and other works on Topography, &c. Population of the parishes and chapelries was recently 21,399.

Leaving the precincts of the town of Shrewsbury, the river continues its devious way,—passing the lovely village of Uffington, and the delightful gothice mansion of LONGNER HALL, the seat of Robert Burton, Esq., where still remains the tomb of his ancestor, Edward Burton, Esq. Below, on the banks of the river, is the rural and enchanting village of Atcham, its substantial stone bridge, venerable and neat church, handsome inn, and rural vicarage, are peculiarly picturesque. Within a short distance, the Severn receives the waters of the lovely Tern river, which is crossed by a beautiful stone bridge: a little distance on the left is ATTINGHAM HALL, the spacious and elegant seat of Lord Berwick. About two miles from thence, on the left, is the ancient *Uriconium*, or WROXETER,—remains of its ancient Roman wall have been often noticed: from which village there are charming prospects. Wending its devious way, the Severn skirts the village of Cound, and receives its brook. Farther on, about two miles, is Cressage: from this place the river, winding near the base of the Wrekin hill, passes to the pleasing village of Leighton, and rolls along to Buildwas and its venerable monastic ruins, and then flows under its neat iron bridge. Here it speedily enters upon the new channel formed by the Slip, or the Phenomenon of the Birches—where, on its left bank, rises the lovely seat of the Rev. J. Bartlett, whose lady is the *granddaughter*, not *great niece*, as I have elsewhere stated, of the great and benevolent Richard Reynolds, of Bristol.

The river now speedily opens into Coalbrookdale, one of the most astonishing districts in the world: to attempt a description would be useless, as a complete one would be impossible. Here the Severn is crossed by the second erected IRON BRIDGE in the kingdom; near to which a town has arisen, bearing its name. Beyond the bridge, on the right, is Broseley; on the left, Madeley Wood; and farther, the village or town of Madeley. Two miles below the bridge, is Coalport, and its inclined plane, china works, new iron bridge, &c. Thence proceeding, the river, passing Apley Castle and its delightful grounds, reaches the charming town of BRIDGNORTH, said to resemble the ancient city of Jerusalem.—Its population is nearly 6000. Rolling under a handsome stone bridge, within two miles, the Severn leaves on her left bank, Quatford Castle, the elegant mansion of John Smallman, Esq.;—passing also the villages of Quatford and Quat: not far distant is Dudmaston Hall, the seat of W. W. Whitmore, Esq.

Westward of the Severn, on an eminence, is the village and church of Higley;—here may be admired the most lovely and charming scenery. Over Arely, on the eastern bank of the Severn, is the seat of Earl Mountnorris. A mile below Areley, the river, for about two and a half miles, passes through a portion of the county of Stafford. From this place to Bewdley, the river assumes the placidity of a lake or canal. A mile before it reaches that town, the Dowles brook yields her tributary current.

BEWDLEY is a lovely town,—its noble bridge was the design of the great Telford. It is a Borough, contains 4000 inhabitants, and has a Parliamentary Representative.

Leaving Bewdley, the Severn flows through a most delightful and romantic region, and is joined by the river Stour at Stourport. This is an astonishing place,—risen, in a short period, from a few worthless cottages, to eminence as an inland port, beyond any of its contemporaries.

Four miles inland, is the large and flourishing town of KIDDERMINSTER, celebrated for its carpet manufactures. A newspaper has lately been established there, by Mr. Brough, called the Ten Towns Messenger. Kidderminster contains 20,000 inhabitants, sustains the rank of a Municipal Borough, and sends one member to Parliament.

After the Stour, the Severn receives the Sulwarp river, the water of the Droitwich canal, and the overflowings of salt springs. Passing thence near the pleasant seat, Hallow Park, and adding considerably, by its meandering course, to the lovely, rich, and varied views of this admirable district, it soon receives, on its opposite side, the humble tribute of the Beaver born, or Otter water, so called from the great number of Otters, or Beavers, formerly found in that small stream.

Passing the foot of Henwick Hill, and much beautifying and enlivening the scenery within view of the many genteel houses lately erected on that admired eminence, it softly approaches the city of Worcester, which it partially separates; and after flowing by the garden of the Bishop's Palace, and College walls, it receives the waters from the Worcester and Birmingham canal, at Diglis.

WORCESTER is a city, the See of a Bishop, and a place of great antiquity: it was formerly surrounded with a very strong wall, of 1650 paces. Oliver Cromwell added six handsome posts for gates, all of which have been taken down to improve the entrance to the city.—This is considered the fifth city in the empire. The Cathedral is venerable, and contains many ancient monuments, especially those of King John* and Prince Arthur. The parochial churches are ten in number. The guild hall is a spacious building. Free schools and public schools are numerous, so are the charitable institutions. The streets and shops are spacious, and splendidly lighted with gas. The city is governed by a Mayor, and sends two Members to Parliament. Population, 27,313.

About a mile and a half from Worcester, the lovely river, the Teme, falls into the Severn, after fertilizing and beautifying all the district from Ludlow and Tenbury;—at the latter place it appears a stream of great beauty and consideration.

The river now approaches the town of UPTON-ON-SEVERN, a place eminent for the quantities of cyder shipped at its port. Speed says, "it was of great account in Roman times." Population, 2343.

Passing Upton, previous to the Severn entering Gloucestershire, it forms a junction with the Avon a little below TEWKESBURY; a lovely town, and most charmingly situated between the Carron and Swillgate, streams which flow into the Avon. Tewkesbury is a borough, and returns two Members to Parliament; and has a population of 5780. This admired town and its vicinity, have been the scene of many historical events, and its history will repay the researches of the antiquary and enquirer after gone-by days. The battle of Tewkesbury in 1741, was fatal to the cause of the House of Lancaster, when Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., was murdered in cold blood, in the presence of the usurper, Edward IV.

---

* The following account, cited by the author of the Worcester Guide, of the death of King John, was taken from an old book, in black letter, in the Spetchley library:—

"And the Monke toke the cuppe and fylled it with goode ale, "and broughte it before the Kynge, nelyng, Syre, sayde he, "Wassayl, for never the daies of youre lyfe dronke ye of so goode "a cuppe. Begyn, Monke, sayde the Kynge, and the Monke "dronke a gret draughte; so tooke the Kynge the cuppe, and the "Kynge dronke alsoo a gret draughte and lette downe the cuppe. "The Monke anone ryghte went into the farmarye and there dyed "anone, on whose soul God have mercie. The Kynge arose up "anone ful loyl at ease and commanded to remove the table, and "axed after the Monke, and men tolde him that he was deed, for "his wombe was broken in sundre. When the Kynge herde this, "he begun to swelle, for the drinke he had dronke, and win two "daies he dyed, on the morrowe after Saint Luke's day, anno "1216."

From Tewkesbury, the river flows through a rich and verdant country; and, two miles before it reaches Gloucester, divides itself and forms the island of Alney, where, it is said, Canute the Dane and Edmund Ironside, in the year 1016, fought a pitched battle—when neither of them desiring to conclude the contest, they agreed to divide the kingdom. After forming this island, the Severn quickly reaches the city of GLOUCESTER, which, in point of antiquity, may vie with any in the kingdom —It contains five parish churches, besides the Cathedral, which is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The numerous public buildings are all convenient and elegant: the streets handsome, and lighted with gas. A rail-road has been constructed to Cheltenham. Gloucester enjoys every advantage of communication: it has a corporate body, sends two Members to Parliament, and has a population of 11,933. This city, like its sister, Worcester, in former times suffered greatly from conflagrations, civil contests, &c. Peace having long diffused its blessings, they daily rise in opulence and distinction.

The Severn, leaving Gloucester, increases in width and magnitude—deriving aid from various contributary streams and canals. Following the course of the Severn, 18 miles from Gloucester, though only seven in a direct line, is the village of Westbury. Newnham, two miles from that village, was once a town, governed by a Mayor, and sent two Burgesses to Parliament.

The Boar, or Hygre. peculiar to the Severn, is very often destructive in this neighbourhood.—The tide here not unfrequently swells out by degrees, but rolls in with a head sometimes four feet high, foaming and roaring, as if enraged by the opposition of the banks. Sir Robert Atkins accounts for it, from the mouth of the Severn opening to the great Atlantic ocean, which pours in its tide with great violence, and the river becoming narrow, on a sudden it falls into the channel at once.

Frithern Cliff is a hill rising on the left bank of the Severn, near which, tradition states that Fair Rosamond was born, in a house situated on the bank of the river. At one point a little below Frithern, the river suddenly makes a turn, and immediately pursues her course to the ocean. The great width of the Severn at Berkeley Castle astonishes the beholder.—This Castle is one of the most perfect in the kingdom. It was in this fortress the murder of King Edward II. in 1327, was barbarously and cruelly effected.

"The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King."

The country people surrounding Berkley Castle, felt so much for the cruel fate and sufferings of their lawful Sovereign, that one William Aylmer, a neighbonring loyal gentleman, with some friends, attempted to break into Berkeley Castle, but their design failed in the execution, and the sympathizing leader of this little band was taken prisoner. After this attempt, orders were sent from the Queen, and Mortimer, her paramour, that the King should be dispatched, on which account the Earl of Berkeley was superseded as his keeper; and the villains, Gourney and Moutravers, lodged him in a damp turret, on a level with the battlements and leads of the Castle, where he was obliged to stand up to the knees in water, surrounded by carrion, putrid carcases, &c., intended to infect the air and occasion his death; there he uttered many loud complaints, which were heard and commiserated by some workmen and the surrounding neighbourhood. This mode of destruction proving too lingering, it was resolved that the 21st of September should be his last; on the night of that day he had the extraordinary indulgence of a supper, and much apparent kindness,—this was to induce him to sleep soundly, and it had the desired effect. About midnight, Gourney and Montravers, with fifteen others, entered his bed-chamber, where they put him to death in a manner too shocking to be related in these pages.—Thus fell Edward the Second, by the hands of murderous traitors. His head was put into a silver vessel, and the Berkeley family attended his corpse to Gloucester for interment: his son, Edward III. afterwards caused a marble tomb to be erected over his remains.

Berkley was the birth-place of the immortal Jenner.

The Severn and Wye now rapidly approach each other, at Alvington.—The two rivers, in a direct line, are only distant 4 miles. At Tittenham, only a mile and a half, this place is hemmed in by the Severn on one side, and the Wye on the other, forming a narrow promontory, which runs into the broad channel of the Severn, where the streams of the two sisters unite. After the union of these long divided sisters, at the New Passage the Severn, from shore to shore, at high water is three miles. Below this Passage, the expanse of the river greatly and rapidly increases, till, at the southern extremity of King Road, it receives the waters of the Lower Bath, or West Avon, which rises in northern Wiltshire.—Here it would indeed appear like a sea, were not its channel impeded by the Island or Denny. Proceeding onwards, mingling their currents—the Wye, the Severn, and the Avon—they receive the waters of the river Usk, a stream of some consequence, rising on the black mountains above Trecastle, for a short distance separating the counties of Caermarthen and Brecknock; and after passing the towns of Brecknock, Crickhowell, Usk, Caerleon, and Newport, is absorbed in the united flood. Other smaller streams pour in their aquatic stores, particularly the Runny, near Cardiff. Again receiving the flowing aid of the rivers of her native Principality, at Milford Haven, the extreme point of the Bristol channel, the Queen of Rivers swells the current of St. George's channel; and finally embosoms herself, with all her company, in the wide Atlantic ocean.

In observing the course of the Severn on a condensed map, from its rise to its entrance into the Bristol channel at King Road, we perceive it makes a circuit of 220 miles, forming an arch or bow, the extreme bend or crown of which is the city of Worcester, approaching to the centre of the kingdom.

The advantages variously afforded by this magnificent stream are boundless and incalculable.—It is navigable from Pool Quay to Shrewsbury, for vessels of 30 tons burthen; of 40, from thence to Bewdley; 60, from Bewdley to Worcester; 70 to Tewkesbury; 80 to Gloucester; and 110 from thence to the mouth of the river

In seasons of drought the navigation of the Severn is very much impeded. Many have been the plans contemplated for a removal of this difficulty,—locks, weirs, excavations, &c. At this moment there is a company forming, the object of which is to bring sea-borne vessels to Worcester, &c. Many hundred thousand tons of coal are transported from the collieries of Shropshire; iron, lead, and iron manufactures, grain, &c. &c.

It has been conjectured that the vale through which the Severn passes, was once wholly inundated—of which the depth of the soil of many of the meadows on its banks are adduced as proofs. The breadth of this vale seems to widen by degrees throughout its course, except where a few hillocks have been thrown up to straiten it as it draws nearer the broad water. There is another peculiarity observed on this river:—during summer months, near Tewkesbury the fishermen find a species of coal, something of the Culme kind;—it is raised from the bottom of the river by means of an iron hoop with a small net hanging from it, at the end of a pole.—These coals must come from some very distant part, as none of the same kind have been found in the country.

Excellent fish are caught in this river, particularly Salmon, Carp, Lampreys, Trout, Pipe, Shad, Flounders, and others of the smaller kinds: also a peculiar sort of fish called Elvers, supposed to be the young of the Congor Eel.

I again take leave of thee, Magnificent Sabrina. I have journied on thy shores many hundreds of miles.—I have beheld thee an infant, of less dimensions than a span; and I have watched thy growth to a giant's form and ocean greatness. Fare thee well a second time:—I love to reflect on thy numerous beauties and matchless scenes,

"While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the same circle, and is still at home."

# ANNALS OF THE RIVER SEVERN.

ANNO 220, A great frost in England, which continued five months: the Severn would, consequently, be almost a block of ice.

[At that time, the Island was nearly covered with forests, resembling the present state of a great portion of North America: since which period, Britain has experienced no winter of equal severity, though many of extreme length have occasionally happened. For centuries, winters in Britain have gradually become milder. Query.--May not the same happen in North America, as cultivation and population advance?—*Ed.*]

250, Another great frost, when the Severn and the Thames were frozen nine weeks.

605, Also a severe frost, when those rivers were frozen six weeks: in 908, a more severe frost; and again in 937: a still greater in 1066, when the Severn was frozen for fourteen weeks.

1041, The little island of the Severn, called Bevere, two miles from Worcester, was the place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of that city, from the fury of the soldiers and officers of King Hardicanute, the Dane; they having killed his tax gatherers, who were collecting what was then called *Dane gilt*. Here they made a gallant struggle and brave defence, so that the royal generals were compelled to grant an honourable capitulation to the besieged, who, returning to their city, re-built what the Danes had, in revenge, so mercilessly destroyed.

1076, A great frost, from November 3rd to April 10th, when the Severn and all English rivers were a long time frozen; during which period there was a great earthquake felt through the kingdom.

1114, A very severe frost, when the bridges on the Severn and the Thames were broken down by the floating of the ice.

1207, A great frost for fifteen weeks.

1291, King Edward I. came down the river Severn to Worcester.—1301, he brought his Queen with him to that city, and enjoyed, in company with her, the gratification of being rowed to Kemsey, &c.

1296, It appears, by an agreement then made between the Abbot of Shrewsbury and the town, that there were four islands in the river Severn, between the stone Bridge and St. Mary's Water Lane, three of which were, one with another, 200 feet in length, and one of them 64 feet in breadth. The three last mentioned were near the Bridge, and the other at the Monks Garden, near Merrivale.

1484, A most wonderful flood on the Severn, which carried away, all along its banks, men, women, and children: this was called the Duke of Buckingham's flood.*

1571, July 24, an immense quantity of bats floated down the river Avon, at Tewkesbury, into the river Severn, in heaps, for three days, damming up mills, &c. in their course.

1604, December 20, began a frost, continuing until the 18th of February following, in which time the Severn was frozen, so that no vessels could ride on it; causing great distress to the inhabitants of the towns on its banks.

1607, Mardol Quay, Shrewsbury, built by Mr. Rowland Jenks. To him and to his heirs was granted in fee farm for ever, so much ground on the south-east side of the Welsh bridge, viz.—from the postern gate along the town wall towards the bridge, 27 yards; into the womb of Severn, 20 yards; the length along the river side, 44 yards; at the yearly rent of 12d., on condition that he should build the said Quay, pull down one house which stood on the gate, surrender his fee-farm thereof to the Corporation, and never erect again the said house, or any other building, upon the Quay; and to permit all manner of barges, of all persons, to load at the said Quay—taking for every barge load of wood or coal, 12d., for a ton of other goods off a burgess, 2d., and off a foreigner, 4d.

1610, There was a great flood, which spoiled great quantities af hay.

1634, A great frost and snow. When the ice went away, it took down Coleham wall and part of the stone bridge, Shrewsbury, and all the Wears upon the river Severn.

1640, The summer of this year was the wettest ever known.—There were eight floods between Midsummer and Michaelmas. In the vicinity of the river, in many places, the hay was lost or spoiled—the meadows were not half mowed—and the grass rotted on the ground.

1670, Richard Dawson, barge master, brought the first vessel loaded with coals, by water (on the Severn) to Worcester.

1672, December 23, a great flood happened on the Severn, which did much damage in various places within the precincts of its current.

1673, A very great flood: the water came into the chancel of the church of Tewkesbury.

1726, April 30, a sturgeon, 6 feet 5 inches long, and 27 inches round, was caught in the Severn, near Tewkesbury.

Same year, five floods were in the Severn.

1727, Not fewer than twenty floods were in the river, and did great damage.

1739, A great frost began on Christmas Eve, and continued till March: the river Severn was frozen up, and a tent was erected thereon, a sheep roasted, a printing press set to work, &c.

1770, November 18, a very high flood deluged parts of Shrewsbury, Worcester, &c, endangering the lives of many of the inhabitants, and doing considerable damage.

1772, A great flood in the Severn and all the English rivers.

1773, May 27, a portion of ground, called the Birches, comprising upwards of 18 acres, slided from its ancient bed, and choaked up the channel of the river Severn, near Buildwas bridge, where the fury of the current forced its present channel. On this occasion, the Rev. John Fletcher, the pious Vicar of Madeley, preached an admirable sermon, and published his thoughts on the phenomenon.*

1776, After a severe frost, there was a considerable inundation.

1788, August 20, his Majesty, George III. and Queen Charlotte, the Princesses Augusta and Matilda, visited the city of Worcester, on which occasion, a loyal, venerable Salopian, more than 80 years of age, of the name of Peplow, being determined to see his Majesty, took a voyage in his coracle down the Severn, and was introduced to his Sovereign, who graciously received him, presented him with a sum in gold, &c. Peplow attained the age of 97.

1789, Several inundations, and much damage done.

1789, The iron bridge over the Severn erected at Coalbrookdale.

1792, April 19, the Severn, after a great fall of rain, rose 16 feet perpendicular, in 24 hours.

1794, A very severe frost commenced on the 23rd of December, and continued to the 7th of February following: a sudden thaw took place on the 8th, which occasioned a greater inundation on the river than had been known for many years, and did very great damage to roads and bridges.

* In the first year of Richard the Third's reign, there happened such a flood in Gloucestershire, that all the country was overflowed by the Severn; several persons were drowned in their beds, children in cradles swam about the fields, and beasts were drowned even on the hills. The waters did not abate in ten days, which prevented the Duke of Buckingham passing that river into wales, to join the Welshmen who were risen against the King, and occasioned his ruin and death.—*Hollinshead, page* 748.

* Probably an earthquake. In the year 1119, at Oxenhall, in the county of Durham, the earth suddenly rose as high as a mountain, and continued several hours, when it suddenly sunk with a tremendous noise, and left a deep chasm. In the year 1799, a phenomenon, exactly resembling that of the Birches, occurred at Under Cliff, in the Isle of Wight.

1795, February 7, one of the greatest floods ever remembered in the Severn,—on Wednesday the 11th, it was at the highest: to the reflecting beholder the scene was awfully grand,—wrecks of houses, &c. at times, almost covered the surface of the rapid stream; and unfortunately, Mr. Johnson, of the Can office, Shrewsbury, and his man, in a boat, endeavouring to recover a large barrel, were both drowned. This flood exceeded the great flood of November 18, 1770, six inches and a half.

1795, The Severn, from the severity and long continuance of the frost of last winter, was completely frozen over, so that people daily passed and repassed over it in many places, above and below Worcester bridge, and indeed, walked along its centre, from the bridge to near the boat house, particularly on January 23rd, when it became a general promenade, which induced a printer of that city to record this memorable event, by setting up his printing press upon it, and distributing to the populace there assembled (for a small sum each), a paper containing the following notices, and apt quotation, viz.—

"The art of printing was invented by Lawrence John Koster, and brought into England by Caxton and Turner, in the year 1468."

"His hoary frost, His fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound."
"Psalm cxlvii. verses 16, 17."

"Worcester, printed upon the Severn, Jan. 23rd, 1795."

1797, July 17th, on the opening of the tomb of King John, in Worcester Cathedral, a gentleman of the city took a handful of the skeletons or skins of maggots, that were in and about the abdomen of the body, and angled with them in the Severn, and absolutely caught a brace of bleak with them.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

1799, October 23rd, a most melancholy accident occurred near Broseley. The passage boat, in crossing the river, which at this place is very rapid, was unfortunately overturned. The cause of the accident has never yet been satisfactorily explained. There were forty-one persons on board the vessel, who were employed in the china works of Messrs. John Rose and Co.: of these, thirteen only escaped—the remaining twenty-eight were all drowned.

1802, September 12, a sturgeon, 8 feet 6 inches long, 3 feet 4 in girth, and weighing 192lb., was caught in the wear below the Castle, Shrewsbury.

1809, February 7, the suburbs of the town of Shrewsbury were deeply inundated by the rise of the Severn; providentially, no lives were lost. The benevolence of the town was nobly exerted on the occasion, and sums of money, coals, victuals, &c. were distributed to the sufferers.

1811, The most extraordinary inundation we have to record, happened this year, on the night of Monday, May 27th. On the afternoon of that day, a violent storm of hail, thunder and lightning, was widely felt, particularly S. W. of Shrewsbury. The air was sultry, the lightning very vivid, and the thunder is described by persons near Minsterley, to have been similar to the report of many cannon immediately over their heads: near the White Grit, hail-stones, two inches in circumference, lay almost a foot deep. About five o'clock in the afternoon, a cloud burst upon the ridge of hills called the Stiperstones, and a torrent of water, with irresistible force and thundering sound, rushing down the hill side, swept away several cottages belonging to the White Grit miners. Part of the vast body of water took a direction through Habberley, but the greatest quantity pursued its course along the valley through which runs Minsterley brook.

Between five and six o'clock the deluge reached Minsterley, flooding almost every house in the village. Mr. Vaughan, a farmer, was swept away from his fold, and carried several hundred yards through the bridge, where the current threw him upon a pigstye, from whence he climbed to the roof of a house and was saved: his sister was carried a great distance, and left in the branches of a tree. Not a trace was left of his thrashing machine or stabling, but five horses escaped. Thirteen persons were miraculously saved in the Angel public house;—on the first alarm, they ran up stairs, and when the water had reached the second story, they clung to the rafters.—The stabling, with all other contiguous buildings, were swept away. In the stables were seventeen horses, and they swam out. The stables of the Rev. Mr. Williams, and part of the church wall, were both carried away.—The persons who perished in this village were Mr. Heggins, a farmer; Holmes, a labourer; and another person.

The next scene of desolation was Pontesford, where it is enough to mention its ravages only at one spot. At Mr. Heighway's, it burst into the house through the windows, till at length the walls gave way, and Mr. H.'s venerable grandmother, aged 83, with two female servants and a labourer, were hurried into the abyss. Meanwhile, Mr. Heighway's wife and another lady, climbed upon the roof the house, from whence they beheld Mr. H. clinging to a pole, and was lifted by two men upon the bridge about thirty yards distant. Mr. Bennett, an overseer of Pontesbury coal works, and two others, got into a hay-loft, where, deeming themselves secure, they were in the act of petitioning the Almighty to deliver the persons upon the bridge (part of which had just fallen in), when instantly the building was swept away, and the unfortunate men were all lost. At this place the water was at least twenty feet deep.

At Minsterley, the water was from six to eight feet deep in some houses; the house and mill at Plott's Green were carried away.

The torrent, following the course of Meole Brook, reached Coleham, one of the suburbs of Shrewsbury, about half-past ten o'clock at night, with a tremendous roaring noise. The cellars and lower rooms belonging to the Seven Stars public house, and all the houses adjoining, were deluged: the street in front of the Cotton Factory, was inundated to the depth of nearly three feet, by an instantaneous gush. At this time the noise of the current was inconceivably dreadful, and the cries—"Help!—Help!"—"Drowning," &c., contributed to the horror of the sound. The force of this great body of water rushing into the Severn from Meole Brook, actually turned the current of the river Severn, which rose, near the English bridge, four feet perpendicular in less than ten minutes.

The number of lives lost amounted to nine at Pontesford, and three at Minsterley.

In this instance, the benevolence of Salopians was almost unbounded,—the sum of £1,862 was subscribed, leaving £514 14s., over and above the liberal aid afforded to such sufferers as were known to require it, or who applied for relief.

1831, February 10, in consequence of the sudden melting of the snow, the river Severn rose to a most alarming and destructive height. The suburbs of Shrewsbury were deeply inundated, and in low situations, but for very great exertions, many lives must have been lost. In some cottages in Roushill, the water covered the first floor, even to the ceiling. The cellars of many tradesmen were filled, and their property destroyed.—The stables belonging to the Sun and Ball Inn, Castle Foregate, were washed down; and in the new Baptist Chapel, the water covered the tops of the pews. From eight to ten o'clock on the 9th, the river rose very rapidly; and at that time, a bargeman, in a fishing coracle, sailed for a wager over the town walls at Roushill, and under an arch of the Welsh bridge.

Though this was considered a very high flood, according to the evidence of brass plates, affixed to the inside the window jambs in the house of Mrs. Davies, Maltster, in Frankwell—the Severn, in that end of the town, was lower, by 23¾ inches, than in 1672; and 25½ inches lower than the flood of 1770; and 31½ inches than the great flood in 1795. The lowest plate bears the following inscription,—

"This is to let you know
The Severn up to me did flow.
December 21, Anno. 1672."

A second plate, 2 inches above the preceding, records—

"To this line flowed Severn,
Nov. 8, 1770."

On the third plate, 6 inches higher than the second, is inscribed—

"This plate is fixed to let you know
That Severn to this line did flow.
Feb. 11, 1795."

# CASTLES AND MONASTERIES IN SHROPSHIRE,

AS DESCRIBED IN THE APPENDIX TO MY FIRST EDITION OF THE HISTORY OF SHROPSHIRE, OR NOTICED IN THE FOREGOING PAGES, WITH VARIOUS ORIGINAL ADDITIONS.

## *CASTLES.*

ACTON BURNELL CASTLE.—The lordship belonging to the Burnells, a very honourable family in this county, was so called, because they had their seat here, and to distinguish it from another Acton in this county, called Acton Pigot. Sir Robert Burnell lived in the Conqueror's reign, and his posterity long flourished here. This place is famous for a Parliament held here in the 11th year of Edward I., and for a Statute then enacted.

ALBERBURY CASTLE, the property of Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart.—Ruins are still standing.

BISHOP'S CASTLE. anciently belonging to the Bishops of Hereford—hence its name. The site is still very apparent: foundations and portions of walls have been discovered. Mr. Griffiths, Bookseller and Printer, has had engraved, from an old painting, a small view, as it is said, of the ancient edifice.

BLACK PARK CASTLE, near Whitchurch. The site of the Castle is pointed out; but no vestige remains.

BRAMCROFT CASTLE, ten miles from Ludlow.—Some vestiges remain.

BRIDGNORTH CASTLE.—This Castle stands on the south end of a lofty rock, which forms the Upper Town. When or by whom built, is not certain. It is mentioned as early as the 3rd of Henry I., anno 1102; when, according to Stowe and others, both that, and the town, were strengthened by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, eldest son of Roger de Montgomery, and held against the King, who, after a short resistance, made himself master of it, and permitted Belesme to retire to Normandy, but seized his estates here.

This Town and Castle being thus in the possession of the crown, it continued there for some time. But in the reign of Henry II., anno. 1165, was held by Hugh de Mortimer, against that monarch, who besieging it in person, gave occasion to one of the most romantic acts of loyalty ever recorded:—Hubert de St. Clare, constable of Colchester Castle, seeing one of the enemy taking aim at his Sovereign, stepped before him and received the arrow in his own breast, thereby saving the King's life, at the expence of his own. He died, justly lamented by his royal master, who took his only daughter into his immediate protection, and when of a proper age, provided very advantageously for her in marriage.

In the last civil wars, a garrison being placed here by the King, who marched here from Shrewsbury to meet the Parliament army, an engagement happened near St. Leonard's church, wherein the royalists were defeated, the castle totally demolished, and the collegiate church so injured, that it was taken down and rebuilt.

At present there is nothing left standing, but what seems to have been a part of the tower, which, by undermining, was made to incline so much, that it appears to threaten destruction to such as approach it. It makes nearly an angle of 73 degrees with the horizon, or 17 from the perpendicular.

BROCARD'S CASTLE, near Church Stretton.—Intrenchments remain.

BROW CASTLE stood near Cause Castle, in the township of Newton: it was surrounded by a deep moat; and was given by Peter Lord Corbet to Sir Robert Corbet, Knight, the son of Robert Corbet his uncle, for his valour and service in war.

CAINHAM CASTLE, three miles from Ludlow, is described by Leland "to be clene down in his day." Two fields are still called the Castle fields.

CAUSE CASTLE, near Westbury.—Caus, or Caos, was one of those twenty-four lordships, which Roger de Corbet held of Roger de Montgomery, and which Robert his brother, who held divers other lordships in this county of the same Earl, inherited after his brother Roger's death. He left his whole estate to his son Robert, who, 1st of John, obtained that King's charter for a market every week, upon Wednesdays, at this his manor of Caus, where he had a Castle; but because his son Thomas took part with the rebellious barons at the latter end of King John's reign, it was seized into the King's hands, as it remained all the rest of that reign. But when King Henry III. came to the crown, Thomas having made his peace, and doing his homage, had restitution of the Castle; but dying soon after, left it to his son and heir, Thomas.

CHARLTON CASTLE, in the parish of Wrockwardine, anciently the manor house of the Lords of Powis. John de Charlton, in the 10th of Edward II. embattled it. Some fragments or ruins remain. It is the property of the Duke of Cleveland.

CHIRBURY CASTLE was erected by Queen Ethelfleda, in the 10th century.—No vestige remains: its site is still pointed out by the inhabitants of the village.

CLEOBURY MORTIMER CASTLE, was built by Hugh, son of Roger de Montgomery. Henry II. demolished it.—It was rebuilt, and fragments remained within 80 years.

CORSHAM CASTLE, in the parish of Diddlebury, was given by Henry II. to Walter, Lord Clifford.—The site is said to be discernible.

CLUN CASTLE.—William Fitz-alan being in possession of the manor of Clun, built a Castle on it, called Clun Castle, which probably took its name from the town, and not from the river, as Mr. Cambden thinks; for the town was built long before the castle. He inhabited the castle; for we observe, that after his death, Guy L'Estrange, then Sheriff of Shropshire, accounted to the King for the profits of his land, and for money paid in wages to the servants of his castle of Clun.

Near Clun is a hill called Caer Caradock, on which are the remains of an ancient fortification, supposed to have been raised by the British Prince, Caractacus, about the year 53.

There are the remains of some other camps in the neighbourhood, which plainly appear to have been Roman works, and doubtless were thrown up by Ostorius; from which we are led to believe, these ambitious adventurers did not find Britain so easy a conquest, as Tacitus, Suetonius, and some other writers would make us believe; but some allowance must be made for that flattery, which the learned at all times are ready to bestow on the great.

DELALEY CASTLE,—of which Cambden informs us, it was situate near the Watling Street, that "reliques" remained in his day, and were not far from *Oken-gate* (now the *Oaken-gate.*)

ELLESMERE CASTLE.—This Castle stood on an artificial mount on a rising ground: at present no vestige of it is to be seen, the top of the mount being formed into a bowling-green, from whence is an extensive prospect.

Oliver de Ingham, who was a person of great note in his time, for many special services, was made Governor of the castle here by King Edward, in the year 1320. We observe nothing more in

this place, till we find Thomas Egerton, the great lawyer, created Baron Ellesmere. He was the natural son of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley in Cheshire, Knt.; and having studied the law in Lincoln's Inn, became so famous for his knowledge therein, that Queen Elizabeth, in the 23rd year of her reign, made him her Solicitor General; and afterwards, in her 34th year, raised him to be her Attorney General, from which advancements he was soon after, for his merits, promoted by the same Queen to the Mastership of the Rolls, and the office of Keeper of the Great Seal, which he held till that Queen's death. King James I. found him in that office, and was so highly pleased with his gravity (for he was hardly ever seen so much as to smile), and wise management of his place, that in the 1st year of his reign, he raised him to the degree of a Baron of this realm, by the title of Lord Ellesmere; and then, or soon after, made him Lord High Chancellor of England; and fourteen years after, he was further dignified with the honour of Viscount Brackley, which he enjoyed but two years, and then died at York House in the Strand, anno 1617, 15th of James I., etat 70.

HODNET CASTLE, built by Odo de Hodnet, who came over with the Conqueror, or his descendants. No fragments remain, but the site is discernible.

HOLDGATE CASTLE, in the reign of King John, belonged to Thomas Beauclerk; afterwards, the Burnells, Handlows, and Lord Lovel, had it. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was given to the Duke of Norfolk.

KNOCKIN CASTLE.—Knockin, or Cnuckin, in the hundred of Oswestry, the lordship of the family of the L'Estrange, or Extranei, who built the town, and fixed their seat there, taking from it the name of L'Estrange, of Knockin. The title of the Stranges of Knockin is yet kept up in the Derby family, the eldest son being called Lord Strange. Of this family, in the 17th century, Hamon L'Estrange, and Sir Roger L'Estrange, were accounted men of wit, and much engaged in the political controversies of their times.

LLANYMYNECH CASTLE.—No vestige remains.

LUDLOW CASTLE was built by Roger de Montgomery, soon after the Conquest, all the country hereabouts having been given him by the Conqueror. Its walls by some are said to have formerly been a mile in compass; but Leland, in this measure, includes those of the town.

It was in repair in the reign of Charles I., and inhabited anno 1634, by the Earl of Bridgwater, at that time Lord President; when Milton's Masque of Comus was represented, the principal parts being performed by his lordship's son and daughter,—in which Masque the Castle was represented in one of the scenes.

During the civil war of that reign, Ludlow was, for a while, kept as a garrison for the king; but on the 9th of June, 1646, was delivered up to the Parliament.

A very just and accurate account of this Castle is given in the Tour through Great Britain, in these words.—"The Castle of Ludlow shews plainly, in its decay, what it was once in its flourishing estate. It is the palace of the Prince of Wales, in right of his Principality. Its situation is indeed most beautiful: there is a most spacious plain, or lawn, in its front, which formerly continued near two miles, but much of it is now enclosed: the country round it is exceeding pleasant, fertile, and populous, and the soil rich; nothing can be added to it by nature to make it a place fit for a Royal Palace. It is built in the north west angle of the town, upon a rock, commanding a delightful prospect northward, and on the west is shaded by a hill, and washed by the river. The battlements are of great height and thickness, with towers at convenient distances; the half which is within the walls of the town, is secured with a deep ditch; the other is founded on a solid rock. A chapel here has abundance of coats of arms on the pannels, as has the hall, together with lances, spears, firelocks, and old armour.

"This noble Castle is in the very perfection of decay.—All the fine courts, the royal apartments, halls, and rooms of state, lie open and abandoned, and some of them falling down; for since the Courts of the Presidents of the Marches are taken away, here is nothing that requires the attendance of any public persons—so that time, the great devourer of the works of men, begins to eat into the stone walls, and spread the face of ruin upon the whole fabric. Over several of the stable doors are the arms of Queen Elizabeth, the Earls of Pembroke, &c. The sword of state, carried before the Prince of Wales, was remaining there till very lately.

"The town of Ludlow was called by the Welsh, Dinian and Lhystwasoe, *i. e.* the Prince's Palace, probably from the Castle.—It stands at the confluence of the Teme and Corve, and had a wall and towers, seven gates, and a handsome church, with curious painted glass; it is a Corporation, governed by Bailiffs and Burgesses, sends two members to Parliament, and has a market on Monday. Its chief note was from its being the place where the Court for the Marches of Wales was kept, first instituted by Henry VIII., for the convenience of the Welsh and neighbouring inhabitants It consisted of a Lord President, several counsellers, a secretary, an attorney, solicitor, and four justices of the counties of Wales, and was held in the Castle; but this Court becoming a great grievance to the subject, was dissolved by an Act of Parliament, passed in the first year of King William and Queen Mary."

LYDBURY CASTLE, said to have belonged to the Bishops of Hereford.—No traces remain.

MEOLE BRACE CASTLE, near Shrewsbury, was once in the possession of the ancestors of Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., and was a place of consideration in the reign of Henry VII.

MIDDLE CASTLE.—Cambden says, Lord Strange built Knockin Castle, and it is not improbable that he built this,—it being, alternately with Knockin, the place of his residence. The stone of which the castle was built, was got on the end of Harmer Heath nearest to Middle. A tower and some part of the walls of this castle now remain (1838.) It was built four square, within a square moat, and had a square court inside. There was a piece of ground, near half an acre, on the east side of the castle, which piece was moated round; the entrance to this piece was through a gate-house which stood near the north-east corner of the castle moat. In the gate-house were four chambers. Adjoining this gate-house was a slaughter-house for the use of the castle, and near it a draw bridge over the castle moat. The passage from the end of the bridge went into the middle of the castle court, on the south side of which was a large room, supposed to have been used as a kitchen, having a large chimney in it, and other conveniences necessary; on the same side was the parlour, and opposite the passage a large hall. The castle was only two stories high, with a flat roof; part of it fell down by an earthquake in the year 1688.

After the death of Lord Strange, who resided part of the year in this castle, it descended to the Derby family, when a Constable or Keeper was appointed; the first mentioned is William Dod, and after him Sir Roger Kynaston of Hordley, was by commission appointed Keeper of Middle and Knockin Castles. Upon the decease of Sir Roger, his son Humphrey, (who for his dissolute and riotous living was called Wild Humphrey) was tenant here: he had two wives, contracted many debts, and being for divers reasons outlawed, he left Middle Castle, which he had suffered to go ruinous and out of repair, and went and sheltered himself in a cave, near Nesscliff, which is to this day called Kynaston's Cave. During Kynaston's residence here, several attempts were made to take him, without success: one time, when he was got over Montford's Bridge, on the side next Shrewsbury, and must return to his cave over that bridge, the Under-Sheriff came with a considerable company of men, and the bridge being then composed of stone pillars, and planks laid from pillar to pillar, they took up several planks, left such an open as they thought no horse could leap over, and laid themselves in ambush for his return. When Humphrey came, and was about to enter the bridge, they rose up to apprehend him, which he perceiving, put spurs to his horse, and riding full speed, leapt over the space, and escaped. The measure of this leap was afterwards marked out upon a green plat on Knockin Heath, in the road between Knockin and Nescliffe, with an H. and K. cut in the ground at the end of the leap. The letters were about an ell long, and were usually repaired yearly, by Mr. Kynaston of Ryton, but are not now to be found.—After this Humphrey's time, Middle Castle was never inhabited, but went to ruin.

Mr. Gough, in his manuscript account of Middle and its neighbourhood (without date), mentions the following affair, which happened in Knockin:—One Thomas Elkes, being guardian to his

eldest brother's child, who was young, and stood in his way to a considerable estate,—to remove the child, he hired a poor boy to entice him into a corn field to get flowers. Elkes met the two children in the field, sent the poor boy home, took his nephew in his arms to the further end of the field, where he had placed a tub of water, into which putting the child's head, left it there. The child being missed, and enquiry made after him, the poor boy told how he was hired, and where he had left him, where, upon search, he was found dead. Elkes fled, and took the road to London: the neighbours sent two horsemen in pursuit, who, riding along the road near South Mims, in Hertfordshire, saw two ravens sitting on a cock of hay, making an unusual noise, and pulling the hay about with their beaks, upon which they alighted, and found Elkes asleep under the hay. He confessed that these two ravens had followed him from the time he did the fact. He was brought to Shrewsbury, tried, condemned, and hung in chains on Knockin Heath.

MORETON-CORBET CASTLE, near Shrewsbury.—The remains shew that this has been a magnificent building: it is situate upon a plain,—the outside walls are for the most part standing, but the roof is fallen in. Several dates are upon different parts of the building, but the time of its erection uncertain: the windows are large, and unlike those in most castles, and prove it a modern structure. A garrison was here in 1644, when a part of them were drawn out against Shrewsbury, together with a part of the garrisons of Wem and Stoke; this and Nantwich being at that time Parliament garrisons: Oswestry, High Ercal, Shrawardine, and Shrewsbury, being garrisoned for the King. Great care has been taken to prevent the ruins from going to further decay, by the present proprietor, Sir A. V. Corbet, Bart.

When King Charles I. came to Shrewsbury, in the year 1642, one William Prees, alias Scoggan, a serjeant in the trained bands, enlisted as a soldier in the King's service, and after some time, was promoted to be a serjeant. Being some time afterwards taken prisoner by the Parliament's forces, he was brought to Wem and imprisoned there. The first night of his confinement he broke the prison, and the next night came to Shrewsbury. At that time the soldiers from Wem garrison greatly distressed the country thereabout, and frequently came in parties almost to the walls of Shrewsbury. To prevent their insolence, the Governor of Shrewsbury placed a garrison at Albright Hussey, near Battlefield, and made Scoggan the Governor of it. A party of horse, in the interest of Parliament, came one Sunday afternoon, and sat down before this small garrison. Scoggan at that time had only eight men in the house with him, but in order to intimidate the horsemen, he placed himself near a window in an upper room, and cried aloud that they might hear, "Let ten go to such a place, ten to such a place, and twenty come along with me, and we'll drive the rascals." Upon which he came to the window, and with a fowling piece shot one Philip Bunny, a Taylor, of Hadnall, who was with the enemy: the shot went through his leg and killed his horse.—The Parliament's soldiers being frightened, took up Bunny and retreated. This garrison was soon after recalled, at the request of Pelham Corbet, Esq.—he being apprehensive the Parliament's soldiers would return and destroy his buildings. Scoggan continued in the King's service, till his Majesty was apprehended and beheaded, January 30, 1649, when he married, and settled at Whixall near Wem, and there died.

OSWESTRY CASTLE.—This castle is built on an artificial mount (as it should seem), with a deep ditch extending to the Beatrice Gate on the one side, and Willow Gate on the other Anno 1148, or 13th Stephen, Madoc, Prince of Powis, son of Meredith ap Bleddyn, built this castle, according to Caradoc of Lancarvan; but the English records shew that the Fitz Alans had then possession of the place.

Upon the death of John Fitz, Lord Allan, 24th Henry III. John Le Strange had a grant of the custody of the lands of John Fitz Allan, his son, then in his minority, with an allowance of 300 marks per annum, for guarding Blancminster, Strawarthin, and Clun. John de Oxinden, 1st Edward I., had the custody of the Castle of Blancminster, upon the death of John, Earl of Arundel. 2nd Edward I., Hogo de Knovil was Sheriff of the county and of the Castle of Blancminster. 6th Edward I., the King granted a murage for the space of six years, for the walling of the town of Oswaldstrey, the Burgesses of Salop being exempted from the said toll.

PULVERBATCH CASTLE, eight miles from Shrewsbury.—No ruins, but the site is very evident. William de Cantalupe was Governor in the reign of King John.

QUATFORD CASTLE, erected by Queen Ethelfleda in the year 912.—No vestige remains.

RED CASTLE, near Wem and Prees, and in the parish of Hodnet, was anciently a fortress of considerable strength and celebrity. In my Shropshire History, I must confess, less notice has been taken of that venerated ruin, than its eminence and importance justly demanded. I will now attempt to supply the deficiency,—aided by every authority I have met with, especially a small work entitled "The Antiquities of Hawkstone."

The present vestiges of the former consideration of Red Castle, are one lofty tower; the donjon or keep is still standing, five stories of which remain, majestic in ruins.

These ruins stand upon a commanding eminence, within the inclosed grounds of Hawkstone Park.

The highest division of the Castle is approached by steps, cut out of the rock. Traces of a wall, 102 yards in circumference, appear: within the wall are the foundations of two cells. Various proofs remain to shew it was once a fortress of dignity and strength.

The Giant's Well, so called, an appendage to the Castle; but whether ever a well, or if only a place of strength and security, at this time is not exactly known. It is in the form of a tower, and presents a ruin of great interest. Mr. Graham, architect, ascertained the depth of the well, from the top of the tower, to be 206 feet; and from the floor of the entrance passage, 105 feet: diameter of the well at the entrance, 10 feet—increasing to 14 or 15 feet in the upper part of the building.

By the side of this well or tower, some years ago, a coffin enclosing human bones was discovered, with the iron head of an arrow—probably the very instrument of the death of the individual whose mortal remains were there deposited.

Leland, who visited Shrewsbury about the year 1539, speaks of Red Castle as being in ruins; so does Cambden, probably from Leland. Cambden's editor, Gibson, quotes Hollinshead as saying —"which (ruins) still make a fair show."

Prior to the Parliamentary wars, the Red Castle must have been partly rebuilt, or rendered a place of some security; as we are informed that Rowland Hill, of Hawkstone, Esq., a pious and zealous Royalist, was imprisoned in it, while the rebels pillaged and ransacked it. The Castle was soon after demolished.

This Castle, it is said, was called by the Normans Castle Rous, though some suppose it to have been built by the first Lord Audley, in the 16th of Henry III.

In the 9th of Richard II., James Lord Audley died, seized of the town and lordships of Newport, Ford, and Marchamley, with the Castle called Red Castle.

In 1322, John de Felton was Governor of Red Castle, by appointment of Edward II. Red Castle and its domain passed from the Audleys to the De Spensers, thence to the Hauckstons (Hawkstone),—passing on to the middle of last century, when it became the property of the ancestors of the present excellent and worthy Baronet in possession and enjoyment, Sir Rowland Hill.

Coins, of the reigns of the Henrys, have been discovered in the ruins of the Castle. Three mounts may be seen in the vicinity of Red Castle, probably outposts; one at Marchamly, surrounded by a ditch; another at the village of Lee, where a sword was discovered. The *Kill* Yard, a fortified spot, was very probably the scene of some desperate conflict. The lover of romance will be delighted with the traditionary story of the Knights Tarquin and Tarquinas, the Giant Caradoc, the Knight Sir Gawaine, &c., connected with the Red Castle and Bury Ditches. Cambden observes—"Scarce a mile distant from Red Castle, is the spot where a small city once stood, called Bury, from Burgh, by the people of the neighbourhood. They affirm this city to have been famous in King Arthur's day."

Roman antiquities have often here been dug or ploughed up;—in 1821, in the garden of Bury farm, an ancient spur, said to be Roman, was found: it is now at Hawkstone.

ROWTON CASTLE.—The ancient edifice was built by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales; rebuilt, and captured by the Parliament forces: now an elegant mansion, the seat of H. Lyster, Esq.

RUYTON CASTLE, ten miles from Shrewsbury.—Some ves-

tiges still remain. It anciently belonged to the Lords Strange.—John Edwards, Esq. is now Lord of the Manor.

SHRAWARDINE CASTLE, about six miles from Shrewsbury.—Slight ruins remain. It was dismantled by the command of Oliver Cromwell. Now the property of the Earl of Powis.

SHREWSBURY CASTLE, on the site of an ancient British fortress; was enlarged and then rebuilt by Roger de Montgomery. Some portions of the edifice, and the ancient gateway, amidst its modern erections, are still discoverable. It is the residence of J. C. Pelham, Esq., and property of the Duke of Cleveland.

STOKE CASTLE, seven miles from Ludlow, is, at this day, a very handsome ruin.—The property of the Earl of Craven.

TONG CASTLE.—Before the Conquest, we find that this castle belonged to Morkar, Earl of Northumberland, in the reign of Edward the Confessor; but after the Conquest, we may reasonably suppose it was given to Hugh de Montgomery, who had the greatest part of this county.

The present building is a magnificent structure, built on the ruins of the above-mentioned castle; it was long the residence of the noble Veres, Earls of Oxford; and afterwards came into the possession of the Duke of Kingston.

TOOT CASTLE, near Cleobury Mortimer.—A gateway was standing, and fragments of walls, within 50 years.

WATLESBURG CASTLE.—The name, at first view, directs us to Watling Street, to which famous road it joins: but a query may be made, whether the denomination of the place might not as well be derived from some garrison of the Vandals who came into Britain by the orders of the Emperor Probus. In Domesday it is called Wetesburg, and being part of the possessions of Roger Corbet, it was afterwards given to a younger son of the house of Caus. 56th Henry III., Roger Corbet de Watlesburg had a grant of a market on a Tuesday, at his manor of Watlesburg, and to hold a fair on the eve, day, and day after, the feast of St. James the Apostle.

WEM CASTLE.—We have no particulars of its erection: probably destroyed by the Earl of Salisbury in 1459. Query.—Was it not the Delaley Castle of Cambden?

WHITCHURCH CASTLE.—By whom first erected we are not certain, most probably by the Le Stranges. Some remains were in existence about the year 1760.

Speed enumerates thirty-two Castles in the county of Salop, mentioning Shipton, Newcastle, and Lancmust, relative to which I have not hitherto met with any particulars deserving of record. The list I have collected contains forty, independently of those three.—It is very probable that several denominated Castles may have been of little consequence or strength—some merely embattled and moated manor houses, of which there were such numbers at one period, that they were considered nuisances to the government. In the reign of King Stephen, no fewer than 1112 were built or embattled, and afterwards ordered to be stript of their fortifications, and dismantled.

---

## *MONASTERIES.*

ALBERBURY PRIORY, for Monks of the Order of St. Benedict, founded by Guarine de Meez, one of the Chief Counsellors of Roger de Montgomery, and having been endowed by him and his successors, was given by Fulde Fitz Warine, to the Monks of Grandmont, in Normandy, with divers lands, and so it became a cell to that Abbey.

BATTLEFIELD CHURCH.—A Collegiate Church of secular Canons, three miles north of Shrewsbury. "King Henry IV., in the 4th year of his reign, 1403, gave and granted to Roger Yoe, of Leaton, Rector of the chapel of St. John Baptist at Adbrighton Husee, in the county of Salop, a piece of ground with all the buildings in it, within the lordship of Adbrighton Husee, near Shrewsbury, in the field called Battlefield, where a battle had lately been fought between the said King, and Henry Piercy, whose adherents he calls rebels; which piece of ground was ditched in, and contained in length and breadth two acres of land, together with two inlets and outlets along the lands of Richard Husee, one twenty feet wide, and the other fifteen feet wide."

BRIDGNORTH CONVENT and other RELIGIOUS HOUSES. There was, adjoining to the church-yard of St. Leonard's (which was a Chantry), a large edifice, called a COLLEGE, supposed to be an habitation for such Priests and Monks as were to pray for departed souls, by performing the Popish Obits and Dirges, &c. It was destroyed by fire when the town was burat, together with the church of St. Leonard.

Upon the west bank of the river Severn, in a rich soil, is an old building, called the FRIARS, being, in the times of Popery, a Convent of Franciscans, or Minor Friars, and was doubtless much larger than now it appears, there being some plain marks of its ancient magnificence yet visible; for in the court or yard thereof are vaults under ground, which run parallel to the house for some space, and extend themselves several ways, but how far in some places, is not known. The end of one of these subterraneous passages was discovered in 1720.—It resembled the hearth of a chimney, with seats on each side of it, without any appearance of a funnel: in it were found jars, and other earthen vessels. The height of this cavity was such, that a man of an ordinary stature might walk in it almost upright. It was walled on both sides, and arched with stone on the top, and paved at the bottom. What was the intent, design, and use of them, is not yet discovered.

There was also here another Religious House, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, situate in the Middle Street, in the High Town: and another, dedicated to St John Baptist, standing in the Lower Town, in the Street that is still denominated from it. A stately new house was erected in the place where the Monastery stood, and yet bears the title of St. John's.

There is also another ancient structure at the south end of the Lower Town, called St. James's, because it was dedicated to that Saint. It is said, that before the Act of Dissolution, this house was a Lazaret, or Hospital for Lepers.

An Hospital, of which it was found by inquisition, taken the 14th Edward IV., that Randulfe le Strange founded and endowed it in honour of the Blessed Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and St. John Baptist. Ankaret, the daughter and heir of John le Strange, of Blackmere, marrying to Richard Lord Talbot, brought the patronage of this Hospital into that family; and John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, being lineally descended from the family of the Le Stranges, was a considerable benefactor to it. It was at the same time further found, that the name of the Custos of this Hospital had been in process of time changed into that of Prior. At the Dissolution, it was valued at £4 per Ann. *Dug. Speed.*

BROMFIELD MONASTERY.—Of the Benedictine Order, of which we find, that anno. 1155, the Canons of it, by the authority, and with the concurrence of Theobold, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave their church to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester; and that King Henry II. much about the same time, confirmed all the estates belonging to it (under the title of the Church of St. Mary, of Bromfield), to the Priors and Monks there serving God, to hold of him and his heirs in perpetual alms. King Henry III. made the like confirmation to it. The revenues, at the suppression, were valued at £87 7*s.* 4*d.* per Annum.—*Speed ex Lel.*

BILDEWAS ABBEY, or Buldewas Abbey, lies about two miles south-east of the foot of the Wrekin, and close to the river Severn. This abbey was founded in the year 1135, by Roger, Bishop of Chester (which Tanner says was the same with that now called Litchfield and Coventry) for monks of the order of Savigny, united afterwards to the Cistercians. It was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Chad. The foundation was confirmed by King Stephen, in the year 1139.

About the time of the suppression, here were twelve Monks, who were endowed with £110 19*s.* 3*d.* per annum, according to Dugdale; but Speed estimates the value at £129 6*s.* 10*d.* The

scite, with all the lands belonging to this Monastery in Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire, were granted to Lord Powis, in the 29th year of the reign of Henry VIII.

Great part of the walls of the church are now standing, which shew it was once a magnificent building: the arches of the aisles are supported by columns of a remarkable thickness.

CHIRBURY PRIORY.—This Priory was of the order of St. Bennet, and founded in King John's time, but when is uncertain. 11th Henry III. the church of Chirbury was given to the Prior, with the lands all along the road side, *usque Mescbroc*. By a composition entered into between Philip, Prior of this house, the Parson of Montgomery, and the Parson of Chirbury, the right of burials and christenings was reserved to the church of Chirbury.

13th Elizabeth, the rectory and parsonage of Chirbury to the late Priory belonging, was given to augment the income of the grammar school of Shrewsbury, where it remains at present.

HALES-OWEN ABBEY.—Hales, or Hales-Owen, a Monastery of the order of Præmonstratenses, was founded after this manner.—The manor and advowson of the church of Hales, was given by King John, 1215, to Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, for the erecting of a religious house upon it, which was accordingly performed by the Bishop, and the manor settled upon it. King Henry III. confirmed the whole; and Roger, Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield, in the year 1248, appropriated the church of Walesbale to this abbey, after the death of one Vincent, then Rector of that church, saving out of the same a vicarage of thirteen marks, to be assigned to a vicar, with all obventions.

Sir Hugh Burnell, Governor of the Castle of Bridgnorth, and one of the favourites of King Richard II., by his testament, dated October 2, 1417, 5th of Henry V., bequeathed his body to be buried in the choir of this Abbey of Hales, under a fair tomb of alabaster, (which he had before prepared) near the body of Joyce his wife, appointing his funeral to be honourably solemnized, his debts paid, his servants rewarded, &c. This Monastery, at the dissolution, was valued at £280 13*s.* 2½*d.* per ann., Dugdale; £337 15*s.* 6½*d.* per ann., Speed ex Leland.

HAGHMON ABBEY, near Shrewsbury, a Monastery of the order of St. Augustine, was founded in the year 1100, being the last of King William Rufus, by William Fitz Allen, as appears by Bulls of Pope Alexander III., and he conferred on it the land on which it stood, with all its appurtenances.

Leland says, "there was an hermitage and a chapel on this spot, before the Abbey was built. William Fitz Allen and his wife, with Robert Fitz Allen, and others, are there buried, also Richard Fitz Allen, a child, who fell out of his nurse's arms from the battlements of Shrawardine Castle."

Its yearly revenues, at the dissolution, were £259 13*s.* 7½*d.* as per Dugdale; £294 12*s.* 9*d.* as per Speed. This abbey is registered as in the custody of one William Barker, in the year 1653, who with his family (it is said) are buried under an old tomb stone in the vestry of St. Mary's church, Shrewsbury. The ruins are fine and picturesque.

LILLESHULL ABBEY.—Lilleshele was held by Godebaldus Presbyter of the church of St. Alkmond, in Shrewsbury. Philip de Beumeys, gave all that tract of land between Watling Street and Merdiche, to build a religious house in honour of the Virgin Mary, and for the use of the Canons Regular of St. Peter, of Dorchester, who were afterwards styled the Regular Canons of Doninton. 14th Edward III. Roger de Norborough, Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield, granted to these Canons the appropriation of the church of Farnborough, which was purchased of Sir William Shareshull, Knt. 13th Richard 2nd, the Abbot had a grant of a view of frankpledge, in Lilleshull and Mockleston. 16th Richard II. John Knode, a benefactor. 11th Edward IV. the Hospital of St. John, at Bridgnorth, was put under the direction of this Abbot. 35th Henry VIII. the King granted to James Leveson the manor of Lilleshull. Lady Katharine Leveson left rent of £120 per ann. issuing out of Foxley, for the maintenance of twelve poor widows, whereof three were to be chosen by the Minister, Churchwarden, and Overseers of the poor of Lilleshull.

The revenues of this Abbey, at the dissolution, were valued at £229 3*s.* per annum. This house lying near the Chester road, the Abbots sometime were known to complain that their income was too scanty for the entertainment of the passengers that troubled that road.

LUDLOW PRIORY, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, founded by Sir Lawrence Ludlow, Knt. anno. 1349, 24th Edward III.; and another of Augustine Friars, dedicated to St. Augustine, to which Edmund de Pontibus or Bridgman, was a benefactor; but we have no other account of them, nor any other Religious Houses in this town, except an Hospital, dedicated to St. John Baptist, situate near the bridge, founded by Peter Undergod, and by him endowed with divers lands, &c. for the maintenance of certain religious brethren, and for the sustenance of poor and infirm people. He also granted to the brothers, that after his decease, they might freely choose one of themselves to be their Master or Custos; and as often as occasion should be, the Master or Custos to admit the brothers, and both of them the poor, &c.; which lands, &c. so given as is above said, were confirmed by Walter de Lacy, the chief Lord of the Fee, and by King Henry III. Reg. 5. This Hospital, at the dissolution, was valued at £17 3*s.* 3*d.* per annum.—*Dugd. Speed ex Lel.*

NEWPORT COLLEGE, erected by Thomas Draper in that town, after this manner:—King Henry VI. in the 20th year of his reign, licensed the said Thomas Draper to purchase and receive from the Abbot and Convent of St. Peter at Shrewsbury, the parish church of Newport, and therein to found and erect a College for one Custos, a Priest, and four Chaplains, whom, by the name of the Custos and Chaplains of St. Mary College of Newport, be incorporated, with a licence to endow the same with lands, &c. of the value of ten pounds per annum, and appropriate the parish church to the same, provided that the Custos for the time being, take upon him the cure of souls, and minister all and singular the sacraments to the parishioners, &c.

TONG COLLEGIATE CHURCH, thus founded:—King Henry IV. Reg. 12, for the sum of forty pounds paid into the Hanaper, granted his license to Isabel, the widow of Fulke de Penbrugge, Chevalier, and others, to purchase of the Abbot and Convent of the Abbey of Shrewsbury, the Advowson of the church of St. Bartholomew at Tongue, and to erect and change the same into a College of five Chaplains, of which one should be the Custos; and to endow the same with lands and churches, for the maintenance of the said Custos and Chaplains, and thirteen poor people, more or less, whom he incorporated, &c.; settling the patronage of the said College on Richard de Penbrugge, in special tail, with divers remainders over. The revenues, at the dissolution, were valued at £29 8*s.* 1*d.* per annum. *Dugd. Speed ex Lel.*

WENLOCK MONASTERY.—This Monastery took its denomination from the town of Wenlock, near which it stands, and which is situate about twelve miles south-east of Shrewsbury, and gives name to the hundred.

This House was, as it is said, founded about the year 680, by Milburga, daughter of King Merwald, and niece to Wolphere, King of Mercia; she presided as Abbess over it, and at her death was buried here. According to Matthew of Westminster, her grave was long after discovered by accident, when many miracles were performed. This Monastery was destroyed by the Danes, but restored by Leofrick, Earl of Chester, in the time of Edward the Confessor; but again falling to decay, and being forsaken, it was, in the 14th of William the Conqueror, rebuilt, and endowed by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel, Chichester, and Shrewsbury, a person of vast possessions in these parts.—So says William of Malmsbury; but both Brompton and Leland attribute its restoration to Warine, Earl of Shrewsbury.

About a century ago, a considerable part of the ruins were taken down by an agent of the manor, to rebuild some houses, of which he had a lease; but Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. put a stop to any further demolition. Part of the walls that encompassed the Monastery, and part of the gateway, remain. Here are neither any remarkable monuments, nor inscriptions, neither have any such been digged up; although it is said, (I think by Leland) that the body of King Merwald was found in a wall of the church.

This Monastery and manor, soon after the dissolution, came into the possession of Thomas Lawley, Esq., who lived in the house: by a marriage with a Lawley, it devolved to Robert Bertie, Esq. of the Aucaster family; and from him it passed into the family of Gage. Sir John Wynne, of Wynnstay, in the county of Denbigh, bought it off Lord Viscount Gage, and devised it, with his other estates, to his kinsman, the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., whose descendant, of the same name, is the present proprietor.

## *List of the principal Seats* of the Nobility and Gentry in the County of Salop.*

| *Name of Seat.* | *Owner or Resident.* | *Where Situate.* |
|---|---|---|
| ACTON BURNELL, .. .. | Sir E. J. Smythe, Bart. .. .. | 8 m. N. E. Shrewsbury. |
| ADDERLEY HALL, .. .. | Richard Corbet, Esq. .. .. | 4 — N. W. Drayton. |
| ALDENHAM HALL, .. .. | Sir J. E. E. D. Acton, Bart. (a Minor) | 4 — N. W. Bridgnorth. |
| ACTON REYNALD, .. .. | Sir A. V. Corbet, Bart. .. .. | 4 — S. Wem. |
| APLEY CASTLE, .. .. .. | St. John Charlton, Esq. .. .. | 1 — N. Wellington. |
| APLEY PARK, .. .. .. | Thomas Whitmore, Esq. .. .. | 4 — N. Bridgnorth. |
| ASTON HALL, .. .. .. | William Lloyd, Esq. .. .. | 3 — S. E. Oswestry. |
| ATTINGHAM HALL, .. .. | Rt. Hon. Lord Berwick, .. .. | 4 — E. Shrewsbury. |
| BIRCH HALL, .. .. .. | Rt. Hon. Countess of Bridgewater | Ellesmere. |
| BERWICK HOUSE, .. .. | Hon. H. W. Powys, .. .. | 2 — N. W. Shrewsbury. |
| BOREATTON HALL, .. .. | Mrs. Hunt, .. .. .. .. | 9 — N. W. Shrewsbury. |
| BURWARTON HALL, .. .. | Rt. Hon. Viscount Boyne, .. | 10 — N. E. Ludlow. |
| BUILDWAS HALL, .. .. | Walter Moseley, Esq. .. .. | 5 — W. Madeley. |
| CAINHAM COURT, .. .. | Captain Berkley Calcot, .. .. | 5 — S. E. Ludlow. |
| CONDOVER PARK, . .. | E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq. .. | 5 — S. Shrewsbury. |
| CLOVERLEY HALL, .. .. | John Whitehall Dod, Esq. .. | 6 — S. E. Whitchurch. |
| COUND HALL, .. .. .. | J. C. Pelham, Esq, .. .. | 6 — S. E. Shrewsbury. |
| DAVENPORT HOUSE, .. .. | Sherrington Davenport, Esq. .. | 4 — N. E. Bridgnorth. |
| DIDDLEBURY, .. .. .. | Lord Bishop of Worcester, .. | 8 — N. Ludlow. |
| DINEHAM HOUSE, .. .. | Rt. Hon. Viscount Clive, M. P. .. | Ludlow. |
| DOWNTON HALL, .. .. | Sir W. E. R. Boughton, Bart. .. | 4 — N. Ludlow. |
| DUDMASTON HALL, .. .. | W. W. Whitmore, Esq. .. .. | 3 — S. E. Bridgnorth. |
| DINTHILL, .. .. .. .. | John Bather, Esq. .. .. | 4 — W. Shrewsbury. |
| EYTON HALL, .. .. .. | Thomas Eyton, Esq. .. .. | 2 — N. Wellington. |
| FRODESLEY, .. .. .. | Sir Henry Edwardes, Bart. .. | 9 S. Shrewsbury. |
| GATACRE HALL, .. .. | Colonel Edward Gatacre, .. | 5 — S. E. Bridgnorth. |
| HALSTON HALL, .. .. | —— Mytton, Esq. (a Minor) .. | 4 — S. W. Ellesmere. |
| HARDWICK GRANGE, .. .. | Rt. Hon. General Lord Hill, .. | 6 — N. Shrewsbury. |
| HARDWICK HALL, .. . | Rev. Sir E. Kynaston, Bart. .. | 1½ — W. Ellesmere. |
| HAWKESTONE PARK, .. .. | Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. M. P. .. | 4 — N. E. Wem. |
| KINLET HALL, .. .. .. | William Lacon Childe, Esq. .. | 5 — N. E. Cleobury Mortimer. |
| KNOCKIN HALL, .. .. | Hon. C. Bridgman, .. .. | 6 — S. E. Oswestry. |
| LEATON KNOLLS, .. .. | J. A. Lloyd, Esq. .. .. .. | 3 — N. W. Shrewsbury. |
| LILLESHALL, .. .. .. | His Grace the Duke of Sutherland | 3 — S. Newport. |
| LINLEY HALL, .. .. .. | R. B. More, Esq. .. .. .. | 5 — N. Bishop's Castle. |
| LONGNER HALL, .. .. | Robert Burton, Esq. .. .. | 3½ — E. Shrewsbury. |
| LONGNOR HALL, .. .. | Ven. Archdeacon Corbett, .. | 5 — N. Church Stretton. |
| LOTON PARK, .. .. .. | Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart. .. | 8 — W. Shrewsbury. |
| LOPPINGTON HOUSE, .. .. | Thomas Dicken, Esq. .. .. | 3 — W. Wem. |
| MAWLEY HALL, .. .. | Sir Edward Blount, Bart. .. | 1 — E. Cleobury Mortimer. |
| MORVILLE HALL, .. .. | Henry Acton, Esq. .. .. | 5 — S. E. Wenlock. |
| NETLEY HALL, .. .. | T. H. Hope, Esq. .. .. | 7 — S. Shrewsbury. |
| OAKLEY PARK, .. .. .. | Hon. R. H. Clive, M. P. .. .. | 2 — N. W. Ludlow. |
| OAKLEY HOUSE, .. .. | William Oakley, Esq. .. .. | 2 — E. Bishop's Castle. |
| ONSLOW HALL, .. .. | Colonel Wingfield, .. .. | 2 — W. Shrewsbury. |
| OTELEY PARK, .. .. .. | C. K. Mainwaring, Esq. .. .. | 1 — S. Ellesmere. |
| ORLETON HALL, .. .. | William Cludde, Esq. .. .. | 1 — W. Wellington. |
| PENTREPANT, .. .. .. | Hon. Frederick West, .. .. | 1 — N. Oswestry. |
| PITCHFORD HALL, .. .. | Rt. Hon. Earl of Liverpool, .. | 6 — S. E. Shrewsbury. |
| PORKINGTON HALL, .. .. | W. O. Gore, Esq. M. P. .. .. | 1 — N. Oswestry. |
| PRADOE, .. .. .. .. | Hon. Thomas Kenyon, . .. | 5 — S. E. Oswestry. |
| PRESTON MONTFORD, .. .. | Sir F. B. Hill, K. B. .. .. | 3 — W. Shrewsbury. |
| PETTON HALL, .. .. .. | William Sparling, Esq. .. .. | 5 — S. Ellesmere. |
| PREES HALL, .. .. .. | Sir R. C. Hill, K. C. B. .. .. | 5 — S. Whitchurch. |
| ROSS HALL, .. .. .. | Viscountess Fielding, .. . | 3 — N. W. Shrewsbury. |
| ROWTON CASTLE, .. ... | H. Lyster, Esq. .. .. .. | 7 — W. Shrewsbury. |
| SANSAW HALL, .. .. .. | Rev. L. P. Gardner, D. D. .. | 4 — S. Wem. |
| SHAVINGTON HALL, .. .. | Rt. Hon. Earl of Kilmorey, .. | 4 — N. Drayton. |
| SHIPTON HALL, .. .. .. | Thomas Mytton, Esq. .. .. | 7 — S. W. Wenlock. |
| STANLEY HALL, .. .. | Sir T. J. T. Jones, Bart. .. .. | 2 — N. Bridgnorth. |
| SUNDORNE CASTLE, .. .. | Mrs. Corbet, .. .. .. | 3 — N. E. Shrewsbury. |
| SWEENEY HALL, .. .. | T. N. Parker, Esq. .. .. | 2 — S. Oswestry. |
| TONG CASTLE, .. .. .. | George Durant, Esq. .. .. | 3 — E. Shiffnal. |
| WALFORD MANOR HOUSE, .. | R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P. .. | 6½ — N. W. Shrewsbury. |
| WALCOT HALL, .. .. .. | Rt. Hon. Earl of Powis, .. .. | 4 — S. Bishop's Castle. |
| WILLEY PARK, .. .. .. | Rt. Hon. Lord Forester, . .. | 3 — E. Wenlock. |
| WOODCOTE, .. .. .. | John Cotes, Esq. .. .. .. | 8 — S. E. Newport. |

* Many handsome Residences, of Modern Erection, in the possession of wealthy and highly-respectable individuals, might have been enumerated;—but a selection would have appeared invidious, and a List of the whole too extensive for the limits of this Publication.—C. H.

# APPENDIX.

BAYLEY, REV. CORNELIUS D.D. was born at Ashe, in the County of Salop, in 1751, and partly educated at Whitchurch Grammar School, of which highly respectable Seminary, when only 18 years of age, he, for a short time filled the important situation of Master. He afterwards assisted the Rev. T. Hatton, of Waters-Upton, in his School, and was English Master of Kingswood Academy. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him as a reward for the benefit he had conferred on Hebrew Literature, by the publication of a work entitled, "An Entrance into the Sacred Language."

On entering into holy orders, he became Curate to the Rev. Dr. Conyers, of Deptford; afterwards to the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley. Dr. Bayley was the Founder of St. James' Church, Manchester, which was consecrated in 1788, he consequently became its first Minister, and successfully dispensed the word of everlasting life to a very numerous and respectable congregation.

It is to be regretted that a selection from his pulpit discourses has never been given to the public. Four only, we believe were published in his life-time, and they being on particular subjects do not equal in spirituality, many which were listened to in the year 1799, and subsequent two years, by the writer of this brief notice, and by whom the name of Dr. Bayley will ever be duly honoured, and affectionately remembered.

Zealous and indefatigable in his ministerial duties, in his visits to the sick and afflicted poor of Manchester, the cellar however low and gloomy, and the garret however high and desolate, the family or individual however sick and wretched, formed no obstacle to his holy endeavours to relieve their temporal necessites, and to lead their precious souls to the bread of life, Christ Jesus the Saviour.

And as he lived holily and usefully, so he died triumphantly in the faith of that redeemer, he so faithfully and freely preached to others: his last words were, "the Lord is with me." He entered into his rest April 2nd, 1812. *Editor.*

BURTON, ROBERT, Esq. of Longner Hall, near Shrewsbury, died April 1st, 1841, aged 87. Through all of the protracted span of life which Heaven, in its goodness allotted him, he manifested the most undeviating love of virtue, the kindest and most benevolent disposition. At Longner, he founded and maintained, at his own charge, a valuable School, on the national system. He generously contributed to every benevolent institution, or charitable fund, when the wants of such were made known to him. He was the Patron of Literature, and evinced his taste for ornamental and picturesque buildings, by his adoption, in numerous erections, of the English, or Tudor stile of architecture; particularly adorning the neighbourhood, of Longner Hall; Shelton, near Shrewsbury, &c.

The Author of this volume, with gratitude remembers the liberality with which he gave his orders for 10 copies of the History of the town and county of Salop, including also the new Edition of Phillip's History of Shrewsbury—adding, "I am aware it has been a laborious and expensive undertaking to you, and if 10 copies will not fill up your List of Subscribers, put me down twenty." Could Royalty have done more? He was also the kind and liberal patron of every other publication proceeding from the same pen.

The interior decorations of his mansion, were in perfect keeping with its external; and some of his paintings are choice and valuable;—one, very much admired, is a Family Group, by Corbet, in which are Portraits of himself and his beloved brothers, Major Edward Burton, and the Rev. Henry Burton; also most excellent and honourable men, and who died before him. Robert, the eldest son of Henry, succeeds to the Longner estate.—For the pedigree of the Family, see page 301, *Hulbert's Shropshire History.*

The late Mr. Burton was of retired habits, most amiable and obliging temper; yet possessed a powerful degree of mental energy, when called into action. In the year 1804, he served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Salop, with distinguished honour and ability. As a husband, a relative, master, landlord and friend—in these, and every other relation in life, he sustained the character of a man of the strictest probity; a most accomplished gentleman; a pious and humble Christian, and, as he lived, so he died, in peace, charity, and love.—The following account of his Funeral, appeared in the Shrewsbury Chronicle, and other Papers:

"FUNERAL OF THE LATE ROBERT BURTON, Esq. OF LONGNER.

The remains of this deservedly respected Gentleman were deposited in the family vault, at Atcham, on the 8th instant. The The procession left Longner Hall, about one o'clock, in the following order:—

Two Mutes.
Sexton.
Clerks of Atcham and St. Chad.
Chariot, containing the Rev. J. Yardley and the Rev. Mr. Smith.
First Coach, containing Thomas Harris, J. T. S. Edwardes, Walter Eyton, and E. Eyton, Esqrs.
Second Coach, containing Sir J. R. Kynaston, Bart. W. H. Perry, Esq. the Rev. H. Beckwith, and the Rev. Robert Eyton
Ten Under-bearers.
Hearse, drawn by four horses.
Mourning Coach, containing R. Burton, Esq, Rev. H. Burton, and Rev. R. L. Burton.
Tenants on Horseback.

Carriages of the deceased, Mrs. Burton, (Atcham), Rev. R. L. Burton, Rev. H. Beckwith, Thomas Harries, Esq., Lord Berwick, Hon. and Rev. R. N. Hill, (Berrington), and Sir J. R. Kynaston, Bart.

Tradesmen.
Undertakers, Messrs. Woodward and Hall.
Boys and Girls from Longner School, in mourning."

When the procession arrived at the Church, a number of Cottage Tenants, and many of the recipients of the late Mr. Burton's bounty, assembled to offer the last tribute of respect to their late benefactor. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Curate of Atcham; and at the conclusion, the body was consigned to its last resting place, amid the tears and heartfelt regrets of a large crowd of spectators. When the procession returned to the Hall, the bells of Atcham Church rung a muffled peal.

A few days after the interment of his patron and friend, the writer of this memorial, visited the depository of his mortal remains; and hopes, at least once every year, during his own earthly existence, to continue to pay the same mournful tribute of grateful esteem.

CORBETT, REV. JOSEPH, M.A. Archdeacon of Hereford, &c. died June 22, at his seat Longnor Hall, near Shrewsbury, aged 79, having fulfilled the duties of his high office 46 years.

"He was the only son and heir of Joseph Plymley, esq. who died in 1802, in his 86th year, (see his epitaph in the Gentleman's Magazine, old series, vol. ci. p. 394) by the first wife Diana, daughter of John Flint, esq. by Jane, daughter of Waties Corbett, esq. He came into possession of the estate at Longnor, on the decease of his uncle Robert Corbett, esq. (formerly Flint,) and the surrender of his surviving uncle, John Flint, esq.; and in consequence assumed the name of Corbett, by royal licence, dated 20th Nov. 1804. The Corbetts of Longnor, a junior branch of the family of Moreton Corbet, were first settled there in the reign of Henry the Sixth; and were raised to a baronetcy by Charles the First.

On the termination of the head branch of the family in 1774, the title devolved on Charles Corbett, esq. with whose grandson Sir Richard it became extinct in 18**, but the estate was devised to his kinsman Mr. Robert Flint, above-mentioned, previously of Micklewood, in the same county.

The late Archdeacon was a Member of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1792. He was collated to the Archdeaconry in the same year by Bishop Butler.

He was twice married. His second wife, Matty, third daughter

of Dansey Dansey, of Brincop, Co. Hereford, esq. died in 1812, aged 40."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Archdeacon Corbett, then Plymley was author of the Agricultural survey of Shropshire, and published several Sermons and charges of distinguished merit; he was the president of the Shropshire Auxiliary Bible Society, and its great promoter, and also the unwearied advocate of the abolition of the Slave Trade.

The Author of this Publication will ever remember with gratitude, the liberallty and kindness with which the Archdeacon patronized his humble publications: for one of his earliest Works, the "Museum of the World," he was a Subscriber for Six Copies, on receipt of which, by Letter, he thus encouragingly expressed himself, "I am highly delighted with your most interesting volumes but I hope in a second Edition you will make choice of a larger type: Mr. Hulbert's publications are not alone useful to the young."

The Author here also expresses his deep sorrow for the loss of so valuable a friend, at the same time he believes that so much virtue and goodness is only removed from a station of great usefulness in the Church Militant, to one of complete happiness in the Church Triumphant.

Associated in our recollection of the Venerable Archdeacon Corbett, and the Village of Longnor, will ever be the name of another learned and beloved individual, now living, viz. the Rev. Samuel Lee, D.D. Professor of Hebrew, Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Bristol, Rector of Barley, Herts, &c.

Dr. Lee was born in the Village of Longnor, and the first infant baptised in the Church of that place, by his great friend and early patron, the subject of the preceding notice. *Editor.*

***For additional particulars refer to Hulbert's Shropshire History, and his Museum of the World, vol. IV.***

HAZLEDINE, WILLIAM, Esq. born at Shawbury, April 6th, 1763; died at his residence, Dogpole House, Shrewsbury, October 25, 1840, being in his 78th year.

Prior to his commencing business on his own account, he was entirely under the direction of his late uncle, Mr. John Hazledine, who was a millright, in good business, and who contracted for the erecting of the machinery in a number of corn mills and forges, in the county of Salop.

Thus Mr. Hazledine was early introduced to a knowledge of machinery, iron castings, &c. and which fostered that extraordinary talent and genius he afterwards manifested. To speak of this most enterprising and persevering* of men, in language descriptive of his real character, would be difficult. We must therefore refer to his numerous* erections and works, in England, Ireland and Scotland.

The incidents in the life of such a man would fill a volume, fraught with real interest—and it is yet to be desired that such an one should appear—any extended memoir in this publication would be out of place, and beyond its prescribed limits.

In the year 1835, Mr. Hazledine was elected Mayor of the metropolis of his native county; and it is not too much to say he discharged the important duties of that honourable office, with ability and fidelity. His son, Mr. John Hazledine, now an active and useful borough magistrate, who, with two daughters who survive their father, are each most respectably married and settled in life.

Cotemporary with Mr. Hazledine, and his particular friends, were the late Thomas Telford, Esq. the celebrated engineer; and John Simpson, Esq.† an eminent architect and builder, resident in Shrewsbury, but a native of Scotland. Mr. Hazledine could also rank among his friends and patrons, many noble and distinguished individuals, including the Earl of Liverpool, Sir Francis Chantrey, &c. Though the subject of this memoir possessed not all the advantages to be derived from a liberal education, he had been well instructed in his youth, and could converse with freedom and fluency on almost every subject connected with the arts and sciences; on religious subjects he was least at home. The books in which he chiefly delighted, were the Poems of Burns and Campbell, and works of Sir Isaac Newton; which last he read with delight, within a few days of his death.

The correspondence of Mr. Hazledine was most extensive: his business, at one period, was almost too much for one mind to guide and comprehend; but his energy and activity knew no weariness. In his letters on business he kept close to the subject in hand, and was sometimes too concise for perspicuity; as for instance, in a note he addressed to the Author of this work, he says,

"My dear Sir,

Be so good as to lend me your large room for a roof for Dublin.

W. Hazledine."

What would a "west countryman over the water" have said in reply? but the request was perfectly understood. The writer of this memorial had, at that time vacant, a large room, in his cotton manufactory, which was only a short distance from Mr. Hazledine's foundry in Coleham, one of the suburbs of the town of Shrewsbury, where the iron works for the Menai Bridge were manufactured. Of the room, just mentioned, Mr. Hazledine had the gratuitous use whenever it was required, and in it were put together, in due order, previous to their being shipped for their destination, the various castings of some of the most stupendous works of art in the whole world.

Near the close of the year 1804, portions of the buildings pertaining to Mr. Hazledine's foundry were consumed by fire, and the damage done would have been far more extensive, but for great exertions. The proprietor was from home; and he who writes these particulars, had great satisfaction in rendering every aid in his power, personally, with the assistance of his work people and tenants, conjointly also with those of Mr. Hazledine. It was a little singular that the same calamity had happened to the Coleham Cotton Manufactory, just a month previous. The exertions of the very same parties, with those of the towns people generally, had saved that large pile of building from complete destruction.

Mr. Hazledine is now sleeping in the dust; his remains rest in the Church-yard of St. Chad, Shrewsbury. A bust to his memory, by Chantrey, is placed in the Church, as a companion to that of his friend Mr. Simpson. Their names will exist together for ages. *Editor.*

HILL, RT. HON. WILLIAM NOEL, LORD BERWICK, of Attingham Hall, near Shrewsbury, died at his estate in Hampshire, August 4th, 1842, probably in his 68th year. His remains were conveyed from thence, affectionately accompanied to Attingham by a youthful relative, attached to the army, the Undertaker, and his faithful Valet Mr. Dix, they were afterwards attended to Atcham, their last resting place, by his distinguished relatives, and the high gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood.—For His Lordship's pedigree, the election of 1796, &c.—*Vide Hulbert's Shropshire History, pages* 144, 288, 303.

---

* While this Article is passing through the press, by the kindness of Mr. James Webster, of Shrewsbury, grandson of the late Mr. Webster, Mr. Hazledine's first partner in business, I have been favoured with a list of Mr. H's principal cast iron erections; from which list the following is extracted:

"Pontycyssylte Aqueduct, so early as 1802.
Bonar Bridge, in Scotland; span of arch 156 feet.
Bridge over the River Spey, Scotland; arch the same span.
Bridge over the River Esk, near Carlisle; same span.
Holt Fleet Bridge, over the Severn, near Worcester; same span.
Bridge for the Earl Grosvenor, now Marquis of Westminster, near Eaton Hall; same span.
Bridge over the Severn, Tewksbury; arch 170 feet span.
Conway Bridge.
Menai Bridge, &c."

The erection of any one of these Bridges, would, in former times, have immortalized the builder and architect! but the two last named, are splendid productions, of talent, skill and enterprise! alike honourable to the names of Hazledine, Telford, Provis, &c.—*Editor.*

† The excellencies of this most excellent of men, are most accurately delineated in the inscription on a pannelled table, supporting a fine bust, by Chantrey, under an arch edged with a handsome galoche border, placed in the parish Church of St. Chad, Shrewsbury, we regret our limits preclude its insertion. Ed.

In politics Lord Berwick was not particularly active, though he steadily supported the conservative interest. From early life he was attached to the study of antiquities particularly those connected with Shropshire, and had formed a splendid collection of manuscripts, drawings, and engravings, illustrative of the topography of his native county; including a great portion of the drawings of Mr. David Parkes, and a collection of manuscripts engravings &c. purchased from the library of the Rev. Canon Newling, which his Lordship, not without apparent gratification was pleased to remark to the Editor, "my purchase includes all that the Canon purchased from you."

The spring after the destructive fire at Providence Grove, the writer had the happiness to visit Attingham Hall, when his Lordship with much feeling enquired after the loss sustained &c. adding, "you did not see my name in the list of subscribers."—He then kindly gave his reason for the omission, and enquired "What orders have you of mine on hand," on being informed, with great kindness and animation he observed, "double them, and come to me in August, and I will have every publication of yours which I do not already possess."

The day was spent in the most interesting conversation chiefly on days gone by when the CHIEFS of the ANCIENT CORPORATION of Shrewsbury were living, for his Lordship possessed the most retentive memory, as well as the most capacious and enlightened understanding. It might be truly said, Lord Berwick was a complete Nobleman, in mind, person, character, and rank.

His Lordship was never married, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his youngest brother, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Noel Hill, M.A. It has been noticed as an extraordinary occurrence, that three brothers have in succession succeeded to the title of their Father. *Editor.*

HULBERT, SAMUEL JASPER MOTTERSHEAD, youngest son of the Author of this Work, born at Shrewsbury, July 11th, 1820, and died at Providence Grove, Hadnal, June 26, 1842.

The notice which is here given of this amiable young man, by his sorrowing Father, is chiefly on account of his great attachment for the Topography, History, and Antiquities of his native county, and the vast fund of information he had acquired on these subjects.

So early as his ninth year, he commenced the collecting of prints, drawings, &c., connected with Shropshire and Cheshire.—Prior to the completion of his Eighteenth year, he had visited a great number of Churches and Ecclesiastical Buildings in Shropshire, of which he had made faithful original drawings, and written discriptions most accurate and interesting, forming several quarto volumes. These his Father fondly hoped to have seen published with an enlarged edition of the Shropshire History.

But the ways of providence are inscrutable, the whole with all his Father's Manuscripts, including one, containing Genealogical, Biographical, and Anecdotal Notices, of all the Families in Shropshire, bearing Arms, with their Arms emblazoned, perished in the fatal fire at Providence Grove, January 7th, 1839. Notwithstanding the loss of his collection of Engravings, his Drawings of Churches &c., his ardent love of Shropshire never for a moment forsook him, though the last three years of his life he spent at Cambridge, in preparation for an Academic course, and for the Ministry of the Church of England. On his last return to Shropshire, on the sight of Shrewsbury Spires, and the New Tower of the Church of his beloved Village of Hadnal, he was deeply affected. However greatly suffering from the pain of a fatal disorder, the addition to his valuable stores of a Drawing, Engraving, or Historical Fact in connection with his Topographical pursuits, would instantly cheer, and give an extacy to his mind, most pleasing to his friends.

His collection entitled, "Pictorial Records of Salopia," amounting to 427, of each of which he has written a particular description including the manner of their original publication, probable date when the view or portrait was taken &c. To this catalogue is prefixed the following grateful acknowledgement.

"The design of the collector of the prints named in the following pages, is ultimately, as far as possible, to form a collection of *all* published pictorial illustrations of the History and Antiquities of Shropshire, and to be properly arranged in one or more volumes, when the collection may be considered complete."

"At this stage of his undertaking the collector has to acknowledge with gratitude the very kind and liberal assistance he has received from his relatives and friends, of the former his beloved Father has contributed at least one half of the present number, and to his Brother and Sisters he is indebted for many engravings, as well as for drawings expressly made for this collection, of the latter class—his kind and generous friends—he has to enumerate pictorial contributions from gentlemen of well known literary taste and respectability."

We may remark, that notwithstanding his passion for Shropshire Antiquities and Topography generally, his still higher delight, was in the study of that most ancient of all books the Bible, from which holy fountain he had been early instructed to draw, those blessed principles and doctrines which were his guide in life, and his support in death.

Some of his original Drawings of objects in Shropshire are exquisitly fine, his talent for Poetry is manifested in various effusions, rural, serious, and comic.—An Original Sermon of the youth's composition was honoured by being delivered by a beloved Clergyman to his congregation, in the vicinity of Cambridge. *Editor.*

NEWLING, REV. JOHN, B.D. Canon, Residentiary of Lichfield, &c. died at Lichfield July 1st, 1838, aged 76.

This excellent and accomplished man was born at Shrewsbury, in 1762, and was the Son of the Rev. Charles Newling, M.A. formerly Treasurer of Lichfield Cathedral, Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, and of the first portion of Westbury, in Shropshire. The subject of this memoir was formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1785, as 12th Senior Optime, M.A. 1789. B.D. 1797. He was presented to the Rectory of Ditchingham, as a Fellow of St. John's College, by the Duke of Norfolk, in 1802.

Mr. Newling shewed a taste for Heraldry when he was only Ten years of age. He began to collect heraldic books before he left College, and continued to do so till within six months of his decease.

In this study his research was so great, and carried on with such ardour and perseverance, that he was justly considered the first amateur herald in the kingdom. He took a lively interest in anything relating to his native county; and as a proof of it, he carried on the pedigrees of Shropshire families from a very early period to the close of 1837. It ought particularly to be mentioned that he was at all times ready to impart his valuable knowledge with respect to his favourite pursuit to any of his friends, and indeed to numbers who were not personally known to him. The painted windows in Lichfield Cathedral, and likewise those in the Chapter House of that venerable structure, with respect to the heraldic part, were entirely under his arrangement and direction.

For a private collection of heraldic and genealogical books, and manuscripts, Mr. Canon Newling was considered to possess the finest in England. In December 1836, he was elected an honorary member of the Shropshire and North Wales Natural History and Antiquarian Society.

He was most amiable and affectionate in private life, and his pleasing manners and genuine goodness of heart had endeared him to an extensive circle of friends, by whom he is deeply regretted. Though his last illness was of six months duration, it was not attended with pain; his spirits were excellent, and he had the full possession of all his faculties to the close of his life, which was a source of great comfort to his family. So calm and placid were his last moments, that he appeared from the serenity of his countenance, to have fallen into a gentle sleep. In a letter of condolence which has lately been received by his Son from one of his old freinds, he speaks of this excellent man in the following manner:—"We have lost in your highly respected father one of the greatest ornaments of our Cathedral, and his name, talents, and acquirements will be very long remembered and honoured by all to whom he was known."

The remains of this valuable man were interred on the north side of Lichfield Cathedral. He married the 1st December, 1810, Ann Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Lettice, D.D. By this marriage there was one Son, and three Daughters, of whom the younger died in 1828."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mr. Canon Newling, like the Venerable Archdeacon Corbett, was the steady Friend and Patron of the various Publications, by

the Author of this Volume, especially Books or Engravings connected with Shropshire; the kind hospitality received from him whenever he visited Lichfield, was that which distinguishes the enlightened Clergy of the Church of England, especially those of Shropshire and neighbouring Counties. *Editor.*

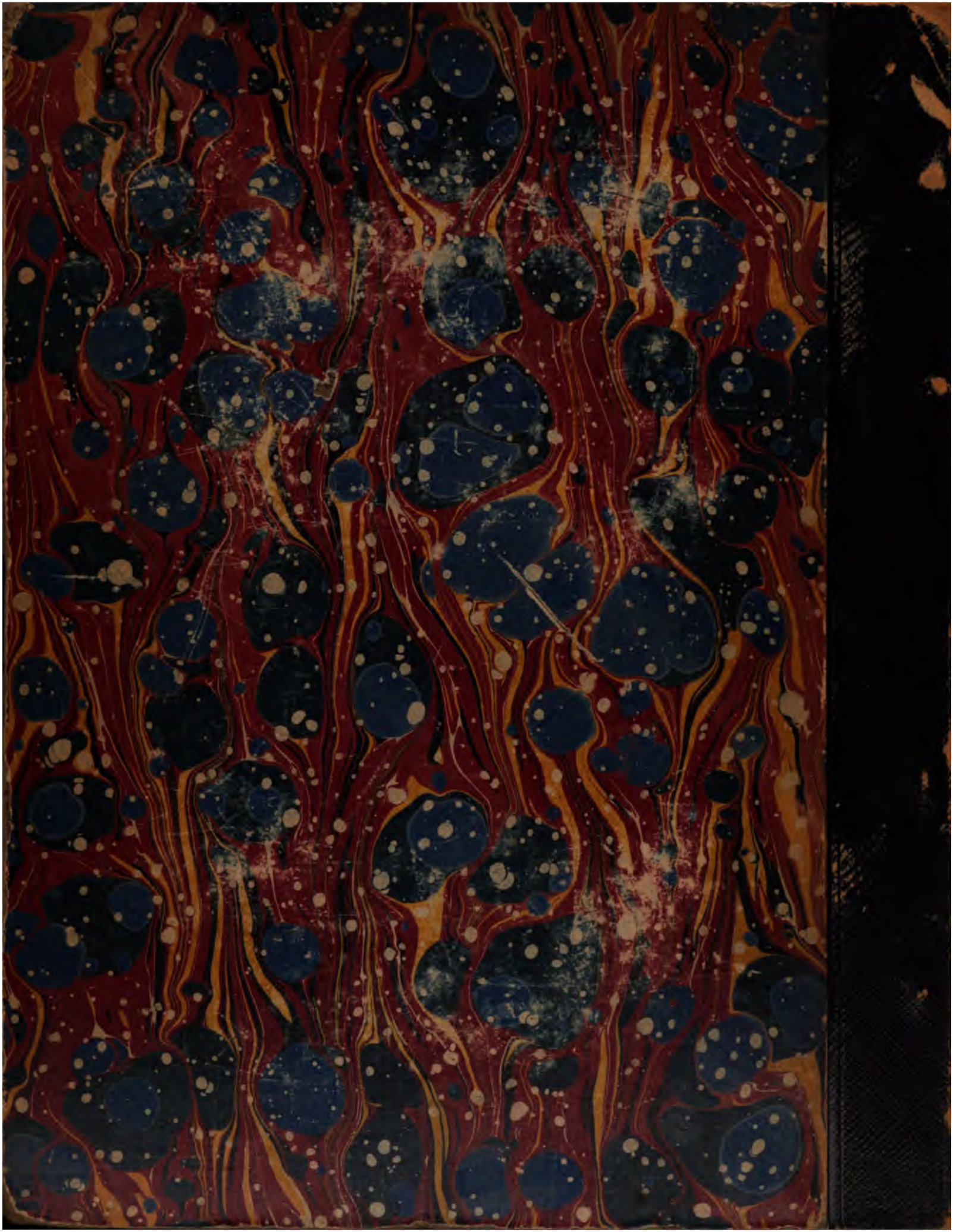
PARKES, MR. DAVID, son of John Parkes, born 21st of February, 1763, at Cackmore, in the parish of Hales Owen, in the County of Salop. His father being a poor though industrious man, could afford him but the feeble and slender education of the village schoolmistress; who embued his infant mind with little more than the alphabet, the hammering of disjointed syllables, and what (strangely to children) is called "Reading Made Easy;" he, however, early displayed a propensity to cyphering, drawing, and designing by scrawling figures and sketches on the steps and benches of his fathers' cottage with chalk. His great assiduity, purity of manners, and specimens of self-acquired drawing, attracted the attention of Mr. Hylton, and Mr. Horne, the then possessor of the Leasowes. Through the benevolent exertions of these gentlemen, application was made to Mr. Dunn, master of the Free-school at Belbroughton, to whom he was bound apprentice, and whom he served with fidelity, and under considerable hardships, for seven years. Freed from this bondage, he became Usher to the Rev. John Harrold of West Bromwich, a dissenting minister. He here saved his pocket-money, which he laid out in sixpenny plays, and a cheap copy of Shakspeare; and this slender beginning formed the nucleus of his (long subsequently) so beautiful and copious collection of the most celebrated and illustrated works on Antiquities, Topography, Poetry, and general books of taste. Removing to Shrewsbury he occupied a house called the "Franciscan Friars;" where he commenced a good mercantile school, after having married Elizabeth Morris, the eldest daughter of a most respectable country tradesman and small freeholder of Hadnal, near that town. This occupation he diligently continued to follow with very considerable success. The gentle manners of Mr. Parkes had brought him acquainted with that eccentric, original, and voluminous writer, the quaint William Hutton; of whom one short anecdote, out of many, may be told, as it illustrates the benevolent character of both. Young Parkes, having stolen away from school to Birmingham, for the purpose of purchasing some Indian ink, and having nearly exhausted all his little stock of cash on that important article, was looking through Hutton's window at a book (Hutton's History of Birmingham) he ardently coveted, but which, alas! he too well knew the state of his finances would not compass; the benevolent Hutton stepped out and said, "Friend, thee shalt take the book, and pay for it when thou canst." The possession of this volume so enraptured its young proprietor, that he lost his way home in the stormy night; but was consoled at the thoughts of his treasure.

We now return to the Franciscan Friars. He had now saved money enough to purchase a good house in Castle Street, whose back-front overhung the Severn, and had a splendid view of the rich and woody country, and border mountains of Wales. Here the school was conducted on a more enlarged plan, and began to receive the assistance of his sons, whom, with the rest of his children, he incessantly educated well and widely in the useful branches of knowledge and ornamental accomplishments, particularly drawing and music. With all these expenses and moderate gains, he was quietly collecting and accumulating books, prints, and curiosities of antiquity, with diligent care; as well as making with his own hands, in his peculiar style, water-colour drawings to an immense quantity; particularly of the ecclesiastical, monastic, and military remains of his native county. These, in his summer vacations, he selected from dawn to nightfall; and, in his hours of leisure and winter holidays, finished in books or mounted on boards; the finished drawings of his Shropshire churches, with their respective historical and genealogical notes, monuments, brasses, stained glass, monumental inscriptions, arms, and heraldic emblazonries, he arranged in nine quarto volumes; and it was his intention, had his life been prolonged, to have formed his collections of the Monastic and Military Remains of Shropshire into two separate and additional works. These splendid MS. collections, and his almost unrivalled Antiquarian and Topographical library, Prints &c. &c. he directed by his will to be disposed of, and the proceeds, together with the residue of his real and personal property, to be equally divided amongst his surviving children: one son and three daughters. He seven times served the office of church warden to his parish.

To indulge in extravagant praise would betray folly and falsehood, and ill becomes the office of friendship, in thus faintly tracing the feeble outlines of his unassuming pretensions; but all who knew him cordially justify the assertion, that his manners were mild, gentle, and affectionate; his industry intense, and his integrity inflexible. Mr. Parkes enjoyed the friendship, correspondence, and familiar acquaintance of very many literary characters, particularly the veteran John Nichols; and was, for more than forty years, a very constant contributor of drawings and historical communications to the Gentleman's Magazine. He was meekly a Christian of the Church of England, his religion without bigotry, and his piety without ostentation. The death in November 1832, of his youngest son, John Parkes, a most amiable youth, of warmly grateful heart, and more than common accomplishments, and that of his brother James, hastened the breaking up of his spirit and frame." He died May 8th, 1833.

Nothwithstanding, the extent of the preceding Memoir extracted from that written by his friend J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq., and published in the Gentleman's Magazine, July 1833. The Editor cannot conclude without some additional notice of a beloved and most valuable neighbour, kind friend, and almost daily visitant, for many years.

Every one who knew Mr. Parkes, we believe, loved and revered his character, like the late Mr. Wood, Printer and Proprietor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle, he had not one enemy in the world. His memory will long be cherished by his pupils who survive him, as it was by those who like their Tutor, are now sleeping in the peaceful grave, among these is the youth of whom some notice has already been given in the preceding page (see S. J. M. Hulbert,) Mr. Parkes was his godfather, and had he lived a few years longer, how he would have rejoiced to have witnessed the acquirements of his pupil and godson, to have seen his beautiful drawings of churches, antiquities, armorial bearings, ornamented church windows &c., together with their lively and appropriate descriptions, how much of the taste and talent of the master had been cultivated by the pupil. The first drawing of Providence Grove published in the Shropshire History, was made by Mr. Parkes, in company with its Owner, who recollects a most extraordinary storm which occured on their return to Shrewsbury.—On reaching nearly half way to that town, the clouds seemed to have been resolved on emptying their storehouses of aquatic and electric fluids. The rain literally *poured* down on the turnpike road, so that in a few minutes time, it was covered several inches deep with water, the lightening seemed to *roll* on its surface as if in sublime playfulness.—The deluged travellers took shelter in a small farm house, their horse and carriage were also deluged, and much injury done to some books and drawings. The kind hearted farmer and his wife entreated the travellers to stay all night to dry their clothes &c. but nothing could prevail on Mr. Parkes to sleep from home, he would proceed, and in his drenched clothes. His companion accepted of a *change*, consisting of the *joint* apparel of the farmer and his wife, and so attired, arrived at his then residence in High Street, to the no less astonishment than amusement of his family.

As previously intimated by Mr. Dovaston, the family bereavements of Mr. Parkes, while they detached him from the world, hastened, also his departure from it. A few years previous to the death of his sons, his pious and beloved Wife died very suddenly, and what is also melancholy, his executor and brother-in-law Mr. William Morris died also, a few days after witnessing the interment of Mr. Parkes. Each "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death were not divided."

After noticing Mr. Parkes, it seems almost natural that something should be said of that most talented and neglected of men, Mr. Castieu, who also kept a most respectable classical and commercial academy, in Shrewsbury: and many others high and talented individuals, whom the Author has known, loved, and revered; especially the late Bishop Butler, formerly Head Master of Shrewsbury School.—As a Biography, confined to natives of Shropshire, they could not be included in the present Work: but how pleasant it will be, to bear them in remembrance, should the Editor decide upon the publication of his own "Personal Narrative," comprising also, Notices of many of his contemporaies. *Ed.*